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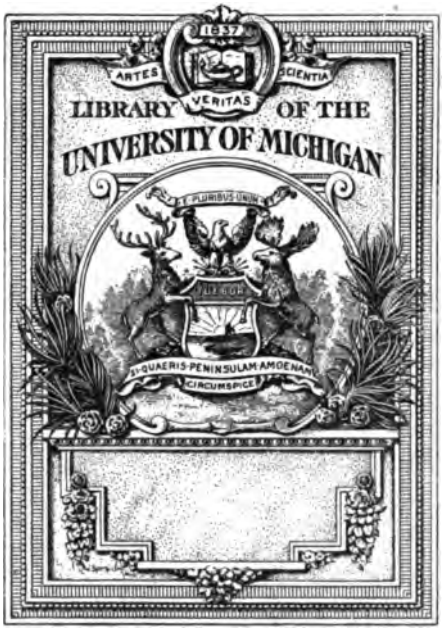
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THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LITERARY WORKERS

VOLUME IX

JANUARY-DECEMBER, 1896

BOSTON:
THE WRITER PUBLISHING COMPANY
282 WASHINGTON STREET
1896

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Can; cannot; church; come; could; could you, could we.

Did; do; done.

Either; England.

Fact; first; for.

Gave; general-ly; gentlemen; give-n; go.

Had; has; have; hear; her; herself; here; his.

I; if; if you; if we; is; is as, is his, is there; it; itself.

Judge; just.

Knowledge.

Like; live; long.

Make; man; many; money; much.

Neat; not; number.

On; Only; or; other; our; ourselves.

People; possible; public.

Question; quietly.

Reason-able; really; receive; regard; reply; resolute-ly.

Said; satisfactory; same; shall; she; sense; shallow; short; should, should you, should we; selfish; selves.

Take-n; than; that; themselves; their; think; to; to do, to be.

Understand; upon; until.

Value; visit.

Was; we; well; were; wish; work; within; without; would; would you, would have, would we.

Yet; you; yourself; you will.

When this list has been acquired, so as to come readily to the pen, the writer will note a perceptible gain, and be ready to add other useful outlines. Of course, the resources of stenography include all words. Our present purpose is merely to select, out of the whole vocabulary of the language, those the outlines of which are easily made and so distinct in form as to be easily read, and which occur with great frequency.

It would be well to supplement the first list with the following words: —

Able; absence; absolute-ly; advice; after; alive; all; almost; alone; although; altogether; always; America-n; among-st; another; answer-ed; anything; attention.

Ball; beautiful; been; began; beyond; both; built.

Caused; character; classes; company; correct; country; county.

Daily; deal; dear; death; delay; delight; dictionary; did; direct; do; does; done; doubtful; dunce; duty.

Early; earth; education; enclose-d; English; enough; entertain; entirely; ever; every; evil; evolution; exact-ly; expect-ed; expensive; falter; family; fellow; father; famous; follow-ed; fully; fugitive.

Gather-ing; gone; going.

He; him; himself; history; how; however.

Idea-l; idol; inspect; instance; institution; intellectual; intention-al; interest; interruption; interview-ing; item-ized; invalid.

Judgment; justly; justice.

Keep; kept.

Late-ly; latent; later; latter-ly; language; less; letter; life; limit; lively; literary; literature; little; lost; lose; love; lurid.

Made; malice; mast-er-ly; matter; method; mention-ed; miles; model; modern; momentary; month; morals; move; movement; mountains.

Name; nation-al-ity; natives; near-ly; neatly; necessarily; neither; nine; none; nor; now; number.

Open; order-ly; over.

Part; pay; period; places; point; polite-ly; possession; position; power; population; principal; probably; proposition; publicly; publish-er.

Quaint; qualify; quality; queer-ly; quell; quiet-ly; quit; quite.

Rain-y; rather; read; readily; reality; receipt; reduce-d; refuse-d; region; regret; repay; report; respect; resident-ence; returning; revenue; revoke; right; riot; ruins.

Satisfied; satisfaction; save; say; see; sentence-s; shadow; shower; silent; since; science; small; society; something; state; statement; system.

Talent; teach-er; then; these; thing; theory; this; till; tobacco; to-day; together; truth.

Under; understood; usual-ly.

Vain; value; vanish; varnish; variety; various; vase; village; violet; violent-ly; violence; virtue.

Weary; what-ever; which; white; when; where; who; why; widow; will; will you, will we; woman; women; world; word; write; written.

Year; yellow; yodel; yokel; young; youth; youthful.

All of these words may, conveniently, for our purpose, be written in shorthand, except when too many of them occur in sequence, in which case other forms must be interspersed, so that legibility will not be sacrificed. No invariable rule could be followed, and none is needed, but in general a longhand outline or modification, such as its abbreviation or skeleton, should occur as often as every third or fourth word in series.

The abbreviations already in common use are a great help, as being so familiar, they are easily read, and yet save time. Many commercial

and scientific abbreviations and signs are also useful, such as ° for degree, and % for per cent., mtl. for material, ctg. for cartage, etc. When any word happens to come just under the same word on the line next above, I use the ditto mark unhesitatingly; for my aim is not beauty, but practical convenience, and my device exists for my aid, not I for its exemplification.

Skeletons of words may be largely used where otherwise the entire longhand form would have to be written out. Usually the skeleton is formed by omitting all the vowels and writing most or all of the consonants, though cases sometimes occur to modify this rule. Skltn is easily recognizable for skeleton, smtms for sometimes, cmpltly for completely, frqntly for frequently, and so on ad infinitum. This method of shortening is especially important in many of our words which are illogically spelled.

I have no quarrel with the spelling reformers; on the contrary, I think with them; and what ought to be is a letter for each sound of our language; but our present business is with what *is*; and as a matter of fact our eyes and brain have formed habits, and words which are illogically and unphonetically spelled are the ones least easily recognized when reduced to phonetic law.

Hence, these illogically spelled words are the very ones we must reproduce most fully. Thus "tho" spells "though" to the ear, but not to the eye, and we must add the superfluous "ugh," unless we adopt the phonographic outline.

Those curious in this matter may profitably consult the various magazine articles by Professors Lounsbury, Brander Matthews, and other authorities. I will give only a few dozen words typical of the point in hand: —

Aid; almond; apron.
Basque; bruise; bruit; buoy.
Canon; choir; colonel; corps.
Deign; demesne; dudgeon; drachm.
Edge; English.
Fruit.
Gherkin: ghost; grille; giaour; guilt.
Height; herbage; hoarse; honest; hymn.
Ichor; imbroglio; iron; island; isthmus.
Jamb; jeopard; juice.
Knell; knight; knot.
Lamb; laugh; lea; league; ledge; leigh; liege, limn.
Machination; malign; meadow; minute; mnemonic; muscle.
Nausea; neigh; neophyte; neuter; nigh; numb.
Oak; oar; oath; obey; oblique; ocean; ochre; often; orchid; ought.
People; phthisic; phthisis; pique; plague; plumb; pneumatic; poignant; posthumous; pretty; psalm; pseudo; psychic; pumpkin.
Qualm; quay; queue; quoits.
Receipt; rheum; rhyme; rogue; rough; rue.
Sea; scent; scythe; silhouette; solder; solemn; sough; subtle.
Talk; tight; tongue.
Vein; victuals; volume.
Weigh; weir; whole; worsted; wriggle; wreak.
Yacht; yolk.
Zither.

Scores of others will impress themselves upon the attention in actual practice.

In short, in those many cases where the eye contradicts the ear, the eye must be catered to, and these words that are to be written in English need to be written out fully, or, if abbreviated, the unphonetic parts are to be retained. To abbreviate, and to shorten according to sound and not to sight, would be to destroy visible identity; but if a phonetic spelling of such words be admissible, then use the phonographic (shorthand) outline, which is just what its name indicates, — graphic phonetics, or written phonics.

The more nearly a word is spelled as it sounds, the more confidently may we abbreviate it. Such forms, written as a list, may not appear free from ambiguity, but in sentences the context always helps out.

Instead of Ritchie's arbitrary signs for "of" and "the," it is better to use the regular outline from the chosen system of shorthand.

As to punctuation marks, I have found it best to conform to the regular usage, whether writing shorthand or longhand, abbreviations or a mixture. The usual form of punctuation marks I have not found to conflict with Munson's phonography, except sometimes the hyphen, dash, and parenthesis; and a simple expedient is to wave these signs.

It is by no means necessary to write each word in one invariable way. On the contrary, it will often be convenient to write the same word upon the same page in each of the sev-

eral forms; sometimes even in one sentence the form of certain words will vary. The controlling motive always is to be legibility. Words expressing number, either numerals or ordinals, will generally be best expressed by using figures.

H. B. Lancaster.

ALTON, Ill.

HOW TO WRITE STORIES FOR BOYS. — III.*

The more I think upon the subject you have given me to write about, the more I think I do not know anything about it. After engaging in the business for thirty-three years, I feel that I cannot give any advice save that which I have given a hundred times before — and it does not seem to do any good.

Writing comes as easy to me as falling off a log. "How did I ever come to write juvenile books?" is a question I have answered scores of times, and I will now answer it again.

When I was sixteen years old I belonged to a composition class. It was our custom to go on the recitation seat every day with clean slates, and we were allowed ten minutes to write seventy words on any subject the teacher thought suited to our capacity. One day he gave out "What a Man Would See If He Went to Greenland." My heart was in the matter, and before the ten minutes were up I had one side of my slate filled. The teacher listened to the reading of our compositions, and when they were all over he simply said: "Some of you will make your living by writing one of these days." That gave me something to ponder upon. I did not say so out loud, but I knew that my composition was as good as the best of them. By the way, there was another thing that came in my way just then. I was reading at that time one of Mayne Reid's works which I had drawn from the library, and I pondered upon it as much as I did upon what the teacher said to me. In introducing Swartboy to his readers he made use of this expression: "No visible change was observable in Swartboy's countenance." Now, it occurred to me that if a man of his education could make such a blunder as that and still write a book, I ought to be able to do it, too. I went home that very day and began a story, "The Old Guide's Narrative," which was sent to the *New York Weekly*, and came back, respectfully declined. It was written on both sides of the sheet, but I didn't know that that was against the rules. Nothing abashed, I began another, and receiving some instructions from a friend of mine who was a clerk in a book-store, I wrote it on only one side of the paper. But mind you, he didn't know what I was doing. Nobody knew it; but one day, after a hard Saturday's work, — the other boys had been out skating on the brick-pond, — I shyly broached the subject to my mother. I felt the need of some sympathy. She listened in amazement, and then said: "Why, do you think you could write a book like that?" That settled the matter, and from that day no one knew what I was up to until I sent the first four volumes of the Gunboat Series to my father. Was it work? Well, yes; it was hard work, but each week I had the satisfaction of seeing the manuscript grow, until the Young Naturalist was all complete.

About this time the war broke out, and after that I didn't do much work. I was in a fever of suspense, and I wanted to take a hand with the defenders of my country; so at last I enlisted in the navy. But there were some things in that trunk besides my manuscript that I didn't want anybody to see, so I locked it and put the key into my pocket.

Well, I went down to Cairo as landsman,

*The first article in this series, by William O. Stoddard, appeared in THE WRITER for September, 1895; the second article, by James Otis, in THE WRITER for October, 1895.

served on several boats, getting my promotion as fast as I learned my duties, and was finally ordered to the navy yard as assistant to Fleet Paymaster Dunn. Learning from some of the other clerks that my appointment was likely to be permanent, I sent home for my trunk; for I could not forget the manuscript I had left behind. I carried the trunk from the express office to the wharf boat myself, took out that manuscript, and never stopped until I had read it all over. It didn't need any correcting — I had written some portions of it over five times — and the next thing was to find a publisher. Finally my choice fell upon Rickey & Carroll, of Cincinnati. I got a letter from Mr. Carroll,— how well I remember it, for I have quoted it to amateurs more times than I know of, — who thus told me the truth in plain language: "You are very young. Nobody knows you; but if you choose to send us what you have written, we will give you our opinion of it." I copied it and sent it off, and that's the way I found a publisher. After four years of steady writing, I had four volumes in his hands. All that I received for the books was six hundred dollars. But then the copyrights have come back to me. I have received a good deal more since.

Now I don't know whether any one else can make anything out of my experience or not, but there is one thing about it: If you are going to make a success out of this business, you must work and work hard for it. Don't write until you have something to say, and then write just as you would talk. Whatever your own opinions may be, keep them to yourself. Boys don't like fine writing. What they want is adventure, and the more of it you can get into 250 pages of manuscript, the better fellow you are. Don't work six months on a manuscript, and then tell the editor that you dashed it off at one sitting. He does not want such a story as that. If it did not cost you any trouble to write it, it will cost him less trouble to read it. He'll put it in the waste-paper basket. Don't think you have chosen an occupation that is going to make you rich right along. For ten years of my life I never made more than enough to pay for my board and my clothes; now the case is different. Don't become a literary "hack." How those fellows make so much money by writing beats me. I have one publisher, and he will not permit me to write for any one else. He pays me a fair price for my books, and I hope is making money out of them. Anyhow, he takes my copyrights as they come back to me, and that amounts to considerable. I don't write over two books a year — sometimes not that; but when they are done they suit me. I said that writing is as easy as falling off a log to me, and so it is; but when I come to correct and revise for the eye of the public, there's where the fun comes in. I make ten or fifteen pages out of a day's work, but when I come to review it, I cannot turn out more than five or six. So you see that no matter how deep a fellow gets into this business, he's got to work; and the more he works, the more success he'll meet with.

Harry Castlemon.

WESTFIELD, N. Y.

ANOTHER FIRST BOOK.

I was much interested in M. K. Buck's article in THE WRITER for November, but I missed the point of the story — what were the profits?

I wrote a book once, and hawked it around among all the publishers in England and America. When I say I hawked it, I mean I chickened it; for they were the hawks. The only shadow of a good offer I got was: "No royalty for the first 2,000 copies, and five per cent. on the sales above that number." I thought I had a good thing, so I got estimates

from printers, the lowest of which was $2.55 a page for 2,000 copies in sheets. The binder said sixteen and one-half cents in gold; twelve cents, plain. For $526 I printed 2,000 books, and bound 500, the manuscript making about 170 pages. I finally bound all the books, and found enough extra sheets to make press copies, of which I used only ten. The total cost to me was $778, or thirty-nine cents a copy. The best I could do with any publishing house was forty cents a copy in lots of 500. I sold 1,875 copies in this way, realizing $750. The other 125 copies I sold at better prices, some at retail, netting me $103 more, the price of the book being $1 a copy. My total profit, therefore, on the 2,000 copies of a book which it took me twelve weeks of constant labor to write, three more to proof-read, and three more to sell, and which represents the result of eleven years' thought and experience, was $75!

I am now a mechanical draftsman, getting up at 6 o'clock, getting home at 7, and getting twice $75 every month. *Edward Warner.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.*

VI. — BY THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN WORK.

You ask me for an article consisting of suggestions as to what sort of manuscripts we like to have sent us for the *Christian Work*, and especially also for suggestions as to the sort we *don't* want. In the first place, I shall have to disregard your injunction as to saying nothing about "elementary warnings," such as writing only upon one side of the paper, etc. In my mail this morning, and in fact almost every day, I receive articles which go into the Golden Basket, or, if stamps are enclosed, are returned to their senders, without even an attempt at perusal upon the part of any one connected with this office. Here is a sermon just received from a clergyman who ought to know better,—scrawled in almost illegible handwriting and upon both sides of the paper, — and, to make the matter worse, the whole is done up in a roll, tied tightly, and sent under a one-cent stamp. Such things often go among the exchanges, and so get into the large drawer at the post-office, and eventually find their way into the hands of some sub-editor or correspondent, who forgets to look after them any further. You think that everybody, that is, every well-known writer, observes all of these "elementary" suggestions, and that, therefore, there is no need of speaking of them. Well, you are mistaken! Why, even the venerable Dr. Cuyler, who writes for us almost every week, and whose articles we are always glad to get, *always* writes upon both sides of the sheet. But then he uses good thick paper, and swings a sort of a John Hancock style that invariably delights the compositor. We can, therefore, excuse this peculiarity in so noted a writer, and one whose articles are always good, and otherwise so well served.

Now as to the length of articles we want for the *Christian Work*. The general injunction to all our writers is, "Boil down." We want short articles, and we won't print very long ones, unless upon some very extraordinary oc-

* This series of "Editorial Talks with Contributors," written by the editors of the leading American periodicals, and telling what they want and do not want in the way of manuscripts, was begun in THE WRITER for September, and will be continued monthly. The article in the September WRITER was by William Hayes Ward, superintending editor of the *Independent*. The article for October was by Robert E. Bonner, editor of the *New York Ledger*. The article for November was by Robert D. Townsend, managing editor of the *Outlook*. The articles for December were by B. Arkell, editor of *Leslie's Weekly*, and Rounseville Wildman, editor of the *Overland Monthly*. Next month's article will be by Robert M. Offord, managing editor of the *New York Observer*.

casion or some subject which is attracting universal attention. We are not a magazine, and don't propose to tread on the toes of the magazines in this respect. You will notice that our best journals are doing the same, and giving short articles to the general public. They are far more likely to be read. Better write two, or even three or four, short articles upon the same subject, treating it under as many different relations or aspects, than to embody the whole in one article, for a weekly paper. Even those of our best journals which are published monthly, such as the *Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia, for instance, cut their long articles into two, three, or half-a-dozen parts. Dr. Parkhurst contributes each month for the *Ladies' Home Journal* a solid page, but the intelligent editor cuts it all up into at least half-a dozen different articles. A reader who has time to read only a portion will select that which pleases him or interests him the most, and in this way the article will be read by many who would otherwise never think of beginning it.

As to what style of treatment is desired from those who are writing for the *Christian Work*, I have anticipated it somewhat in the preceding remarks. A prolix style is simply unendurable. Half the articles we receive are spun out to such an intolerable length that long before the patient examiner finds the end, he has found out that he does not care for the article, and it goes into the waste basket or is returned to the writer, with thanks, and the information that, owing to the crowded state of our columns, we are unable to find room for his article — interesting as it may be. In commencing an article, we like to have the writer plunge right into his subject,—*in medias res*, so to speak,— just as an expert swimmer takes to the water. Many a good article, otherwise interesting, is spoiled for a paper like ours by a long and rambling introduction. And these remarks as to the beginning of the article apply equally as to the conclusion. When a writer has finished his subject, or has run short of ideas, we want him to stop. If he does not know enough to do so, and has otherwise written an interesting article in some respects, we frequently treat it as the Englishmen do their horses, having no use for the extra "*ne plus ultra*."

It is not always easy to obtain articles that are just right in each of these respects, and at least three-fourths, if not five-sixths, of the articles received by us are rejected on account of one or the other of the infelicities I have mentioned. I might go on and mention more, but I should perhaps then put myself under the same category as those I have criticised. It is only saying what everybody would remark, to announce that we must have articles for our readers rather than for our compositors. It is not the number of words that count, but the number of ideas expressed by those words.

Joseph Newton Hallock.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

VII. — BY THE EDITOR OF THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

The *New England Magazine* is what its name implies — a magazine devoted primarily to New England life and history. The historical element is made important; and, although attention is constantly paid to local history, chiefly in the way of articles on the more interesting old New England towns, those historical subjects are given treatment by preference where local and national interests run together. So of literary subjects: Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Holmes, Hawthorne, Prescott, Parkman were New England men, but New England men of importance to everybody. In a word, it is the aim of the magazine to treat of New England's contributions to our history and life in the broadest and most vital way — with a look backward to Old England, with a look outward to the New England presence and influence in the West, and all through the country to-day. But the magazine is not simply historical. Along with distinctly New England matter, we use stories, poetry, and articles on matters of practical present interest, especially subjects relating to education and social reform. Here the needs of the magazine are not unlike those of the other magazines, — and our standard as to length of articles, etc., is essentially the same, — only the space for general contributions is limited by the demands of articles belonging to the special province of the magazine.

Edwin D. Mead.

BOSTON, MASS.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publisher.

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*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9 and 10),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. IX. JANUARY, 1896. NO. 1.

The fact that Julian Hawthorne found it advisable to change the title of the story with which he won the *New York Herald* $10,000 prize, from "Between Two Fires" to "A Fool of Nature," because the title "Between Two Fires" had been previously used, calls attention to the general subject of copyright in titles. It has been asserted that there was no legal necessity for changing the title of Mr. Hawthorne's story, even though the title "Between Two Fires" had been previously copyrighted, since the copyright law, it is claimed, does not protect the title of a book apart from its substance, and we have been told that the change was made simply as a matter of expediency. This is in accordance with the dictum of the Librarian of Congress, who informs all inquirers that a copyrighted title cannot be protected by itself, and who said as much explicitly in an article published in *Lippincott's Magazine* some time ago.

***

While it is manifestly right that a title with no work attached to it should not be protected by copyright, it is as manifestly wrong that a copyrighted title which has been used in connection with a published work should not be the exclusive property of the author or publisher as long as the copyright of the work endures. In spite of what the Librarian of Congress says, we do not believe that the law will uphold the second use of the title of a copyrighted book while the original copyright is still in force. It may be true that a title apart from a work cannot be copyrighted so as to forbid its use by others than the holder of the copyright, but it is not reasonable to say that the title of a copyrighted book can be used at will by any one. If the Librarian of Congress thinks it can, let him publish a book called "Marcella," or "Trilby," or "John Ward, Preacher," and see how long it will be before he will have a lawsuit on his hands.

***

If he is right, however, and if the courts have held that copyright in a title may be infringed with impunity, then we have another of the absurdities of the copyright law, which should be modified as soon as possible. Every author knows that a good title has actual value, and every publisher can tell about books that have sold well in the first place because their titles were alluring. It is not fair, of course, that an author with a facility for producing good titles should be allowed to copyright them without work attached, and so prevent others capable of doing the required work from using them, but when title and work are copyrighted together, the author or publisher should have an exclusive right in both, — and THE WRITER believes that he actually has, under the present law.

***

The complete set of bound volumes of THE WRITER now includes eight volumes, and will be sent prepaid to any address for sixteen dollars. The three bound volumes of THE AUTHOR will be added for five dollars more. These bound volumes of the two companion

magazines contain information about authors and their methods that can be obtained nowhere else, and together they form an invaluable cyclopædia of literary work. The number of complete sets availab'e is limited, and those who would like them will do well to buy them now while they may yet be obtained. A complete set of THE WRITER and THE AUTHOR should be in every writer's library.

***

The bound volume of THE WRITER for 1895, including complete index and title-page, will be ready for delivery January 20. It is handsomely bound, in style uniform with that of the preceding volumes, and it is well worth its price, which is $1.50, postpaid. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

What steps should a young man take to become a correspondent on a daily paper? Is any previous experience necessary, and have you any idea what the position pays — say, the position of Pittsburg or Louisville correspondent on a New York daily? Of what does the work mainly consist? C. S. B.

[To secure a position as correspondent of a daily paper, application must be made to the managing editor of the paper. If the position desired is one of importance,—as, for example, that of Pittsburg correspondent of a New York daily,— experience is requisite, and it is also necessary that the applicant shall have a position on some local daily, or at least access to its copy or proofs. The Pittsburg correspondent of a New York paper is expected to cover not only such local news as he might obtain himself, but also the news of the district of which Pittsburg is the centre, and that news he can get only by utilizing the service of some Pittsburg paper. His work is paid for at so much a column, the usual New York rate being from $5 to $8 a column for despatches that are printed. Despatches sent but not printed are not usually paid for. A correspondent of a New York daily in a large city may make from $10 to $200 a month, according to the amount of news he can get into his paper. His work will be to bulletin to his paper every item of news that he thinks is worth telegraphing to it, and then to fill orders from the night editor promptly when they are received. He will have to be on duty daily, or nightly, until his paper goes to press, and if he gets left on any important piece of news, he is likely to hear from his managing editor in a very striking way. Occasionally he will get special assignments from his paper, which he will have to cover. Most of his matter will be sent by telegraph, his paper paying all the telegraph tolls, but now and then he will send a story — everything in a newspaper is a "story," from a two-line item to a two-page special article — by mail. At the end of each month he will send to his managing editor either a memorandum or pasted slips — called "a string" — of all his matter that has been printed, and he will get his check about the 15th or the 20th of the month. — W. H. H.]

SKETCHES OF WRITERS.

VII. — PROFESSOR EDWIN A. GROSVENOR.

"Constantinople," by Professor Grosvenor, of Amherst, just published in Boston and in London, is attracting such general attention in this country and abroad, that some details concerning its author will be of interest.

Although the book is written in so impartial and cosmopolitan a tone that at times it is difficult to tell where his sympathies lie, Mr. Grosvenor is distinctively a New Englander. He was born at Newburyport, Mass., in 1845. His earliest ancestor on this side of the water was John Grosvenor, who was tomahawked by the Indians in Roxbury in 1691. On the antique gravestone, still erect in the Eustis-street cemetery, is carved the Grosvenor coat-of-arms — the only coat of arms seen in the cemetery — with the tomahawk above. Mr. Grosvenor is of the tenth generation from this progenitor, and each of his ancestors between was either a clergyman or a physician. He was prepared for college mainly by his mother, who was an unusually gifted lady and a popular writer. Through a morbid shrinking from publicity, she always published anonymously, but her "Cap-

tain Russell's Watchword" and her "Old Red House" are remembered by many.

Edwin A. Grosvenor graduated from Amherst in 1867, being class poet and salutatorian. He studied at Andover Theological Seminary and in Paris. While at Andover he met at Abbot Academy Miss Lilian Waters, who afterward became his wife, and to whom his "Constantinople" is dedicated. For seventeen years

PROFESSOR EDWIN A. GROSVENOR.

he was professor of history at Robert College Constantinople.

No locality could be more congenial and inspiring to a lover of the past than that city on the Bosphorus, which was for so long a time his home. Aside from its own historical fascinations, Constantinople is a sort of geographical centre between three continents. The old world mythology and history seemed grouped around it in many concentric circles. It is not strange that on the approach of each vacation or leave of absence Mr. Grosvenor hurried away to prosecute some special study in the line of his tastes. His recreation was work along those lines. His first fortnight recess was spent on the plain of Troy. One vacation was passed in visiting all the localities, from Domremy to Rouen, with which Joan of Arc was connected. Another was given up to Napoleon's Italian campaign of 1796; another to the battlefields in the vicinity of Vienna; another to the points of contact in Bulgarian and Servian history; another to Napoleon's campaign of 1813; another to Wittemberg and the life of Luther, and so on other occasions to regions most historic in Europe. Also, he traced a large part of the route of the Ten Thousand and of Alexander, and he went over the ground covered by all the apostolic journeys of St. Paul.

Still, the main subject of his thought and research, aside from his college work, was Constantinople. That almost unrivalled city had never been comprehensively treated in any European language. Monographs, partial descriptions, travelers' dissertations, poems, concerning it abounded. There was the whole body of the Corpus Byzantinorum Scriptorum and of references in many historians, but not a single word which dealt with Constantinople, its past, its present, as a whole. Nor could any one wisely undertake such a task, unless he were a long-time resident, conversant with its multiform languages, creeds, and customs, free from bigotry and prejudice himself, and possessing helpers and assistants everywhere. Enjoying every possible advantage, Mr. Grosvenor began his great undertaking. In his preface he speaks gratefully of the manner in which his multitudinous friends and wellwishers "contributed each his stone, or his many stones, to the general mosaic of information." Not a religion or idea in a city teeming with antagonistic religions and ideas was unrepresented among those people who aided him. He had, moreover, been thrown into acquaintance or intimate relations with many among the leading diplomats and savants, not only of the Ottoman Empire and Greece, but of the rest of Europe. But the two who helped and encouraged and inspired him the most were Dr. Paspatis and General Lew Wallace. So he toiled away with an enthusiasm which made his task "a labor of delight."

In 1890 he resigned his position in Robert-

College, and devoted the following college year to travel in northern Syria, Asia Minor, the Greek islands, and the Balkan peninsula. His friend, Hon. Eugene Schuyler, and he had planned a work on the Greek islands, but its prosecution was prevented by Mr. Schuyler's untimely death.

Soon after his return to America he was invited to lecture on history at Amherst College. In 1892 he was made professor of the French language and literature at Amherst, and from 1892 to 1894 was head of the department of history at Smith College. At commencement, 1895, he was appointed professor of European history at Amherst.

Meanwhile, Professor Grosvenor has translated and revised Duruy's "Histoire des Temps Modernes," which is now extensively used as a college text-book, and has contributed several hundred articles on Oriental and European subjects to Johnson's Cyclopædia. Among the more notable of these articles may be named those on "Constantinople," "Mohammedanism," "Ravenna," "Roumania," "Servia," "Sicily," "Syria," and "Turkey."

The absorbing duties of the classroom leave scant time to a professor in an American college. Mr. Grosvenor was able to accomplish so much only by unflagging industry, and by the realization that minutes are the most precious things in the world. All the time he was working on the material he had gathered for his book. The accumulation of material, its adjustment, and the literary composition had covered fifteen years, when last spring his publishers sent the manuscript to the press.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE LAUREATES OF ENGLAND. From Ben Jonson to Alfred Tennyson. By Kenyon West. Illustrated. 459 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1895.

Kenyon West's book is both a timely one and one of more than ordinary value. Its plan includes brief sketches and critical estimates of each of England's laureates from Ben Jonson to Alfred Tennyson, with selections from their work and an introduction dealing with the origin and significance of the laureateship. This introductory chapter is reprinted from the *Century Magazine*. The illustrations include portraits of the laureates, and numerous illustrative pictures by Frederick C. Gordon, some of which are excellent. The author has been aided in making the selections quoted by Miss Josie Russell, who has not attempted to give the strictly official poems of the poets laureate, but has aimed to furnish examples of their lyrical genius. The selections from Wordsworth are particularly interesting, having been chosen so as to furnish a comment on the poet's life and his relations to his art, to his sister, to his wife, to nature, and to his friends. Incidentally, the book corrects a great many misconceptions about the laureateship and the laureates, the existence of which is shown by constant misstatements in the daily press. The complete list of laureates — not including Alfred Austin, whose appointment had not been officially announced when the book appeared — is as follows: Ben Jonson, Sir William Davenant, John Dryden, Thomas Shadwell, Nahum Tate, Nicholas Rowe, Lawrence Eusden, Colley Cibber, William Whitehead, Thomas Warton, Henry James Pye, Robert Southey, William Wordsworth, and Alfred Tennyson.

EQUAL SUFFRAGE CALENDAR FOR 1896. By mail, in wooden box, 40 cents. New York: E. Scott Company. 1896.

The pad of the "Equal Suffrage Calendar" contains suitable quotations for each day of the year and on the reverse side of the card mount is a yearly calendar, with facts and figures relating to equal suffrage.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Deadening Typewriter Noise. — I have found that by putting small squares of thick rubber under the supports of my typewriter table I can deaden the noise it makes so that the people in the room below where I am writing do not know when I am running it. Before I tried this, I had a good many complaints from them that my use of the typewriter troubled them. Others may get some benefit from my experience. R. S.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added*. Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

A STUDENT'S RECOLLECTIONS OF HUXLEY. Professor Angelo Heilprin. *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for January.

FOR THACKERAY LOVERS. Charles Dudley Warner. Editor's Study. *Harper's* (38 c.) for January.

WAS GEORGE ELIOT A HYPOCRITE? Illustrated. Julien Gordon. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for January.

LIFE IN ANDOVER BEFORE THE WAR. Illustrated. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for January.

EUGENE FIELD AND HIS CHILD FRIENDS. Illustrated. Cleveland Moffett. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for January.

FREDERICK LOCKER. With portrait. Augustine Birrell. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for January.

THE NEW BUILDING OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY. Illustrated. T. R. Sullivan. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for January.

LONGFELLOW. Richard Henry Stoddard. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for January.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN HISTORY. W. S. Lilly. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for December.

BOOK COLLECTING AS A FINE ART. Julian Moore. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for December.

VERDI: THEN AND NOW. Frederick J. Crowest. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for December.

HERBERT SPENCER. With portrait. By an eminent English scientist. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for December.

NEWSPAPER ETHICS. THE IDEAL PAPER. EDITORIAL ETHICS. *Newspaperdom* (8 c.) for November 28.

NEWSPAPER MAKING. CANADIAN COPYRIGHT. PAPERS AND THE LAW. *Newspaperdom* (8 c.) for December 5.

PENSIONING WRITERS. A TEST FOR CLUB MEMBERSHIP. FRATERNAL COURTESY. *Newspaperdom* (8 c.) for December 12.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, FILS. With portrait. E. Irenæus Stevenson. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for December 7.

JAMES LANE ALLEN. With portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for December 21.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. E. S. Martin. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for December 21.

EUGENE FIELD. Francis Wilson. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for December 28.

THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY AT WASHINGTON. Illustrated. Royal Cortissoz and Mary J. Safford. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for December 28.

NEWS AND NOTES.

"Sangamon," the winner of the $1,000 prize offered by the *New York Herald* for the best epic offered in competition, is Rev. Lyman Whitney Allen, of Newark, N. J.

Jury, a new weekly humorous paper, has been started in Boston, the first number being that for January 2.

Miss Blue Stocking is another new Boston semi-monthly magazine of the *Chap-Book* family.

Springfield, Mass., is to be the headquarters of a new monthly illustrated magazine, conducted by Will H. Bradley, the artist, and called *Will H. Bradley, His Book*.

Uriel is the title of a new Boston monthly magazine devoted "to Cabbalistic science."

The offices of the *New York Observer* are now at 156 Fifth avenue, New York.

The character of *Romance* (New York) has been changed. Hereafter it will be chiefly a picture magazine, and the price will be five cents a copy.

The price of the *Bookman* after January 25 will be advanced to twenty cents a number, or $2 a year.

The first number of the *Texas Sifter*, successor to *Texas Siftings*, late of New York, was issued at Dallas, Texas, December 23. Alex. E. Sweet, of *Texas Siftings*, is the editor.

The *Young People's Magazine* (Boston) has been sold to the Sunbeams Publishing Company (New York), publishers of *Sunbeams' Young People* and *Sunbeams' Little Folks*, and its publication has been discontinued.

Godey's Magazine (New York) offers a prize of $50 for the best bicycle story of from 3,000 to 4,000 words (preferably typewritten) received before February 1.

The current number of *Sun and Shade* (New York) is a calendar number, and includes, besides two color-plates, six photogravures, the subjects of which are groups of famous children, arranged in a decorative framing of flowers. In the lower section of each plate a calendar for two months of 1896 is empaneled.

Current Literature for December has portraits of Anna Fuller, Zenaide A. Ragozin, S. Baring Gould, Augustus Jessop, R. D. Blackmore, J. P. Mahaffy, and Leslie Stephen.

The *Review of Reviews* for December has portraits of Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith (with a facsimile of "America" in his handwriting), Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Eugene Field, John Sherman (at different ages), Herbert Spencer (with a character sketch by an eminent English scientist), E. L. Godkin, and Walter Bagehot.

Complete information about the Monroe doctrine is given in No. 56 of the *Old South Leaflets*, published by the directors of the Old South work, Boston, which contains President Monroe's message in full, with notes. The leaflet may be obtained at five cents a copy.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. IX. BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1896. No. 2.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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PARTIAL SHORTHAND AGAIN.

In reading over H. B. Lancaster's article in your January number, I am impressed by two wrong ideas in his premises: First, that a mixture of longhand and shorthand is more legible than entire shorthand; secondly, that skeleton words are best written out with longhand consonant outlines.

There is nothing more legible than shorthand, if a good system is used. I have studied four systems, and find that the best is one that is legible when "cold," needs no lines, and needs no abbreviations. The last, known to the profession as "contractions," are the bane of shorthand novices.

I write out all my "stuff" first in shorthand. I have studied Munson's, Benn Pitman's, and Graham's systems, but abandoned them all as not so good as Isaac Pitman's. I have passed the official examination, requiring a speed of 150 words a minute, and use absolutely no contractions beyond the grammalogues. Waring, the official court stenographer for Tyrone, put me on this track in my early shorthand days. He never uses a contraction, and asserts that there is ample time to write out every word in full.

I can read any shorthand I ever wrote, no matter how "cold" it is, and just as fast as if it were longhand.

The time occupied in writing out skeletons in longhand is simply wasted. The test is to count the motions of the hand in both systems, longhand and shorthand. Take the examples that Mr. Lancaster gives: Skltn, eighteen pen motions in longhand; four in shorthand. Smtms, twenty-one in longhand; four in shorthand. Cmpltly, twenty-five in longhand; three in shorthand. Frqntly, twenty-three in longhand; four in shorthand. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well; and things done by halves are never done well. Those two maxims cover the ground. If shorthand is worth anything, it is worth mastering. Half an hour a day for a month will master the system; the speed is a matter of practice and natural dexterity. A man naturally quick at longhand will be equally so at shorthand.

There is one point about shorthand which I have never seen in any text-book, and that is that different parts of speech can never be confused, even if the words are written with the

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same outline, and in the same position with regard to the line. This is the great secret of legibility.

I regret to see any contributor to THE WRITER advising a slipshod compromise for lazy people, instead of saying boldly: "Learn shorthand; and however little you know of it, use all you know." The entire system could be learned in much less time than it would take to commit to memory all the special words that Mr. Lancaster gives. *Edward Warner.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.*

VIII.—BY THE MANAGING EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.

The *New York Observer* is a religious and family newspaper. It aims to give each week a satisfying quantity and pleasant assortment of such reading as will elevate the religious and moral tone of family life and aid in the progress of the Kingdom of Christ in the world. It has departments that cannot be classed as religious, such as the household and agricultural departments, but even the most devout Christians must eat and drink, if they are to live piously, or to live this mortal life at all. Such departments are deemed desirable elements even in a newspaper the first aim of which is religious in character.

The *Observer* cannot spare too much space to matters that do not somehow tend to inculcate some religious truth or moral principle. But the moral should not be offensively in evidence. Stories written for the delectation of adults or especially for young people do not find acceptance if there is nothing in them to increase the reader's interest in his fellowmen, to inspire to noble living, to encourage a tried or tempted heart, or in some way to help make the readers wiser and better. Few persons can write a good story in a thousand or twelve hundred words, either for adults or for children. For longer sketches the *Observer* has little room and as little inclination. It rarely publishes a serial.

The *Observer* has always made a specialty of foreign correspondence. Arrangements are made beforehand for such material, and numbers of letters of travel not previously arranged for are promptly returned, because the supply is always fully equal to the demand.

The *Observer* has headed off scores of would-be contributors, especially in the ministerial profession, by offering to take half a dozen or a dozen short articles, pithy, pointed, popular in style, containing from 300 to 700 words. The offer has frequently been accompanied with the assurance that fifty of these could be used in the course of a year. Few writers have the gift of saying something in a paragraph. There are not half a dozen good paragraphers on the religious press of the United States. The statement is a dangerous one to make, not because it is not true, for it is true, but because at the suggestion a hundred writers will try their hand at paragraph making, and the floods will descend upon unprotected editorial heads. We should not mind the flood if the material were of the right character, but a dry page

* This series of "Editorial Talks with Contributors," written by the editors of the leading American periodicals, and telling what they want and do not want in the way of manuscripts, was begun in THE WRITER for September, and will be continued monthly. The article in the September WRITER was by William Hayes Ward, superintending editor of the *Independent*. The article for October was by Robert E. Bonner, editor of the *New York Ledger*. The article for November was by Robert D. Townsend, managing editor of the *Outlook*. The articles for December were by B. Arkell, editor of *Leslie's Weekly*, and Rounseville Wildman, editor of the *Overland Monthly*. The articles for January were by Joseph Newton Hallock, editor of the *Christian Work*, and Edwin D. Mead, editor of the *New England Magazine*. Next month's article will be by Nella I. Daggett, editor of *The Home*.

taken from among twenty pages of a dreary essay is not within my meaning.

The repetition of a thrice-told or thrice-a-thousand-times-told story of some old hero or ancient sinner we want not. Are there no more stories to tell, no incidents of the last decade of the nineteenth century to record; no fresh illustrations to be gathered from the latest discoveries of art and science for the pointing of old truths? This is the age of the kineteoscope, when all manner of scenes are pictured quickly and reproduced with startling realism. Bits of experience, bits of travel, bits of fun, bits of wisdom, literary bric-à-brac, literary gems, seed thoughts, twenty-line accounts of public meetings, that tell more and do more good than ten-column articles filled with dreary details could ever do — these and countless suggestions crowd one another in the editorial brain.

Given a writer who determines to be lively, to be short, to be true, to be plain, to be practical, and the editor of the religious family newspaper will want to hear from that writer.

Robert M. Offord.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

FROM AN EDITOR'S WASTE-BASKET.

Of the multitude of manuscripts that come to an editor's desk, it is usually his laborious duty to sift the gold from the dross. It has occurred to me that a few specimens of the latter, gathered at random during some years of editorial labor, may not be without some interest, as indicating what manner of stuff the editor has to wade through.

To begin with, let us take this storyette: —

MY PRETENDED SISTER.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon I arrived at my hotel there was a visitor who wanted to see me. She was seated in the Parlour and as I approached her she fell upon her knees and kissed me. I startted she said MY BROTHER I knew not what struck me you are not my sister I have no sister you mistake dear John she said. I will explain it to you. When mama died (the day after you was born) Papa married again and my step Mother was so cruel that one night I skiped and here I am now I went to my purse and handed it she opened it and took the contented and that was the last I seen of her From this day to that.

This Happened to a Friend of Mine 2 years ago.

What a tiresome trick contributors have of taking liberties with the rules of grammar! How constant are the characters who "rung" the bell violently and "drunk" the water hastily, after having "sang" the song; and is there not a heroine who had "laid" on a sofa for an hour, a hero who "lies" his tired head; or another who cries out, "Let that glove 'lay,' sir," in every other story one comes across? Sometimes the limbs of a sentence are sound enough, but the joints are loose, as, for example: "Dogs and cats are very partial to butter, as well as human beings."

The eccentricities of spelling are beyond number. Perhaps more has never been accomplished in this direction in such a limited space as in this sentence: "They were very stricked on these wholy days." Mild in comparison are "midnite," "schoar" (score), and, with extreme frequency, "villiage."

I remember one aspiring author who, with visions of the bird of night, described the heroine's "masses of raving black hair." On a later page, by the same hand, appeared "a female figure, down which flowed a beautiful set of hair."

The letters accompanying manuscripts reveal a curious mingling of the desire for fame and money, and the fear of detection as an author by friends and fellow-townsmen. Here is a specimen: —

Dear Sir: — I have just seen it stated in your paper that the highest price ever paid for a work of fiction was the $50,000 which Daudet received for "Jack"; also that Dickens got $35,000 for "Edwin Drood," and Beaconsfield got $20,000 for "Endymion." I have just written a story of about 80,000

words, the scene of which is laid at the North Pole. Please let me know how much you will pay for it.

Another modest writer, who sent some awful verses, requested that, in the event of their being published, the editor would be kind enough to return his "copy," for said he, "If at any time I should make a great name as a poet, the copy would be very valuable." He then mentioned several cases in which heavy prices had been paid for the manuscripts of the works of famous men.

Speaking of poetry, most of that which reaches the editor is of a peculiarly atrocious nature.

Songs of death and bereavement are distinctly the favorites, but the pathetic in incompetent hands is so often ludicrous that for every reason it is best that the waste-basket should not give up its dead. It is difficult, however, to refrain from giving at least one specimen: —

When I was in my childhood day
How oft I think of them
Manys the day I spent in childhood days
But I had no trouble then

When I was in my childood day
To me I would be joy
To visit the Oceans and Bays
When I was But a boy.

When I was in my childood
It was my delight
Into the woods to stray
And depart with the moon light.

I have grown out of my childood day
And one Place I like above all
It is the Place where my Parents lays
And where manys the tear I let fall.

END.

P. S. Excuse my writing as the Place is very dark and I am unable to secure light. the Name of the above is When I was in my childood days.

I know of a case in which an editor was — strange as it may seem — greatly pleased with a poem submitted by an unknown contributor. "He wrote me," said the latter, in relating the incident, "that he would have published it at the usual rates, which he said were twenty-five cents a line, if I had wished. This being the rule of his paper I could not object, but I did not care to pay so much money as this, as the poem was a long one, and, besides, my friends had all heard it." The contributor then went on to say that the lack of intelligence on the part of editors makes them a public evil, etc., etc.

As to the jokes which the editor is called upon to read, most of those that have a point are good old chestnuts, which were probably stale in the Middle Ages; but the worst persons with whom the editor has to deal are the petty swindlers who send in copied matter as original. Of this class there are not a few, and it is necessary to keep a constant lookout for them.

Some time ago two editors were talking together, when one of them told of an attempt recently made by a "rising" young verse writer to sell over again a poem which had already been sold to another magazine.

"That comes very àpropos," said the other editor, "for here is an envelope of poems just sent me by the same fellow, and I had marked two of them for acceptance. Now they'll all go back, and I'll enter his name and the incident in my little book."

And out of the editorial desk came a book with blackened cover and a skull and cross-bones upon it.

"That's my black-book," said the editor in explanation, "and the author whose name gets into it is forever doomed as far as our periodical is concerned. Just look over that list of names," he added, "and I think you will be surprised to see who are among the 'dead.'" And the book was handed over.

The second editor *was* surprised — perfectly dumbfounded, in fact — to find in it the names of literary men and women of whom trickery would never be suspected. Yet opposite every name were recorded facts of the most indisputable kind. To make public the names enumerated on that "black list" would mean a succession of the most astounding literary disclosures imaginable.

I might say a word as regards the manner in which manuscripts are done up. Some are packed into the envelopes so tightly that the sight of the packet recalls the agony inflicted by tight boots. Oysters are not more difficult to open. Others, again, are rolled as tightly as surgical bandages ever are, leaving the pages in such an obstinately curly condition that there is no flattening them out for perusal. Both hands have to be applied to every sheet

to keep it straight; and, should one hand be relaxed for a moment, up flies the page to curl around the other like a thing of life. Some contributors thoughtfully pin the pages together in such a way that the pin runs into your finger when you seek to withdraw the manuscript from the envelope. Others will write with a dull pencil on both sides of inferior paper.

One contributor has heard of the beautiful minute handwriting of Thackeray, and triumphantly excels that man of genius in one particular at least: here a magnifying glass is needed. Another profits by the knowledge that Dickens' copy was a pathless wilderness of interlineation. A third, having heard that clear writing is the characteristic of the fool, and perhaps being by nature a good penman, pretends illegibility as a token that he is no mere laboring scribe and no mere amateur. A fourth would be classed with those rapid, careless, impulsive geniuses who snatch at the first piece of paper that comes to hand, no matter what its size or shape, and so fills the editorial hands with a sheaf of vagabond sheets, of which the smaller scraps slip out at a touch and flutter to the floor. Such ingenuities as these are practised by scores of constant readers so anxious to become occasional writers that they forget to enclose the stamps which they say they *do* enclose, "for immediate return if unacceptable," or else they stick a two-cent stamp on the first page of a half-pound parcel.

Nothing is gained by pathetic appeals to the editor on the score of the writer's circumstances, or by setting forth the writer's youth and inexperience. Here is a specimen of letters of this class: —

I am only a country girl but hope and pray to be more some day. I have a fair education but have never taken one lesson in Drawing, but want to so much. I will mail with this letter a package of drawings if you can use them I wish you would and in the future you can pay what you think my work is worth to you (if it is worth anything) I do hope I can work for you this winter as I have lots of time [country girls always do] and I should like to earn a little myself. I cannot afford to send postage for you to return my work, if you can not use it you can burn it and I will try over again some future day.

So if my work is good enough it will appear in your paper, if it *does not* I am to understand it is no go and will trouble you no more. I will only give my first name untill I hear more from you, as I do not care to have my friends hear of my failure if failure it be, hoping for the best, I remain,

yours truly, ——

Here is another letter in the same strain: —

I write to you asking your information concerning a book that I am writing. Will I have to pay to have it published? I am sixteen years old; and living with my mother. I think that if I once try, I can continue writing books. Please let me know all about it as soon as you can, I have to look to the support of my mother, and as I am not very strong I think I would like to write storys. I can assure you; that it is a very interesting, and pretty love story. I know that it will prove a success, and should it my joy would be boundless. Please excuse writing as I am in haste, and will you please answer as I am very anxious. Tell me all about what I'll have to do, and I will forever be grateful to you. Sincerely yours, ——

Here is yet another specimen, typewritten in monotonous capitals, some of its eccentricities, perhaps, being due to the writer's lack of skill with his typewriter: —

I have just completed a story entitled "Adrian Deakensfield" or "Light out of Darkness" which I will send at some future time. It might be well to add that I am no new hand at this kind of work as I have been writing these eight years and have won some distinction in this line.

The story lacks nothing in points of interist and originality.

I will defy any one no matter how apt, to tell two chapters ahead of what will follow. It is not of the love story class, but takes a soldiers orphan boy for its hero, and makes him win his wak to manhoods door by hard earnest work and then knocks so loud that the world knows him and lets him in. I have taken my boyhood home for my senery and so much of the story is true that it is hard even for me to tell just where the truth begins or where fiction takes its place. I have taken the pains to read it to a few of my intimate friends and so enraptured have they been that I have almost accused them of flatery.

One of the points in the story is that when the hero was yet a child he had a step father and was a witness to the murder of this stepfathers former wife which causes a shock to him which forever prevented him from ever speaking of or to him no matter under what circumstances. Many times was he beaten and he would clutcw and tare at his throat till the blood came trinkeling down but atll in vain. He was given away and becomes a bootblack and there find a comrad who provrs to be a son of his fathers comrad in the army and also the son of the murdered woman. The way this comrad tells of his plans to find his mother and care for her, and Adrian not able to tell him is enough to melt any heart not ded to pity for the friendless No fortune falls to the hero, no foreign country is taped for its characters, the story is grandly American, true to nature and near to the hearts of our comon countryman.

I have made an honest effort to come very near to the hearts of the parents, foster-parents and guardeins of the little waifs left to their cair, I have shown them homeles, friendles and in distress weak, sick and hungry. I have shown their little forms so emciated that in recovering their bodies totered with the breese of a forlorn hope. I have brought them in a comon way to a common level and then by their own efforts to a noble manhood, which is the true pillar of Amarican sentiment, the very embodiment of American liberty.

In conclusion I can say with Charles Dickens, I have a favorite child, and his name is Adrian Deakensfield. The story would include about six months of space in your paper.

Who wonders that some editors are pessimists? *George Roberts.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

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*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9 and 10),
P. O. BOX 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. IX. FEBRUARY, 1896. NO. 2.

THE WRITER has a theory to account for the unaccountable decisions of editors who reject manuscripts which their authors are perfectly sure are quite as good as anything that these same editors have ever printed. It is a simple theory, and it is based upon reasoning which must be regarded even by cavillers as in every way conclusive.

***

Every one agrees that the reading of poor literature debases the intellect. Any editor will tell you that most of the manuscripts submitted to him are of mediocre quality, and that many of them are distinctly bad. He has to read these manuscripts, of course, in order to determine their quality. It follows, then, that a large part of his time is spent in reading poor literature, and his intellect consequently is debased. The result is that when he gets a really good thing, he does n't know it.

***

This theory cannot fail to be comforting to writers who see their own first-class work rejected, while mediocre work by other writers finds acceptance and is published. Editors, too, are likely to be pleased with it, since it defends them from the charge of partiality or intentional unfairness, and from their point of view puts the responsibility for the occasional dullness of their periodicals back on the writers, where, they have always protested, it belongs.

***

By a misprint, the price of the complete set of eight bound volumes of THE WRITER was said in the January number to be sixteen dollars. The price of the eight volumes, ordered together, is eleven dollars — and they are well worth the money. Together they make a cyclopedia of the methods of literary work. The price of the eight bound volumes of THE WRITER and the three bound volumes of THE AUTHOR, ordered together, is sixteen dollars.

***

Thousands of newspapers within the last year or two have reprinted some jingling verses, entitled "The Ideal Husband," and beginning: —

> "There are husbands who are pretty,
> There are husbands who are witty,
> There are husbands who in public are as smiling as the morn,'

which they have accredited to Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Mr. Aldrich finally thought it necessary to deny the authorship of the verses by addressing a note to the *Boston Transcript*, as follows: —

> Some verses called "The Ideal Husband," and having my name attached to them as the author, are being extensively reprinted by the newspapers. I beg leave to say — and it gives me great pleasure to say it — that I am not the author of those verses.

No one who knows how delicate and perfectly-finished all of Mr. Aldrich's poems are could have believed for an instant that he ever wrote the newspaper jingle accredited to him, and the fact that many of the newspapers that have reprinted the lines have credited them to "T. B. Aldrich, in the *Forum*," indicates that some mischievous editor began all the trouble

by crediting some nameless verses to an author who never could have written them, and to a review that never publishes either verse or poetry. The absurdity of both parts of the credit line is evident at a glance to any one with ordinary knowledge of literary matters. The surprising thing about the incident is that so many newspaper editors should have copied both verses and credit without hesitation.

* * *

When an author transposes two of the sheets in his manuscript to make sure whether the editor has read it through or not, his little scheme may be ineffective if his handwriting is so blind that the editor doesn't know the difference. W. H. H.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

THE WRITER, page 103, July, 1895, has a quotation about Bret Harte from the *Chicago News*, which makes the *Overland Monthly* date from 1870. I saw the article this evening, and I left the periodicals current and referred to the bound volumes in the reference department of the Chicago Public Library, as a labor of love. For the past seven years I have read yearly my prime factors of the fame of Bret Harte, to wit, "Outcasts of Poker Flat" and "Migglesey." This is possible only among the bound periodicals in the Chicago Public Library. "Luck of Roaring Camp" I first struck in Cincinnati early in the fall of 1868 in the *Times*, then under Father Starbuck of goodly memory. Father S. had procured his copy fresh from 'Frisco, while the rest of mankind struck their "Luck" through the intervention of William Dean Howells, then editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

When did the *Overland* strike its "Luck" first? The first number of this magazine bears date July, 1868, and it was in August, 1868, that Editor Harte had influence with his administration and Master Tommy Luck was born into the republic of letters. The "Outcasts of Poker Flat" greeted the new year of 1869, and Mademoiselle "Miggles" rounded up Volume One in June. Mnemonically, you might say, her grace came East on the first through train from the Occident into Omaha in June, 1869. All lovers of Miggles (may the tribe increase!) will remember the joy bells that rang on that rare day in June, when the world rejoiced over the completion of the Pacific railway.

More than a dozen years ago a "compositress" set type in the late Myra Bradwell's printing-house on Dearborn street, Chicago. She had labored in Mr. Roman's composing rooms in San Francisco, and bit by bit from her I located the "errant claws" to which Mr. Harte refers in his preface as imperiling the birth of Master Thomas Luck. In this story the central character, "Stumpy," mentions himself and his co-ed, the quadrupedal foster-mother of Tommy, as being father and mother to Tommy: "Don't you never go back on us!" I thought at one time that this interviewee was the proof-spirit's nymph of Mr. Harte's preface.

"Tennessee's Partner" came out in October, and "Idyl of Red Gulch" in December, 1869.

Theo. S. Greiner.

CHICAGO, Ill.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Why do not all editors make it their rule to send a printed acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript submitted to them, informing the author also, if possible, as to the approximate length of time likely to elapse before a decision will be rendered? T. P. D.

[Some publications acknowledge at once the receipt of every manuscript submitted for publication. It would be an excellent thing, of course, if the rule were universal. In the case of publications that receive a great many manuscripts, however, the expense of postage and clerical work would be considerable. As things are now, an author can almost always get an acknowledgment of the receipt of his manuscript by enclosing a self-addressed postal card, on the back of which he has written: "We have received your manuscript, 'Toodles and His Toodlekins,'" to be signed by the editor of the periodical receiving it. Editors usually will not commit themselves as to how

long they are going to keep a manuscript. In most cases, probably, they do not know themselves. — W. H. H.]

Is clearness a necessary quality in poetry, as it is in prose? Judging by the poems published in the modern magazines, their editors do not seem to think it is. O. M. S.

[It is true that a great deal of modern magazine poetry is more or less obscure, but that does not make clearness any less a merit, and in the case of most of the obscure poetry that is published, the poems possess merits which make them acceptable in spite of their blindness. In the same way, perfection in rhyme is an absolute requisite for good poetry, and yet Mr. Gilder, in his poem entitled "A Woman," couples "riot" with "quiet" and "defy it," a rhyme which by itself would pass only in comic verse. No one questions, however, the excellence of the poem as a whole. In spite of its defects, it could not be rejected by any appreciative editor. — W. H. H.]

When an editor receives a short manuscript, — say, one of five hundred or six hundred words, — why cannot he decide regarding it at once, without keeping the author waiting an indefinite time? I can understand why time is required for judging a long book manuscript, but why cannot a short manuscript be either accepted or rejected on the day of its receipt? B. F. W.

[Most editors, probably, have stated times for reading manuscripts, and all manuscripts received are put together somewhere to be read when the regular time for reading comes. Until then, as a rule, the editor does not see the manuscripts that have been submitted to him, and does not know whether they are long or short. An editor can make up his periodical to better advantage if he examines manuscripts once a week, or once a month, than he can if he reads each day's offerings as they come in. In justice to all his contributors, moreover, he ought to read all his manuscripts in the order in which they are received, whether they are short or long. For that matter, it often takes less time to determine the availability or non-availability of a book manuscript containing 100,000 words than of a poem with only twenty lines. — W. H. H.]

Will you kindly criticise the following sentence, found in the *Century Magazine* for November in the article upon "Robert Louis Stevenson and His Writings," p. 123, in the middle of the first column: "Yes; and also in some degree even the most diligent, hearty, and sensitive lover of literature if he has never practised with the written word himself." Is there anything in connection with that sentence which gives the writer license to omit the predicate? As the article in question is upon the very subject of literary style, I desire to have the sentence explained. I am particularly anxious because I myself am studying to perfect a literary style which will enable me to contribute matter acceptable to the magazines. Recently I submitted a carefully prepared article. After a month it was returned to me, with many regrets, but with the decision that the article was not available because it was "cast in a newspaper mold rather than in a magazine mold." I wrote to Mr. R. U. Johnson, the assistant editor of the *Century*, and asked him to explain the essential difference between a "magazine mold" and a "newspaper mold," aside from the fact that the former was moldier than the latter. He replied that magazine matter grew moldy more quickly than newspaper matter, and it is perhaps on that account that the mold has completely hidden the predicate in the above-quoted sentence, but I desire to be sure of it. Will THE WRITER please enlighten me? P. C.

[The sentence in the *Century* cannot be properly judged excepting in connection with the preceding sentence, with which it is intimately connected. The preceding sentence is: "The public can appreciate some kinds of literary merit; but 'to those more exquisite refinements of proficiency and finish which the artist so ardently desires, and so keenly feels, for which (in the vigorous words of Balzac) he must toil "like a miner buried in a landslip," for which, day after day, he recasts and revises and rejects — the gross mass of the public must be ever blind.'" It is obvious that "so must" is understood in the sentence which follows, — that quoted by "P. C." Because of the use of "also in some degree," the insertion of "so must" before "even" would make an awkward sentence. Perfection in style, however, requires that every sentence should have both a subject and a predicate. Mrs. Van

Rensselaer should have remodeled her sentence accordingly. — W. H. H.]

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

One of Mr. Atwood's friends states that he returns to Washington to-night or to-morrow. — *Boston Evening Record.*	One of Mr Atwood's friends says that he will return to Washington to-night or to-morrow.
Davis and De Almeida were returning from Spy Pond with a party from a polo game on the train leaving Arlington at 5.26. — *Boston Herald.*	Davis and De Almeida were returning in the train leaving Arlington at 5.30 with a party from a polo game at Spy Pond.

ON PUBLISHING A BOOK.

The superintendent of the manufacturing department of a publishing concern will usually recommend to authors asking for information before beginning their work, that manuscripts should be written on small sheets of paper, commercial note or letter size being preferable to a larger sheet. The writing should, of course, be, for the purposes of the compositors, on one side of the sheet only. All the sheets of manuscript should be of the same size and should contain as nearly as possible the same number of lines. This facilitates the work of estimating the amount of the material and the cost of the printing. The manuscript should be paged consecutively throughout. With the present comparatively inconsiderable expense of typewriting, there is a material advantage, when the writer may be in a position so to arrange, in having his manuscript put into typewritten form before sending it into the publishing office. This facilitates the work of the reader or literary adviser, and facilitates, also, the calculation of the printing and the work of the compositors; while it also lessens the risk of typographical errors. The prudent author will also, after having his typewritten "copy" prepared, go over this as if it were first proof, and will make at once all the corrections or changes which he finds to be desirable. If such changes, additions, or eliminations in the material are left to be made until the author receives his first proof, the cost of making them has to be debited to the account of the author under the heading of "extra corrections." This constitutes one of the most annoying items of expense in the making of books, and it is one that can, as a rule, be avoided altogether if proper care be taken in the preparation of the author's "copy."

It is customary to give to the author his first proof in the form of what is known as galleys or slips, as in case any alterations may be found necessary, the cost of making these in the galleys is smaller than after the matter has been made up in the form of pages. For works in current literature the author receives his second proof in the form of pages taken from the plates, the matter having been cast as soon as made up into pages. These proofs the author will consider to have been sent only in order that he may assure himself that the corrections indicated in the previous proofs have received proper attention; and in order, also, that he may have the material in hand for the preparation of his index. If the work is one of special character for which very careful proof-reading is requisite, the author will receive an intervening set of proofs taken in page form, and the printers will wait for the return of these page proofs before proceeding with the casting. Corrections which are absolutely essential can be made in the pages after these have been cast, but they must be shaped to conform precisely to the space available. If, for instance, one word is taken out, another word containing precisely the same number of letters must be inserted. Corrections in the plates are on several grounds more difficult and expensive than those made in the material before it has been cast.

With the knowledge of the number of thousand words in a given manuscript, the next question to be decided in the course of the manufacturing of the book is the form of the volume. If the work be planned for popular sale, such selection should be made of type, page, binding, etc., that the cost may be kept at a moderate figure, and thus admit of a low publication price. If, on the other hand, the material is addressed to a more limited class of readers, it will, as a rule, be desirable to plan for a larger and more handsomely printed book, for which a higher price can be secured.

The expressions "quarto," "octavo," etc., which, in former times, designated with tolerable accuracy the size of the printed book, are

now, unfortunately, by no means to be depended upon. The terms refer to the number of times the flat sheet of paper is folded. There is, however, at this time no standard size for the flat sheet, papers being manufactured in a great variety of sizes, and almost every publishing house having special sizes for its own use. The flat sheet used in the United States is much larger than that used in England or on the continent, owing to the greater size of American printing presses. The larger the size of sheet that can be imposed upon the press, the smaller number of impressions required for a given edition, and the smaller the cost of the presswork.

The selection of type — pica, small pica, long primer, or brevier — depends in part upon the size selected for the volume — octavo, 12mo, or 16mo — and in part, also, upon the amount of the material to be put into print, and the question as to whether it is planned to sell a large number of copies at a low price or a small number at a higher price. The effect of the printed page depends in part upon the size of the type, and in part, also, upon the leading or spacing between the lines. A volume of 100,000 words printed in small pica with one lead, in a properly proportioned 12mo page, will make about 325 pages, which would give a volume of satisfactory proportion. Authors will find it a convenience in making references in their correspondence to their manuscripts, to specify the size of these by thousands of words, rather than by pages of "copy."

When the book is in readiness, there comes up for decision between author and publisher the matter of advertising. If the author, having shared the cost of the production of the book, has retained any ownership in the editions, and is, therefore, to share in the expenditure for advertising, the amount to be so expended must, of course, depend upon his own decision. The question as to the most effective methods for making known to the public that a book has been published, and for keeping before book-buyers the fact of its existence, is one of the most perplexing problems in the publisher's business, and one the difficulties of which are often not realized by authors.

Advertising may be divided into direct and indirect. Under the former heading would be included the printing of the descriptive title of the book in the catalogue and special lists of the publisher, the purchase of advertising space in the journals or magazines, the distribution among booksellers of show bills, and the distribution among possible book-buyers of descriptive circulars. Under the latter comes the distribution of copies for review, and the consigning of specimen copies to booksellers for sale. If a work is of a special character, requiring for the explanation of its purpose some detailed description, a separate descriptive circular can be utilized to advantage for mailing to the specific circle of students or readers likely to be interested; excepting, however, for books coming under this description, such circulars are not, as a rule, of sufficient advantage to repay their cost, as it is difficult to secure attention for them from the general public. Show bills of new books are placed by booksellers on the boards in front of their stores, and authors are accustomed to lay stress upon seeing their books so posted. The matter is, however, not of as much importance as it is often considered; and in any case the printing of the show bill does not necessarily secure its being posted by any great number of booksellers. Every dealer receives a great many more show bills than he has room for on his boards; and he selects for use those of the books in most active demand, rather than of the books most needing such advertisement. In selecting the journals in which advertising space can probably be purchased to advantage, it is more important to use the money in periodicals reaching the intelligent circle of book-buyers, rather than in those having a very extended miscellaneous circulation. Ten or twelve thousand cultivated readers are of more advantage for the purpose of the author and his publisher, than would be two or three hundred thousand of the class of the community which very rarely spends money in books. The whole business, however, of possible returns to be secured from advertising expenditure remains, even after many years of carefully tabulated experience, very much a matter of guess work.

While descriptive advertising in the right kind of journals can nearly always be depended

upon to produce an increase in the sales of the book advertised, it may easily prove to be the case that such increase is not sufficient to repay the cost of the advertising. If an investment of $50 brought for a dollar book an additional sale of fifty copies, there would be a net loss on the transaction of from $30 to $35. To that kind of "pushing" and enterprise publishers are, notwithstanding the criticism of authors, naturally averse, nor can they honestly recommend it to authors who pay their own publishing expenses. It is, as a rule, pretty easy to tell, after a few experiments in advertising, whether a book possesses what may be called "elasticity," that is, responds readily and remuneratively to advertising and "pushing." If such an elasticity be there, and if through reviews or through personal mention a public interest can be felt to have awakened, a great deal can be accomplished by judiciously planned advertising to extend and to keep active such interest. If, however, no such interest appears and the first advertising outlay produces no returns, or but trifling returns, further outlays will, at that time at least, be money thrown away. If a book has once "fallen flat," it is, with a rare exception, as practicable for a publisher to put life into it by advertising as it would be for him to lift himself over a fence by the straps of his boots.

The number of copies of a new book which can, to advantage, be distributed for review varies, of course, according to the character and to the costliness of the work, the size of the first edition, etc., etc. Of a novel, from 150 to 300 copies are usually used in this way; of a work of literature, from 100 to 200 copies; and of works of special character, a much smaller number. These figures apply to the journals of the United States. The list for Great Britain is, in any case, very much smaller in proportion to the extent of the selling market, as the reviews in London journals can be depended upon to reach intelligent buyers of books throughout the entire Kingdom. From fifteen to twenty-five copies is usually a sufficient allowance of press copies to be made of an American book published in Great Britain.

There has of late years been a very large increase throughout the United States of journals in which competent and able reviews appear, an increase out of proportion to the growth of booksellers and of book buyers. However well managed its literary department may be, it does not, as a rule, pay a publisher to add a journal to his list, unless the town in which it is published contains at least one active bookseller who can be depended upon to fill orders for the books reviewed.

When, after all the preliminary difficulties of a book have been overcome, his book is at last finally published, the author, not unnaturally, expects that copies of the book will at once appear on the counters of all the bookstores throughout the country. In this expectation he is likely to be more or less disappointed, and the complaint that "friends have inquired for a book in this place or in that and have not found it," is one of the most frequent that comes to the publisher. It is the case, however, that publishing machinery does not and cannot provide for any such general distribution in advance of the public demand. The first edition of a first book does not usually consist of more than one thousand copies, a portion of which are required for the press. A general distribution of copies among leading bookstores (even if such distribution were on other grounds practicable) would require an edition, not of one thousand, but of ten thousand or more copies, an investment in the production of which neither the publisher nor the author (if the book be an author's venture) would be willing to risk with the first enterprise. Even if, however, some such number of copies should be sent out and one-half of them should find buyers, the extra cost of manufacturing the copies not sold and the expense of the freight on these when returned would considerably more than absorb the profits of the sales; and with quite an extended sale, the net result of the transaction might be a considerable loss. It is further the case, however, that the better class of booksellers object to receiving unsolicited consignments of untried books, and when such a consignment comes to hand, they are very likely to put the books to one side, or sometimes even to express them promptly back to the publisher at his cost. The booksellers reason that the space on their counters represents a

considerable outlay for rent, and that they prefer to use their own judgment as to how such space shall be occupied, and to select for it such stock as may be most likely to prove remunerative with their particular class of customers. If they have in their stores a certain amount of stock that belongs to them and other stock that they have the privilege of returning, it is naturally to their interest to give special attention to the former, even to the extent of putting the latter to one side altogether.

The author frequently suggests that if the publisher will only take pains to place his book on the railroad stands, it will certainly find sale. This, also, is a matter that depends, in the first place, upon the book and upon the public. The business of selling books on the railroads is in the hands of a few large companies; that of the roads running out of New York, for instance, being controlled by three concerns. The space on the stands is limited and is considered valuable, and the salesmen who sell books through the trains earn good wages. The managers are, therefore, naturally unwilling that their space and the time of their men be devoted to any books that are not what they call "sure things"; and they do not want to try any experiments, but plan to give attention only to works that have already "made a sensation." When a book has made its mark, it is well to talk to the railroad men about it, but not before. The book does not, therefore, as the author often imagines, come into demand because it is in the bookstores or on the railroad stands, but it finds place on the counters and the stands because it has come into demand.

There has been during the past third of a century, with the rapid growth of the population and with the great development in general education, a considerable increase in the number of readers and of buyers of printed matter. It is the case, however, that, on one ground or another, the increased possibility of securing sale for "an average book" has not kept pace with the increase in the population. The period in question has witnessed an enormous development in periodical literature, and the time, eyesight, and pennies of a very large proportion of the reading public are so far absorbed in the magazines, in the weekly papers, and in the Sunday editions of the daily papers, that there is little opportunity left for giving attention to books. When a reader of light literature can secure in an illustrated magazine at the cost of ten cents as much matter as he could find in a fifty-cent novel, he (or she) is very likely to give preference to the ten-cent expenditure and to the attractively illustrated magazine. The increase in the number of the books published has also itself been disproportionate to the increase in the book-buying public. The list of publishing concerns is very much greater, and the annual output of each concern is also greater. As a necessary result, the proportion of sale to be secured by any single average book is smaller. I use the term "average book" to indicate a book which, while pleasantly written and favorably spoken of, does not secure marked attention from the reviewers and does not establish for itself any very distinctive character.

Thirty or forty years ago, for instance, a wide-awake and cultivated traveler, with a little fluency of expression, could make a journey to Europe, or to South America, or to Asia, and could depend upon securing for the account of his travels a sufficiently extended sale to render the publication of such an account remunerative. A traveler who should to-day bring to the publisher the manuscript of such a narrative would be told that the prospects were decidedly adverse to securing for it an extended or remunerative sale. The same is true of the average novel. On the other hand, if a book may possess the qualities which render it distinctive, the very large reading public that is available can, when it has once been convinced of the importance or of the attractiveness of a work, make for such work a sale very much more extensive and profitable, both for author and for publisher, than would a quarter of a century ago have been dreamed of.

Apart from such immediate popular sale for a book which may happen to become the talk of the season, the most available literary property, both for the author and for the publisher, is constituted by a series of books grouped together as a set and for which some continued annual demand can be depended upon. An author who proposes to make literature his

profession has a very direct interest in securing such publishing arrangements as shall keep his books before the public in the form of a uniform set issued under one imprint and kept in the market under one publishing management.

Booksellers, library committees, and book buyers are always impressed with the "standard character" of volumes which are catalogued as *works* and which are put together in a box. If an author has once secured some favorable attention from the public, and if he will produce, at intervals of about a year, a new book, at least as strong in character and as good in literary quality as his preceding books, the publisher is able from year to year to keep such a set of books effectively before the book-buying public. The salesmen, in taking each season orders for "the new book of the season," are able always to secure renewed orders for the earlier volumes in the set. If, on the other hand, the author has divided his books between several publishing houses, no one publisher has an interest in cataloguing, advertising, or "pushing" the series as a whole, and the advantage of what I should call *cumulative publishing effort* is lost. The author who may be considering for a new book a suggestion from a new publisher apparently more favorable than that which his original publisher is prepared to offer, should take into account the serious detriment to the business interest of his literary undertakings as a whole, and of his relations with the book-buying public as represented particularly by the libraries and the booksellers, in getting his volumes scattered so that they cannot be kept in the market in uniform sets.

I judge that the literary development of our community calls, not for an increase in book production, but for a more precise and exacting standard in regard to the books which are allowed to get into print. I should like to see a society established which should have for its purpose, not necessarily the discouraging of writing, but the lessening of the number of manuscripts which the writers are willing to bring to a publishing office. It it might prove practicable to establish, in districts throughout the country, some "board of censorship" to which all manuscripts should be submitted before they are allowed to reach the publishing offices, and if such board, in returning the nine-tenths of the manuscripts which ought never to be placed in the hands of the printers at all, should be able to impress upon the writers some satisfactory standard of literary quality, there would, I feel confident, be a decided gain for the general training, not only in literary standard, but in what might be called "intellectual common sense" on the part of the active-minded public of our community. Such bureaus of examination and censorship would, of course, need funds for their maintenance, but a moderate fee on the manuscripts examined would provide a very ample support. Literary counsel could, in fact, be given to great advantage, as far as the saving of futile effort was concerned, in advance of the production of any manuscript at all, and the charge for such counsel or for the reply to inquiries would, of course, be proportionate to the extent of the service required. If in a general way, for instance, a "literary yearning" should cost the "yearner" one dollar, a "literary aspiration," five dollars, and a literary ambition in the form of a completed manuscript, ten dollars, the bureau would be supported, the aspirants would be chastened, and to some extent trained; the literature of the country, as far, at least, as the first books were concerned, would be materially improved in standard, in quality, and in "finish"; the publishers would be saved an enormous proportion of the expenditure and labor belonging to what they now call the "botheration account of their offices"; and with fewer and better books presented to the community, there would be a better "satisfaction account" for the readers, while there would be a very much improved prospect of a living income for the deserving writers, that is, for the writers who really had something of value to give to the public. — *George Haven Putnam, in the Independent.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE AMERICAN ANNUAL OF PHOTOGRAPHY AND PHOTOGRAPHIC TIMES ALMANAC FOR 1896. Illustrated. Edited by Walter E. Woodbury. 370 pp. Paper, 75 cents. New York: Scovill & Adams Co. 1896.

"The American Annual of Photography" for 1896 contains, besides numerous articles on

photographic subjects by the most competent authorities, more than two hundred illustrations, of which a large number are reproductions of the finest work produced by the best artist photographers of this and other countries. It is an epitome of photography-up-to-date.

A MAD MADONNA, and Other Stories. By L. Clarkson Whitelock. 203 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: Joseph Knight Co. 1895.

The stories included in this handsome volume are: "A Mad Madonna," "A Bit of Delft," "Ignoto," "Love's House," "Apollo," and "From Another Country." They are skilfully told, and the reader will find them full of interest. For frontispiece the book has a good reproduction of Raphael's Sistine Madonna.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THREE UNPUBLISHED LETTERS BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. With an introduction by Mary A. Clarke. *Century* (38 c.) for February.

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF WHITTIER, WITH OBSERVATIONS ON HIS RELIGIOUS VIEWS. Illustrated. Rev. Christopher Coffin Hussey. *Arena* (28 c.) for February.

BRYANT, THE POET-POLITICIAN. Frank B. Sanborn. *Arena* (28 c.) for February.

SOME MEMORIES OF HAWTHORNE. — I. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY. Henry Houssaye. *Forum* (28 c.) for February.

THE CHILD AND HIS FICTIONS Elizabeth Ferguson Seat. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for February.

PARALYZERS OF STYLE. Frederic M. Bird. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for February.

CHAPTERS FROM A LIFE (Autobiography). Illustrated. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. *McClure's* (13 c.) for February.

IBSEN AT HOME. Illustrated. Edgar Achorn. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for February.

THE GIBSON BOY. Illustrated by fac-similes of the artist's early work. Christine Terhune Herrick. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for February.

LETTERS TO A BOY.—III. Robert Louis Stevenson. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for February.

ELEANOR MERRILL. Portrait. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for February.

PAUL BOURGET. Portrait. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for February.

W. A. FRAZER AND HIS SHORT STORIES. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for February.

COLONEL ARCHIE C. FISK. With portrait. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for February.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE: A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Illustrated. Edward Everett Hale. *Outlook* (13 c.) for December 21.

HOW MUSIC IS ENGRAVED AND PRINTED. *Musician* (13 c.) for January.

INTERVIEWING IN PRACTICE. Frank Banfield. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for January.

THE POET LAUREATESHIP. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for January.

ELBERT HUBBARD. Portrait. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for January.

CLARA DARGAN MACLEAN. Mrs. S. A. Brock Putnam. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for January.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF BYRON. Illustrated. Eugene L. Didier. *Munsey's* (13 c.) for January.

HENRY CABOT LODGE. Portrait. *Munsey's* (13 c.) for January.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE. Arthur W. Colton. *Citizen* (Philadelphia) for January.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION. — I. Illustrated. Professor Henry Carrington Bolton. *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for January.

LITERATURE IN THE HOME. Charles Dudley Warner. *Good Housekeeping* (23 c.) for January.

GEORGE F. ROOT AND HIS SONGS. Illustrated. Lydia Avery Coonley. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for January.

READING DANTE WITH LOWELL. Frederick M. Holland. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for January.

REMINISCENCES OF AN EDITOR. *Forum* (28 c.) for January.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S LETTERS. Herbert Woodfield Paul. *Forum* (28 c.) for January.

NEWS AND NOTES.

James A. Metcalfe, formerly of *Life*, has become editor of the *Cosmopolitan*.

Julian Hawthorne sailed for Boston from Kingston, Jamaica, January 22.

Professor Edmund J. James, who recently resigned from the University of Pennsylvania to accept a chair in Chicago University, will take up his new duties this month.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Aldrich and their party, including Mrs. James T. Fields and Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, left Boston, January 6, for New York, preparatory to sailing on their yachting cruise to the West Indies. They will be gone several months.

J. M. Barrie was four years writing "Sentimental Tommy," now running in *Scribner's Magazine*.

Sidney Colvin, to whom the Vailima Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson were written, is at work upon an exhaustive biography of Stevenson. It will probably not be ready for some two years yet.

The January number of *Olio* (Perkasie, Penn.) is enlarged to forty-eight pages, and contains particulars of seven prize contests open to subscribers. Particulars about these contests will be sent free upon request. The editor announces that a portion of *Olio* is now open to all writers.

The two hundred and eighth volume of *Littell's Living Age* opened with the issue for the week ending January 4. For 1896 the subscription price will be six dollars.

The announcement of the appointment of Alfred Austin as poet laureate of England was made January 1.

The Woman's National Press Association, with 150 members, and several auxiliaries, meets fortnightly in the parlors of the Riggs House in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods, of Salem, is vice-president for Massachusetts, and Miss Frances Graham French, a special correspondent of the *Boston Commonwealth*, is a member of the executive board for 1896. The association is a member of the International League of Press Clubs and of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. All members are or have been active journalists, or are authors of books.

The *New York Sunday World* offers a prize of fifty dollars for the best list of the best 100 English and American books for a girl of fifteen or sixteen years.

G. T. Angell, 19 Milk street, Boston, offers, in behalf of the American Humane Education Society, a prize of $200 for the best practical plan, set forth in less than 2,500 words, of settling peacefully and honorably to both nations the difference between Great Britain and the United States of America, in regard to the disputed Venezuela boundary. All plans must be submitted before March 1 next, without the real name of the writer, each plan to be accompanied by a sealed envelope giving the writer's real name and post-office address.

The prize of $100 offered last June to the student of Johns Hopkins University who should write the best essay on the "Relations of Chemistry and the Useful Arts" has been awarded to E. Emmet Reid, of Virginia, a graduate of Richmond College.

At the annual meeting of the French Academy, the highest prize for literary work done during the past year was awarded to M. Jusseraud for his "Literary History of the English People."

The *Toronto Saturday Night's* Christmas number contains a capital story, "A Reconnoissance at Fort Ellice," by William B. Cameron, of Fort Alexander, Manitoba, to which was awarded the first prize ($50) in the short-story competition.

The German Hygienic Association offers a reward of $1,200 for the best original essay on electric heaters. The essay must be written in German, and must be received before July 1, by Professor Konrad Hartmann, 18 Fasannstrasse, Charlottenburg, Germany. The essay will remain the property of the author, but he must publish it within six months.

Harry C. Jones, of New York, has started a new monthly illustrated magazine, called *Harry Jones's Monthly*.

The *Hibernian* (Seneca Falls, N. Y.) is a new illustrated monthly, devoted to the interests of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

The *Musician* (Philadelphia) is a new monthly, devoted to the educational interests of music.

The *Clipping Collector* (New York) is a new monthly devoted to the collecting of newspaper clippings for pleasure or profit.

The journal which for the last twelve years John J. Daly has published, first as the *Newsman*, and then as the *American Newsman*, begins its thirteenth volume with the January number as the *Bookseller and Newsman*, and in a more convenient and attractive form than heretofore. Mr. Daly's journal is frank and outspoken to a degree, and besides giving the information that would be expected from a paper of its class, it has done a great deal to advance the interests of newsdealers.

The *Home Magazine* (Washington), which died something like a year and a half ago, is to be revived. Its backers are said to have plenty of money. The president of the new company is Jonas H. McGowan, and the general manager is F. G. Fisher.

Munsey's Magazine is to be published in New London, Conn., where Mr. Munsey is to have a five-story building completed for it before May 1.

The *Hungarian-American* is a new monthly periodical published in New York City.

Atlanta is to have a new monthly magazine called the *Illustrator*. The publishers promise a literary periodical that shall be in all respects first class.

The Maine Outing Company, Portland, has been incorporated, with $10,000 capital, for the purpose of printing and publishing magazines and papers of all kinds.

The S. S. McClure Company has been incorporated, with $100,000 capital, to deal in literary productions and publish books and serials in New York City. The directors are J. McClure, John Phillips, Albert Brady, Edwin C. Martin, of New York City, and Robert McClure, of London, England.

There has been a change of ownership of the Fowler & Wells Company, New York, controlled by the Fowler family for sixty years. The controlling stock has been purchased by the editor of the *Phrenological Journal*, Dr. Edgar C. Beall, and Colonel Nathan Ward Fitzgerald, late of West Virginia.

An unusually good photogravure reproduction of "The Water-Melon," by E. von Blaas, is the frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* (New York) for February. The other illustrations and the letter-press are of the usual standard of excellence.

A unique addition to the cover of *Leisure Hours* (Philadelphia) for February is made by printing an artistic calendar in connection with the design.

The autobiographic paper by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in *McClure's Magazine* for February gives a picture of Emerson as the author saw him and heard him talk in her father's house at Andover in the days before the war. It also describes life in a girls' school of that period.

"Three Unpublished Letters," by James Russell Lowell, printed in the February *Century*, show the poet's ever admirable charm of letter-writing.

In the *Forum* for February Henry Houssaye sketches briefly the history of the French Academy, enumerates its members, telling what they are especially famous for, and describes the work of the academy.

Frank Leslie's Pleasant Hours for Boys and Girls (New York) for February has the first of a series of papers on "Favorite Story-writers for Young People," by Frank Lee Farnell, in which are described the methods of work of "Oliver Optic," Edward S. Ellis, Nora Perry, J. T. Trowbridge, and Susan Coolidge.

In *Lippincott's* for January Richard Henry Stoddard gives his reminiscences of "Longfellow," and Oliver McKee exposes "An Editorial Copy-Foundry."

The *Outlook* for December 21 was the first of the Illustrated Magazine Numbers which this journal intends to publish monthly, continuing, of course, its usual weekly publication, and simply putting the Magazine Number in place of one of the weekly issues. The December Magazine Number contained sixty-eight pages, and was profusely illustrated with many finely-printed process cuts.

George Augustus Sala died in Brighton, Eng., December 8, aged sixty-eight.

Edward McPherson died at Gettysburg, Penn., December 14, aged sixty-six.

Sergius Stepniak died in London December 23, aged fifty-five.

George W. Dillingham, the publisher, died at Summit, N. J., December 28, aged fifty-four.

Mrs. Helen Mar Bean died at Concord, N. H., December 28, aged thirty-nine.

Colonel Thomas W. Knox died in New York January 6, aged sixty years.

Paul Verlaine died in Paris January 8, aged fifty-two.

Walter Clark Nichols died at Denver, Colo., January 10.

Mrs. Martha E. Holden ("Amber") died in Chicago January 16, aged forty-two.

Bernhard Gillam died at Canajoharie, N. Y., January 19, aged forty years.

Rev. William H. Furness, D. D., died in Philadelphia, January 30, aged ninety-four.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. IX. BOSTON, MARCH, 1896. No. 3.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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A CALL FOR AMERICAN SERIALS.

"When will the serial story in the Sunday paper terminate?" I asked of the editor of that issue. He is known in the office as "the Sunday editor."

"In about a month," was his reply.

It was my intention that the next serial should be an American story by an American author. I have been printing English serial fiction for years, and I am tired of it. I was determined to carry out a long-formed purpose to secure something good from the pen of an American writer. English stories and French translations are to be had almost without number. A syndicate circular now before me announces for sale serials by S. Baring-Gould, G. A. Henty, Katharine S. Macquoid, Jean Middlemass, Dora Russell, Fabian Bell, Adeline Sargeant, W. Clark Russell, Gordon Stables, Henry Herman, George Manville Fenn, Grant Allen, B. L. Farjeon, M. E. Braddon, Mrs. Hungerford, Ernest Granville, Fergus Hume, Hall Caine, David Christie Murray, J. Monk Foster, Mrs. Alexander, and more than two score of others — in all seventy stories, and all by English authors, except one, which is by John Habberton. But my letters of inquiry for a fictional work for newspaper use that would handle phases of American life were entirely fruitless. Not one could be found. The most and the only encouragement I got was the following line from a well-known New York syndicate: —

"We shall be in a position in the course of a few weeks to offer to our clients a first-class serial story by a distinguished American author."

It was this dearth of suitable American newspaper serial literature, I imagine, that caused the *New York Herald* to offer $10,000, and the *Chicago Record* $30,000, in prizes for serials which should meet certain conditions. There may be some reasonable and natural explanation why so many English stories are on the newspaper market, and no American stories whatever; but if there is, it is unknown to me. I believe there is more money and more encouragement for capable, aspiring American authors in writing for syndicates of newspapers than in offering their productions to three-fourths of the publishing concerns in the country. A serial bearing the endorsement of the Reader of some well-known publishing house could find a ready market among the Sunday

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papers of the United States, and should yield the writer anywhere from $500 to $1,500, or more, according to the business shrewdness exercised in the disposal of it. The author could retain control of the copyright, and reprint the story in book form after its newspaper use; but this would very likely have to be an enterprise of his own, since original publication in Sunday papers would probably prejudice the story in the estimation of book publishers. If, however, the story should prove popular as a serial, would n't that fact justify the belief that it would prove popular also between covers? Of the six serials at present being published in the daily and Sunday papers of this city, four are by English authors and two by Americans, Captain Charles King and Bret Harte; and this proportion is exceptional, since all the six are usually of English make. There are but few newspapers in the United States able individually to offer for stories such prizes as those of the *Record* and the *Herald*, but in combinations of ten or more the newspapers could remunerate very satisfactorily the author of an acceptable work of fiction — make the financial return as large as it would often be from a publishing house, the author retaining the copyright for subsequent profit in the event of becoming his own publisher.

It occurs to me that here lies a fine field for the operations of The Writer's Literary Bureau; a field that should, if properly cultivated, yield a triple crop to the newspapers of the United States, to the American authors of serial fiction, and to the bureau itself. I believe the editors of this country prefer American to English stories — good stories, of course. Cannot the bureau undertake the work of bringing the newspaper editors and the authors together? Probably in this way some of the many stories lying unread in the desks of publishing concerns would find their way into merited type, and the value of them into the pockets of the writers.

A Managing Editor.

PITTSBURG, PENN.

PUNCTUATION AND PARSING.

There have always been letter-writers constant in their neglect of those convenient things still called by some old-fashioned persons "stops and points." Such careless correspondents leave us to find out by our wits how to divide their sentences, while only by a capital kindly presented now and then can we know where the sentences begin and end.

Of late some sages decry punctuation; they tell us that it is utterly needless, in many places, to insert commas and periods.

"Give up all superfluities," they say. "Will any mistake arise from reading at the top of a page, 'THE WRITER,' without a period added?

"A period marks the end of a sentence, and children were once instructed to let the voice fall on arriving at this mark," they go on. "But behold some little dunce of the present decade reading a title-page; hear him slowly stammering: 'Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., Boston.' Will he not stop, letting his voice fall as a matter of course when he comes to an end, even if he does not see that magic dot? In many cases punctuation is an insult to the understanding of a reader."

Perhaps it is; but some readers are of opinion that much writing would be improved by a little (or by much) more attention to those same punctuation marks.

If we use but few such marks, moreover, do let us put those few in the best place.

In a recent magazine article, giving an account of the great Northwest Sanitary Commission Fair in 1863, we are told: "The goal of the procession, three miles in length, was ——." Probably the writer meant to assert that the procession was three miles long, but what she

does assert is that the square in which the procession halted was of that length.

In a popular edition of Dickens, we find in the fifty-fourth chapter of "Dombey and Son," that among the servants bringing in supper was "a bald man, with a large beard from a neighboring restaurant."

What is the use of an apostrophe in "your's truly," which closes the letters of so many well-read and well-educated persons? "Your's" is most common, but "her's" is by no means unknown. "Your's" and "her's!" Why not with equal propriety "hi's"?

Old fashions are just now popular. Having reviewed our punctuation, let us refresh our "parsing," and learn to "decline" our pronouns, that we may shun such sentences as this, which illustrates a very common error: "The friend whom I thought would come early has not yet arrived." Let us strive, also, not to imitate the error of the writer of popular articles, who confidentially says: "Between you and I, my reader," and gives some advice "to the wheeler, she who goes off on a ten or twenty-mile spin."

Pamela McArthur Cole.

EAST BRIDGEWATER, MASS.

THE COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT.

I think it was Murat Halstead who said once: "The only way in which an inexperienced man can get into journalism is to break in"; and it seems to be the accepted truth that there is no "royal road" to the editor's favor, whether one wants to begin as a full-fledged city reporter, or as a sender of occasional items, worthy of publication in a city daily, from a country village.

The country correspondent "breaks" into journalism, as a rule, by doing a little reporting for his local paper. This is almost always done gratuitously, though occasionally a copy of the paper is given in payment. By and by the would-be journalist finds that his contributions are attracting favorable notice among his townsmen, and helping the sale of the paper. Then naturally follows the reflection, "Why not try to find a wider circle of readers, and possibly a little pecuniary profit at the same time?"

It seems to be customary at this juncture for the embryo writer to forward a letter to the editor of whatever city paper seems most likely to suit his purpose, offering his services as correspondent from his locality. Nine times out of ten an appeal like this goes unnoticed, and the writer suffers much from the discouragement, and perhaps abandons altogether the idea of becoming a journalist.

If, on the other hand, he waits until something happens in his community of sufficient importance to interest the busy readers of a city paper; if he writes out a story, stating facts briefly, but as entertainingly as possible; if, with this story, he mails a very brief note, saying that he is at the service of the paper in the matter of local news-gathering, — the probabilities are that his effort will be noticed, and if his story is satisfactorily put together, an engagement may result. When he is once launched on the sea of journalism, his success depends entirely on his own efforts and diligence.

The city reporter, who is continually at the beck and call of his editor, who has to "hustle" unceasingly in order to give satisfaction to his chief and to keep other reporters from getting a "scoop" on him, may consider that the country correspondent has what he calls a "snap," and would perhaps be surprised if any one tried to convince him to the contrary.

But the way of the country correspondent, if not always hard, is by no means universally easy. In the first place, he works a great deal more on his own responsibility than the city

reporter. There is no editor at hand to give him assignments, no points are to be gained from co-workers of more experience, and there is no certainty of the profit which his work will bring, for the country correspondent works "on space," and gets pay for only those stories which actually appear in print.

He must be forever on the alert; for, being located in a small place, he has no excuse for not knowing everything that is going on. His working time is not twelve or sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, for he must sleep with one eye and one ear open. If the fire bell rings, he must be up and off with the "boys," for he will have to get the news for himself, and must be an actual eyewitness, in order to satisfy himself that he gets it correctly.

He must, in the majority of cases, when he scents a story, query the city office for instructions. If, however, he is working for a daily paper, and he finds a good thing late in the evening, he must use his own discretion in sending the story, cutting it down or going into details accordingly as he judges it to be of minor or great importance. Sometimes his opinion and the editor's differ, and then he may be reprimanded for telegraphing five hundred words, when a hundred would have been sufficient. Again, he may get hold of something which he judges to be of little interest, and send a brief dispatch, only to find in the morning that a rival paper has half a column on the event, and that his editor is in despair at his lack of discrimination.

And right here I must digress to say a word about a difficulty which many country correspondents have to contend with. In many country villages the local telegraph offices close at eight o'clock in the evening, and the operators persistently resent any effort to keep them at their post after that time or to reopen their offices in order to send an important special.

As country correspondents do not pay cash for their dispatches, leaving the paper to settle with the telegraph companies, the operator gets no percentage on specials, and where, as in many country places, the operator is paid according to the amount and cost of messages sent and paid for at the dispatching end, there is no pecuniary profit attached to the work of sending specials, and, perhaps, this is one of the reasons why country correspondents often fail to get satisfactory telegraphic service.

The country correspondent must be a diplomat. It is almost impossible for him to conceal his identity from those of his fellow townspeople who read the paper which he serves. In order to give his paper the best service, he must report every event, without regard to personal feeling, giving every detail with fairness and impartiality. Even then he will sometimes offend the people of whom he writes, and will have to submit to more or less criticism, though his intentions are of the very best. Then there are people who believe that reporters are the natural enemies of mankind, and who not only refuse to give out information themselves, but try, by every means in their power, to hamper the efforts of the newsgatherer.

Of course, if the story comes out with any incorrect details, they will quite fail to see that their refusal to state facts is the cause of the trouble, and they will refer to the unfortunate correspondent in terms the reverse of complimentary.

The country journalist must be always in readiness to obey the commands of his chief. Occasionally the editor will get a secret tip, or find a note in an evening paper, of something going on in the vicinity, and he will at once telegraph the correspondent to "look it up." Woe betide the unlucky news-gatherer if he happen to be temporarily absent from the post of duty at such a critical moment. Never mind whether the job is distasteful, no matter how hard the facts may be to get at, or who may be offended by the telling of them, the command must be obeyed, or the correspondent must acknowledge himself a failure.

A correspondent must provide a competent substitute before leaving his post, for even a day. If the substitute proves the better newsgatherer of the two, and the correspondent presently finds himself ousted from his position, he must grin and bear it; for in the matter of country correspondence, as in all else, it is "the best man who wins."

It is not always the best *man*, either: for though I have all along referred to the country correspondent in the masculine gender, there

are plenty of bright women filling such positions. A prominent city afternoon paper, which prints a surburban page daily, frankly admits that a large portion of the best matter on the page is written by bright young women.

It does not follow that any person who has become a valued country correspondent to a city paper would prove of equal value on the city staff. But there is a much better chance for a young man or a young woman who has served an apprenticeship as country correspondent, and as such proved his or her ability and usefulness, than for an outsider, to gain a position on the regular staff.

There is nothing to guarantee that the success begun in the obscure light of the country village will continue under the garish glare of city life, but there is no reason why the experiment should not be given a fair trial, provided that the necessary position can be secured.

In any event, it should be the aim of the country correspondent to show that he is doing the best work possible under the circumstances, and to trust to the quick recognition of good service, faithfully and untiringly performed, for further advancement in the wide field of journalism. *Helen Combes.*

SEA CLIFF, N. Y.

HOW TO MAKE ORNAMENTAL BOOK-COVERS.

I have often opened my eyes with sheer astonishment at the stacks of books exhibited on the tables of first-class dry-goods stores on bargain day, in fact, every day of the week — books at from five, yes, from three to fifty cents each, that one would have thought cheap at a dollar in the days gone by. Save that they have perishable bindings, these volumes for general use are as good as the best. Their paper covers are usually a glaring offense to good taste, but the story is all there — the best products of the best authors.

Wherever one goes visiting, the piles of books suggesting careless handling, with their covers torn, defaced, or dog's-eared, give one an unpleasant impression of their owners. I have a great reverence for good books. By good books I mean bright, healthy, readable books. They seem to me like loving friends, mutely imploring one's protection, and protesting against the carelessness of the book-reading public.

There is an easy way to preserve these books, and at the same time make them ornaments for the table, the book-rack, or the shelf. Get some linen of the shade called ecru. A yard or two costs but little, and will cover a number of books. Paste the edges,—after having cut the linen a little larger than the volume to be covered,—carefully cover the inside margins of the paper covers, and do some fancy printing on the back.

I have in my mind's eye a cosy room furnished by a young girl whose exceptional taste and native ingenuity would make a barren island look habitable. There is nothing costly within the four delicately-papered walls of her little room, no bric-à-brac from foreign lands is there, but everything is so charming in color, so harmonious, so finished in detail, that all who see it involuntarily exclaim: "What an exquisite room!"

Upon the walls hang four or five inexpensive book-shelves that seem to be filled with beautifully-bound books, and so they are — all hand-painted. This girl has exercised her ingenuity in decorating the backs of her home-made covers with the daintiest designs. Some are in gold and white, some in red and black, others in yellow and brown, and all are beautiful, though very few of the volumes cost more than ten or twenty cents each.

Only the backs are elaborately painted. First the solid color is laid evenly on, though many

of them are only lettered; then the title is painted, and after that a little ornamentation in lines, a clover-leaf, or some clever design, is added. In that way she keeps her books, — she calls them her pets, — and they are made not only more useful, but quite beautiful.

I might add that this young lady is averse to lending her books, which are really made choice by her own handiwork.

I was thinking of this subject the other day, when it occurred to me that some one might like a few practical thoughts concerning it, and so I ventured to send this to THE WRITER.

WASHINGTON, D. C. *Mary A. Denison.*

EDGAR WILSON NYE.

The North Carolina town of Arden, a hamlet of some fifty inhabitants, chiefly negroes, — a place in itself making no claim to publicity, — nevertheless is known all over the United States as the post-office from which "Bill" Nye dated his Sunday letters. Four miles from the village, on the French Broad river, are the late humorist's farm and his comfortable house. From the veranda one may see the stream wending its devious way around the bases of the hills, and hear its ripples as it glides over the Buck shoals which have given their name to the estate.

Here Mr. Nye spent his summers, and all the rest of the year that his lectures and other business engagements permitted, and from the cosy study, leading out of the dining-room, emanated the letters to which many readers of the Sunday newspapers used to turn immediately upon opening their sheets. Flooded with sunlight, filled with warmth for the body, and comfort for the mind and eye in books, and pictures, and the lovely view of field and river and hill to be seen from the window, this room is an expression of the genial soul of the occupant.

Mr. and Mrs. Nye and two little sons, Max and "Jim," who are almost indistinguishable from each other by strangers, though they are not twins, comprised the family in winter, the daughters, Bessie and Winnie, being at school in Washington.

Asheville, ten miles away, lays claim to being the birthplace of Edgar Wilson Nye's celebrity. After posing as a health resort, with a marvelously equable climate, she was favored some years ago with a winter that would do credit to a northern town, and her pretensions and their anti-climax were made comical before the world by the clever pen of the humorist, who had recently come to this part of the country. As a matter of fact, Mr. Nye's name and work had been well and favorably known for years before that time.

A New Englander by birth, Mr. Nye went West at an early age, and won his first laurels in the active journalism of a growing country. That his capacity for work was great is shown by the fact that for several years he held the office of magistrate in addition to his newspaper work, and that under circumstances where the office of magistrate was not a sinecure.

As his writing grew more general, nearness to New York became desirable, and the humorist took up his abode on Staten Island, and thence removed to western North Carolina, exchanging his ocean view for mountain scenery of equal beauty. Here was written the comic "History of the United States," published by the Lippincotts in 1894.

A droll incongruity between word and thought was a part of Mr. Nye's humorous expression, and this incongruity took in conversation the form of a quaintness of speech that possessed an infinite charm for the listener. No one could tell a story better than he. No one had a greater store of stories to tell.

Sarcastic only under justifiable circum-

stances, — will any one who read the letter on "Hetty Green and the Income Tax" ever forget it? — a thorough kindliness of nature, instinct with keenness of observation and with energy, were the salient features of the character of Edgar Wilson Nye.

Mabell Shippie Clarke.

ARDEN, N. C.

EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.*

IX. — BY THE EDITOR OF THE HOME.

During my editorial work of six years I have many times been asked: "What sort of manuscripts do you want; what length and style?" To give a decisive answer to these questions is almost an impossibility, as, for instance, in the first case: any manuscript that is bright, original, well-written, and concise finds favor with any editor, and by bright I mean interesting, something that holds the attention, with occasional flashes of wit and humor; by original I mean ideas that are not copied and situations that are natural. Every one knows, or ought to know, what a well-written manuscript is, but all manuscripts are not well-written.

Serious faults are defects in paragraphing, the use of long sentences that are ambiguous, and in some cases a disregard of the use of the comma. Of course, the typewritten manuscript is very delightful to review, but if manuscript is written in a plain handwriting, the difference is not very marked.

Short manuscripts that contain much are eagerly seized upon by every editor. Many writers use page after page in reaching a simple point. They write so much that is needless. To be able to write a good short story that has plot, character, and originality, is an accomplishment. Space can generally be found for short stories more often than for long ones, especially if serials are used in the publication. To decide on the number of words wanted is impossible, as an editor generally has so much space to fill. The serial must leave off at an interesting point, which does not admit of any adding to, or taking from, the installment. A certain amount of advertising is brought in, which cannot be left out or changed, and the editor must fill the space between the two. In papers where the matter is not classified, this is not so difficult. Such papers show at a glance that the miscellaneous matter is put in to fill space, but where an attempt is made to use system and order in the make-up, the number of words in a story sometimes helps in its publication. It is impossible for an editor to accept all of the good manuscripts that come to him, and in choosing, one generally favors the short story of 3,000 words or less, feeling that it can more readily be used to advantage.

As variety is the spice that flavors life, I always try to vary the style of the stories that I give my readers. I think it rather palls on the taste to find that a paper contains nothing but love stories. One or two do very well, but they will be much more enjoyed if they are interspersed with a humorous story, or one of adventure. A dialect story I seldom accept. Many writers attempt a dialect story; they

* This series of "Editorial Talks with Contributors," written by the editors of the leading American periodicals, and telling what they want and do not want in the way of manuscripts, was begun in THE WRITER for September, and will be continued monthly. The article in the September WRITER was by William Hayes Ward, superintending editor of the *Independent*. The article for October was by Robert E. Bonner, editor of the *New York Ledger*. The article for November was by Robert D. Townsend, managing editor of the *Outlook*. The articles for December were by B. Arkell, editor of *Leslie's Weekly*, and Rounseville Wildman, editor of the *Overland Monthly*. The articles for January were by Joseph Newton Hallock, editor of the *Christian Work*, and Edwin D. Mead, editor of the *New England Magazine*. The article for February was by Robert M. Offord, managing editor of the *New York Observer*.

make a very good beginning, but before they are half through, they run into plain English, more or less, and the effect is spoiled. A story that is written with an attempt to be funny by misspelling words is to me a waste of ink and paper. If you have not something humorous to say, or some ludicrous situation to describe, do not attempt to write a humorous story. Fortunately, we have very few who do write these kind of stories, and we have a still smaller number that can write them so that the reader will enjoy them.

In accepting manuscripts for the *Home*, the publishers insist that they shall be selected with a view to meeting the requirements of a home, and that every member of a household shall find something of interest in the columns of the publication. This causes many departments, consequently a diversity of writers, and other contributions besides stories are eagerly welcomed. A good article on a household topic, written from a practical knowledge of the subject, is seldom sent in. Quantities of cooking recipes are received, but in these days, when cook-books can be had for a mere song, it seems a waste of space to print column after column of recipes, unless they are original, which is very rare.

Interesting stories for children are also among the scarce manuscripts received. We have many writers who tell most charmingly a story that will please a child of from five to eight years of age, but very few writers who can interest a boy or girl of from eight to sixteen. Possibly this is the reason why our youth take to reading novels at such an early age. The stories written for boys are apt to verge on sensationalism and those for girls point a moral so plainly that it is necessary only to read the first few pages. Every story should be written with an object; if we write only to entertain, the best fruits of our work are lost — in fact, it has no fruit; but all are not born writers any more than all are born musicians, and to succeed in the field of literature requires quite as much plodding as in the realms of music. *Nella I. Daggett.*

BOSTON, Mass

WRITING STORIES FOR BOYS.—IV.*

When I began to write for publication it was far from my expectation that I should devote my life to writing stories for boys. I was ambitious, rather, to write for adults, and for a few years I contributed to such periodicals as *Harper's Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Putnam's Magazine*, and a variety of literary weeklies. I achieved fair success, but I could see that I had so many competitors that it would take a long time to acquire a reputation. One day I selected a plot for a two-column sketch for the Harpers. It was during the war. Thinking the matter over, it occurred to me that it would be a good plot for a juvenile book. I sat down at once and wrote to A. K. Loring, of Boston, at that time a publisher in only a small way, detailing the plot and asking if he would encourage me to write a juvenile book. He answered: "Go ahead, and if I don't publish it, some other publisher will." In three months I put in his hands the manuscript of "Frank's Campaign." This story was well received, but it was not till I removed to New York and wrote "Ragged Dick" that I scored a decided success.

I don't intend to weary the reader with a detailed account of my books and the circumstances under which they were written. It is enough to say that I soon found reason to be-

* The first article in this series, by William O. Stoddard, appeared in THE WRITER for September, 1895; the second article, by James Otis, in THE WRITER for October, 1895; and the third article, by Harry Castlemon, in THE WRITER for January, 1896.

lieve that I was much more likely to achieve success as a writer for boys than as a writer for adults. I therefore confined myself to juvenile writing, and am at present the author of more than sixty boys' stories, besides a considerable number of serials, which may eventually appear in book form.

As may be supposed, I have some idea in regard to the qualifications that are needed in an author who would succeed in this line of work, and will set them down briefly, at the request of the editor of THE WRITER.

A writer for boys should have an abundant sympathy with them. He should be able to enter into their plans, hopes, and aspirations. He should learn to look upon life as they do. Such books as "Sandford and Merton" would no longer achieve success. Boys object to be written down to. Even the Rollo books, popular as they were in their time, do not suit the boys of to-day. A boy's heart opens to the man or writer who understands him. There are teachers and writers who delight to lecture the young. They are provided with a little hoard of maxims preaching down a schoolboy's heart, if I may adapt a well-known line of Tennyson's. Those parents who understand and sympathize with their boys have the strongest hold upon them. I call to mind one writer for boys (he wrote but a single book) whose hero talked like a preacher and was a perfect prig. He seemed to have none of the imperfections of boyhood, and none of the qualities that make boys attractive. Boys soon learn whether a writer understands and sympathizes with them. I have sometimes wondered whether there ever was a boy like Jonas in the Rollo books. If so, I think that while probably an instructive, he must have been a very unpleasant companion for a young boy like Rollo.

A writer for boys should remember his responsibility and exert a wholesome influence on his young readers. Honesty, industry, frugality, and a worthy ambition he can preach through the medium of a story much more effectively than a lecturer or a preacher. I have tried to make my heroes manly boys, bright, cheerful, hopeful, and plucky. Goody-goody boys never win life's prizes. Strong and yet gentle, ready to defend those that are weak, willing to work for their families if called upon to do so, ready to ease the burden that may have fallen upon a widowed mother, or dependent brothers and sisters, such boys are sure to succeed, and deserve success.

It should not be forgotten that boys like adventure. There is no objection to healthy excitement. Sensational stories, such as are found in the dime and half-dime libraries, do much harm, and are very objectionable. Many a boy has been tempted to crime by them. Such stories as "The Boy Highwayman," "The Boy Pirate," and books of that class, do incalculable mischief. Better that a boy's life should be humdrum than filled with such dangerous excitement.

Some writers have the art of blending instruction with an interesting story. One of the best known — perhaps the best known of juvenile writers — excels in this department. Carrying his boy heroes to foreign lands, he manages to impart a large amount of information respecting them without detracting from the interest of the story. I have never attempted this, because it requires a special gift, which I do not possess.

One thing more, and the last I shall mention — a story should be interesting. A young reader will not tolerate dullness. If there are dull passages which he is tempted to skip, he is likely to throw the book aside. The interest should never flag. If a writer finds his own interest in the story he is writing failing, he may be sure that the same effect will be produced on the mind of the reader. It seems to me that no writer should undertake to write for boys who does not feel that he has been called to that particular work. If he finds himself able to entertain and influence boys, he should realize that upon him rests a great responsibility. In the formation period of youth he is able to exert a powerful and salutary influence. The influence of no writer for adults can compare with his. If, as the years pass, he is permitted to see that he has helped even a few of his boy readers to grow into a worthy and noble manhood, he can ask no better reward.

NEW YORK, N. Y. *Horatio Alger, Jr.*

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

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*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9 and 10),
P. O. BOX 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. IX. MARCH, 1896. NO. 3.

The first thing the average editor does when he starts to read a manuscript the sheets of which are fastened together by a ribbon or a brass fastener, is to take out the fastener, so that he can slip each sheet as it is read underneath the package of manuscript. Contributors might save editors trouble, therefore, by not fastening the sheets of their manuscripts together at all. There is no advantage gained by using fasteners.

***

People with the artistic faculty strongly developed are proverbially impractical. That may be why drawings for illustrations submitted with manuscripts are so often drawn on heavy cards of various shapes and sizes, so that they do not make a convenient package, and the expense for postage is much greater than it need be. Good bristol-board is heavy enough for ordinary india-ink drawings, and if the drawings are made on sheets all of one size, they are easier to handle, and there is less likelihood that editors will lose any of them than if odd-sized sheets are used. One or more small drawings may be made on a single sheet.

***

Mr. Gladstone, it is said, has declined to write an article, "subject not specified," at the rate of a dollar a word offered to him by the editor of the *Cosmopolitan*. If the offer was made, however, it shows how much there is in a name in literature — or, at all events, in writing for modern magazines.

***

In these modern days it is altogether inappropriate for a publisher to announce that he is about to issue a new story "from the pen of" So-and-So. If he is unwilling to give the author's brain due credit, he should at least stick to the probable facts, and say "from the typewriter of" So-and-So.

***

Apropos of copyright in titles, Mr. Collier originally intended to call his new periodical the *Twentieth Century Magazine*, but in deference to courteous protest from the managers of the *Century Magazine*, he decided to change the title to that of the *International Magazine*.

***

Every editor knows that most of the short stories which he sends back to their writers are fairly well written, and that they are rejected chiefly because there is nothing out of the ordinary about them. Many young writers make the mistake of imitating others, and think they are doing well if they succeed in writing a story like one that they have seen in print. Such stories editors do not want. They are all the time looking for something new, and the writer who aims at novelty in his plots and in his treatment of them is the writer who is most likely to win success. Of a score of stories received by an editor, nineteen will be "good enough, but ordinary"; the twentieth

story may be unusual, and that is the story that the editor accepts.

* * *

It is not desirable that a writer should strive to be eccentric; but the story writer should try to describe some novel feature of human life, to illustrate some new phase of character — to tell the reader, in short, something that he did not know before. People do not care to read the same old thing over and over again, and editors, knowing this, constantly aim to give them something new. The writer who remembers this and governs himself accordingly has a better chance than other writers of seeing his work in print. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

(1.) When sending manuscripts to editors I seldom write a letter to accompany the manuscript. Inasmuch as each manuscript contains my name and address, do you think it necessary, or better, to write a letter to the editor to whom it may be submitted?

(2.) Do you think an editor would be influenced by either the omission or addition of a letter from a contributor?

(3.) Is it better form to address letter and manuscript to an editor by name, or simply to the "Editor"?

(4.) Can you give a list of the more important publications which usually conduct prize-story contests annually, such, for instance, as the *Youth's Companion?* W. P. C.

[(1.) It is always best to send a brief letter with each manuscript submitted to an editor, even if the writer's name and address are also given, as they always should be, on the manuscript. If the manuscript is accepted, the letter serves as a memorandum of its title and the author's address, when the manuscript itself is sent to the printer. If the author's address is given only on the manuscript, it might easily be lost after the manuscript has got to the composing-room.

(2.) Except as a matter of convenience, editors do not care whether contributors send letters with their manuscripts or not.

(3.) Except in rare cases, no communication for a periodical should be addressed specifically to any person connected with it. A package addressed to an editor by name might remain unopened for a long time in case of his absence from the office. If a manuscript is addressed simply to "the editor," it is sure to reach the proper person promptly.

(4.) There is no important publication besides the *Youth's Companion* which conducts prize-story contests annually, though many publications make such offers from time to time. All prize offers that are worth consideration are noted regularly in THE WRITER. — W. H. H.]

In Mr. Roberts' article in the February WRITER he calls attention to an editor's "black list." Last year I sold some manuscripts to what I supposed was a reputable syndicate, with the understanding that I was to wait for my money until the stories were in type. After several months elapsed, I was informed, in answer to a letter of inquiry, that the syndicate had lost the manuscripts and consequently refused to pay for them. If I were to send these stories elsewhere and it should afterward transpire that the syndicate had used them, and the editor to whom I sent them had seen them in print before he received my manuscripts, should I be placed on his "black list" as a "swindler" trying to sell a story twice over? On the other hand, must I lose sale for the stories when I am told positively by the syndicate that they have never been used? Would any just editor "black-list" an author without first giving him an opportunity to explain why he had sent out a manuscript that had previously been published? W. C.

[No editor would put an author on his black list without convincing evidence that such action would be just. If any question arose, an explanation would always be asked for by the editor, before the author was condemned. — W. H. H.]

That the uncut leaves of magazines are, to the reader, an abominable nuisance no one will deny. I understand that the reason why the leaves are left uncut is to balk the irrepressible nuisance who hangs around the magazine counter in news shops and reads all the magazines he or she, as the case may be, can get hold of without purchasing. Would it not be a small matter for publishers to run through a paper-cutter the magazines designed for mailing to regular subscribers, leaving only the news-stand stock uncut? W. F. H.

[The leaves of magazines are left untrimmed, because if they were sent out trimmed by the

publishers, they could not be bound to the best advantage at the end of the year. The binder has to trim each volume after the sheets are put together, and two trimmings would reduce the margins so much that the volume would not present a good appearance. Very many people, moreover, prefer to receive their magazines uncut. The experience of publishers goes to show, in fact, that those who prefer uncut copies are in a considerable majority, and in this case, as in many others, the majority must rule. — W. H. H.]

Will you please give me the correct pronunciation of the word "chimpanzee"?

J. C. H.

["Chimpanzee" is pronounced "chĭm-păn-zē," with "ch" like "ch" in "chin," and with the accent on the second syllable. — W. H. H.]

(1.) When a manuscript is sold to a syndicate, is the writer informed by the syndicate when and where it is published, and can he obtain copies of the papers in which it may appear, or does the receipt of the check complete his knowledge of the fate of his article?

(2.) Does any syndicate buy articles which have been printed, especially short stories?

A. J. C.

[(1.) Syndicates do not ordinarily notify writers where or when their articles are published.

(2.) An article that has once been printed, without being copyrighted, cannot be sold anywhere. — W. H. H.]

SKETCHES OF WRITERS.

VIII. — ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON.

The decline of the literary glory of Philadelphia has been bravely ended, and a new reign of the pen is inaugurated by a group of fresh, strong minds, conspicuous among them being that of Miss Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, whose last three books, "Through Colonial Doorways," "Colonial Days and Dames," and "A Last Century Maid," show, by their titles, the direction in which her talent finds its best expression.

It was at the home of one of Miss Wharton's ancestors that the Meschianza was held, that most brilliant of social flights, in the dark days of the Revolution; and members of her family have taken part in many of the principal events of the colonial days. She is, therefore, eminently fitted to talk to us about the brave men and spirited women who made Philadelphia society what it then was, and who bequeathed to the Quaker city its distinct American tone.

But the books mentioned were not by any means the first fruit of Miss Wharton's pen. Her literary taste and ability early made themselves felt, and, although many of her youthful

ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON.

attempts went, as she says, to kindle the fire, they nevertheless made stepping-stones without which she could not have arrived at her present measure of success.

It was during her study years that her "Story of St. Bartholomew's Eve" and "Virgilia" were published; and from that time to this her essays have been appearing in the papers and magazines.

Miss Wharton's name is indelibly connected with the intellectual life of Philadelphia as one of the founders of the Browning Society, and as a prominent member of the New Century Club, the Contemporary Club, the Historical Society, and others. One of her most important centres

of work is the Pennsylvania Society of the Colonial Dames of America, the pioneer of the now far-famous National Association. This able portrayer of Colonial dames was one of the founders of the Pennsylvania Society in 1891, and has held the position of historian ever since.

When the fair at Chicago claimed every one's attention in 1893, the World's Columbian Commission recognized Miss Wharton's ability by appointing her a judge of the American Colonial Exhibit, for which post she was, by taste, intelligence, and training, peculiarly fitted.

She is now projecting a work which will likely bring her further reputation in her chosen field and again demonstrate her remarkable talent for reproducing colonial character and the domestic life of our forefathers.

The quiet charm of Miss Wharton's books is an index of her personality, and her gracious manners, sprightly conversation, and wide knowledge cause her company and counsel to be sought in all the intellectual movements of Philadelphia.

Harrison S. Morris.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

CHICAGO RECORD PRIZE WINNERS.

The awards in the *Chicago Record* prize contest are as follows: First prize, $10,000, Harry Stillwell Edwards, Macon, Ga., for a story entitled "Sons and Fathers"; second prize, $3,000, Bernard Edward Joseph Capes, Winchester, England; third prize, $1,500, Bert Leston Taylor and Alvin T. Thoits, Manchester, N. H.; fourth prize, $1,000, William Augustine Leahy, Boston, Mass.; fifth prize, $800, Edward S. Ellis, Englewood, N. J.; sixth prize, $600, Miss Edith Bland, Grove Park, Lee, England; seventh prize, $600, Jessie C. Cowdrick, Ogdensburg, N. J.; eighth prize, $500, Thomas H. A. McGill, Denver, Colo.; ninth prize, $500, John D. Parsons, Newburyport, Mass., and Frederick R. Burton, Yonkers, N. Y.; tenth prize, $500, Miss Charlotte E. Abbott, Tottenham, England; eleventh prize, $500, Miss Mary Imlay Taylor, Washington, D. C.; twelfth prize, $500, Crittenden Marriott, Shelbyville, Ky. In addition, the *Record* has bought ten stories from among those not winning prizes, paying $500 each to these authors: William Sands Laurie, B. A., Manchester, England; Miss Blanche Timmonds, Louisville, Ky.; Miss Katherine Lee Bates, Wellesley, Mass.; Miss Belle Moses, New York City; Frederick W. Davis ("Scott Campbell"), Chelsea, Mass.; Edgar Pickering, Margate, Kent, England; E. H. Clough, Oakland, Calif.; Miss Bessie E. Duffett, St. Leonard's-on-the-Sea, England; Mrs. Jeanette H. Walworth, New York City; and Miss Amy Skene, Hatfield, Herts, England.

In all 816 manuscripts were entered in the competition. The first reading reduced the number to 385. Each story submitted to the final judge had been read by seven Readers, four times without the final chapters and three times complete.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

In THE WRITER for February, page 20, second column, this sentence occurs: —

"The sentence from the *Century* cannot be properly judged excepting in connection with the preceding sentence, with which it is intimately connected."

Allow me to say that I think this sentence faulty for these reasons: (1) "*sentence* in the *Century*" is not an agreeable sequence of sounds; (2) "excepting" is used for except, which is identical in meaning, three letters shorter, and the common form; (3) the sentence is not sufficiently terse. The latter clause is unnecessary, and the whole would have been better written thus: —

The quotation from the *Century* cannot be judged properly apart from its connection.

W. H. W.

BALTIMORE, Md.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

To Enclose a Coin. — It is not usually best to send a coin in a letter, but when it is necessary to do so, a neat little three-cornered envelope to enclose the coin and keep it from rattling around can be made by tearing off the corner of an old envelope in such a way that the torn edge of the front of the envelope corner will fold over the torn edge of the back,

like the flap of an ordinary envelope. A large or a small corner can be torn off, to fit the coin.

H. S. B.

CONCORD, N. H.

Convenient Device for Filing Papers. — I am using a very convenient arrangement for the holding of letters, etc., until I get time to file them, and I fancy it is original. I found a wire dish-drainer in the house-furnishing department of a store. Over and under the wires I have woven a strip of canvas of the same width as the drainer, allowing it to hang down in pockets on the under side. These, with the help of the wires, hold papers admirably, and I find it a great help in keeping my desk "cleared up."

A. M. G.

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

ROBERT BARR. With portrait. Arthur Reed Kimball. *Book Buyer* (13 c.) for February.

ANDREW DICKSON WHITE. With portrait. *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* (53 c) for February.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THOMAS CARLYLE. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for February.

MATTHEW ARNOLD IN HIS LETTERS. Alfred Austin. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for February.

EXPERIENCES OF AN UNKNOWN WRITER. Herman Rave. *New Bohemian* (13 c.) for February.

DESIGN IN BOOK-BINDING. Illustrated. S. T. Prideaux. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for February.

ALFRED AUSTIN. With portrait. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for February.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. William R. Baskerville. Reprinted from *Methodist Review* in *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for February.

AMERICAN ARTISTS' ASSOCIATION OF PARIS. Illustrated. E. H. Wuerpel. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for February.

HALL CAINE AND MANXLAND. Illustrated. J. Howe Adams. *Demorest's Family Magazine* (23 c.) for February.

TEA WITH DU MAURIER IN THE TEMPLE. Kate Jordan. *Demorest's Family Magazine* (23 c.) for February.

NEWSPAPERS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS. F. W. Hewes. *Youth's Companion* (8 c.) for February 20.

HELEN KELLER AND HER TEACHER, MISS SULLIVAN. With portraits. Laurence Hutton. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for February 22.

LOCAL FICTION. T. W. Higginson. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for February 15.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE IN THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY. II. — The Decorations of Mr. Elihu Vedder. Illustrated. Royal Cortissoz. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for February 15.

WHEN FURNESS WAS AT HARVARD. With portrait of Rev. W. H. Furness, D. D. *Illustrated American* (13 c.) for February 29.

A CHAT WITH BRANDER MATTHEWS. With portrait. *Illustrated American* (13 c.) for February 20.

LIBEL LAWS AS THEY OUGHT TO BE. Lewis B. France. *Newspaperdom* (8 c.) for February 6.

THE REPORTER'S WORK. *Newspaperdom* (8 c.) for February 20.

MRS. E. J. NICHOLSON. Portrait. *Newspaper Maker* (13 c.) for February 20.

CHARLES H. TAYLOR, JR. Portrait. *Newspaper Maker* (13 c.) for February 21.

WILLIAM M. SINGERLY. Portrait. *Newspaper Maker* (13 c.) for February 27.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT. Portrait. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for February 6.

ALEXANDER MACMILLAN. With portrait. *Publishers' Weekly* (13 c.) for February 1.

ALEXANDER MACMILLAN. With portrait. *Critic* (13 c.) for February 1.

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS. *Rochester* (N.Y.) *Union and Advertiser* for February 1.

F. MARION CRAWFORD INTERVIEWED ABOUT HIS WORK. Frank G. Carpenter. *Cleveland Leader* for February 2.

"IAN MACLAREN" AT HOME. *Brooklyn Citizen* and *Detroit Free Press* for February 2.

GILBERT PARKER INTERVIEWED. *New York Commercial Advertiser* for February 3.

STEPHEN CRANE. With portrait. John N. Hilliard. *Rochester* (N. Y.) *Union and Advertiser* for February 8.

ALEXANDER MACMILLAN. Isaac N. Ford. *New York Tribune* for February 8.

PAUL VERLAINE. Raymond Daly. *New York Sun* for February 9.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY AND HIS WORK. *Rochester* (N. Y.) *Union and Advertiser* for February 15.

MRS. E. J. NICHOLSON. *New Orleans Picayune* for February 16.

GEORGE GISSING. Kate Woodbridge Michaelis. *Boston Transcript* for February 21.

KATHERINE E. CONWAY. With portrait. Mary E. Gibbons. *Buffalo Express* for March 1.

NEWS AND NOTES.

"Ellen Burroughs" is the pen name of Miss Sophie Jewett, an instructor in English literature at Wellesley college.

Francis Bellamy, who for nearly six years was one of the editors of the *Youth's Companion*, has been added to the editorial staff of the *Ladies' Home Journal* as one of Mr. Bok's principal associates. He is a cousin of Edward Bellamy, author of "Looking Backward."

Tom Masson has taken the editorial place on *Life* which was vacated by James S. Metcalfe when he joined the staff of the *Cosmopolitan*.

John Habberton has joined the editorial staff of the *Illustrated American*.

Mrs. Amélie Rives-Chanler was married at Castle Hill, Va., February 18, to Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, a Russian of some fame as a composer and artist. The Prince and Princess have since started on a European tour. The Princess will soon publish another story, the plot of which is laid in America, Australia, and England.

Sidney Colvin, at the British Museum, London, asks holders of letters from Robert Louis Stevenson to communicate with him there, with a view to the use of the letters in preparing the authorized memoir of Stevenson on which he is at work.

The Queen Regent of Spain has conferred on Dr. Wolfred Nelson, of New York, the cross of a Commander-in-Ordinary of the Royal Order of Isabella the Catholic.

Aubrey Beardsley has broken out in a new quarterly called the *Savoy*, edited by himself and Arthur Symons. "Its exclusive aim is to supply the best literature and the best art."

Ernest F. Birmingham, editor of the *Fourth Estate* (New York) tendered a reception to the officers and members of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association at the Hotel Waldorf Thursday evening, February 20, which was successful in every way. The reception was given in observance of the second anniversary of the *Fourth Estate*.

Nearly all the valuable engravings, woodcuts, and steel plates of the Baptist Publication Society were ruined by water in the Philadelphia fire of Sunday, February 2.

A book about Bayard Taylor, by A. H. Smyth, has been added to the American Men of Letters Series.

Henry Holt & Co. announce for speedy issue "On Parody," by Arthur Shadwell Martin. The book consists of an essay on the art of parody and of humorous selections from its masters, beginning with the Greeks and Romans.

Demorest's Family Magazine for February has portraits of Eugene Field, Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes"), Alfred Tennyson, Lieutenant Julien Viaud ("Pierre Loti"), T. B. Aldrich, Theodore B. Roosevelt, Rev. R. Heber Newton, D. D., and Rev. John Hall, D. D.

The *Inland Printer* (Chicago) has issued a Bradley calendar for 1896 with a very striking design.

The "Life of Francis Parkman" is being written by C. H. Farnham.

Collier's Weekly for January 9 had another sketch of literary Boston, by Lida A. Churchill.

The *New York Home Journal*, founded by George Morris and N. P. Willis, on St. Valentine's day, 1846, celebrated its semi-centennial February 26 by issuing a handsome special edition, with interesting letters from its old contributors, sketches and portraits of members of the present staff, and portraits of many leading writers who have been connected with the paper.

The *Critic* was born January 15, 1881. Its fifteenth birthday was celebrated January 18 by the publication of an anniversary number containing a bird's-eye review of the literary movement as it has manifested itself in America during the past fifteen years, and other interesting features.

The *Newspaper Maker* (New York) transformed itself from a weekly into a daily paper during the three-days' session of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association in New York in February, and gave a good report of the doings of the association, together with much other matter and illustrations of real interest to publishers. Mr. Lancaster deserves much credit for his enterprise.

The *Church* is a new monthly Episcopal paper to be published in Boston, beginning March 1, by F. P. Guild & Co., 308 John Hancock building. As soon as practicable it will be issued weekly.

The *Lotos* is the new name of the New York magazine recently called the *Cycle* and originally named the *Home Maker*.

The price of the *Chap-Book* (Chicago) has been raised from five cents to ten cents a copy.

Burrelle's Magazine of Events (New York) is a new monthly which summarizes in tabular form the important events of each day in the year in the world's history.

The *Ladies' Home Companion* (Springfield, O.) is a monthly now, instead of a semi-monthly.

Jury, the new Boston humorous weekly, is dead.

The effects of the Texas Siftings Publishing Company were sold by the sheriff at 5 Dutch street, New York, February 6. Alexander E. Sweet, who has been president, withdrew a month or two ago and started a paper called the *Texas Sifter*, closely imitating the form of the old paper.

Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop's recollections of Hawthorne in the January *Atlantic* cover the period of his English consulate.

There are further Memories of Hawthorne, by his daughter, in the March *Atlantic*, and Edith Brower discusses E. A. MacDowell in "New Figures in Literature and Art."

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* (New York) for March is a fine etching, by David Low, of "The Flock" by C. Jacques.

The *Bachelor of Arts Magazine* (New York) offers a prize of $125 for the best short story written by a college undergraduate. The terms of the competition are given in the February issue of the magazine.

Short Stories (New York) offers prizes as follows: For the best original dramatic etching, $25; for the best original pathetic etching, $25; for the best original humorous etching, $25; for the best original weird etching $25. The competition will close July 1. Manuscripts must contain not less than 300 words and not more than 1,000. The editor will make special offers for such contributions as do not secure a prize, but seem to him available for use in the magazine. Manuscripts should be marked "Etching Competition."

The Century company offers prizes of $125, $75, and $50 for the three best designs for a poster advertising the midsummer number of the *Century Magazine*. The designs must be submitted by April 30.

Romance (New York) offers a prize of ten dollars for the best amateur photograph, containing at least one human figure, sent in before May 1.

The *Youth's Companion* offers eight prizes — one of $100, one of $50, one of $25, and five of $10 — to amateur photographers for the best photographs submitted before July 1. No photograph, not a prize winner, will be paid for or returned. All are to become the property of the *Companion*.

In *McClure's Magazine* for March Elizabeth Stuart Phelps tells the story of the beginning of her literary life, when, as a girl of twenty, she became a contributor to the leading magazines and wrote a dozen Sunday-school books.

Frank Leslie's Pleasant Hours for Boys and Girls for March has the second paper of Frank Lee Farnell's interesting series on "The Favorite Story-writers for Young People," in which are given portraits of Horatio Alger, Jr., James Otis, and Sophie Swett.

In *Lippincott's* for March Edward Fuller writes seriously and somewhat anxiously about "The Decadent Novel," and hardly dares to hope for another Jane Austen.

Current Literature for March has portraits of Edward S. Van Zile, William T. Adams ("Oliver Optic"), Stephen Crane, and Edward W. Bok.

Professor Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, has an article in the March *Century*, entitled "On an Author's Choice of Company," and the same number contains a short essay by Dr. Allen McLane Hamilton, on "The Perils of Small Talk," and an article by Emily Crawford on "The Elder Dumas."

Mrs. E. J. Nicholson, editor of the *New Orleans Picayune*, died February 15, aged forty-seven.

Edgar Wilson Nye ("Bill Nye") died February 22, at Buck Shoals, near Asheville, N. C., aged forty-five.

Henry C. Bowen, editor of the *Independent*, died in Brooklyn February 24, aged eighty-two.

Arsène Houssaye died in Paris February 26, aged eighty-one.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. IX. BOSTON, APRIL, 1896. No. 4.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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DUMAS AND THE REALISTS.

In the March *Century*, Emily Crawford has a very readable article on the elder Dumas. Notwithstanding the close study she evidently has given to her subject, it seems to me she reaches a wrong conclusion in the end. She says: "His works did not outlive him; that is to say, — except on the stage, — they do not interest this analytical generation." It is a mistake for any one to say that Dumas' works do not outlive him. If the books of any present-day author were read and reread as are these same works that "do not interest this analytical generation," that author might well drop his pen, with the knowledge that his fame is secure.

Emily Crawford, in company with a legion of authors and reviewers, is carried away with the mistaken idea that sociological studies and realistic novels really represent the tastes of the present generation and the desires of the great reading public of to-day. These writers and critics imagine that because an epidemic fad for the realistic has run through the guild of authors, there is a crying demand from the mass of readers for that particular style of literature. In proof of this demand, they say: "Our books sell and our magazines have an enormous circulation; consequently the demand must exist."

What is really demanded by the public is something new; not necessarily new authors or new schools of writing, but simply new books. If authors combine to give them nothing but microscopical analyses of perverted human nature, perforce, in their search for the new, people will buy these books and magazines; but not because their tastes demand these things.

The stoop-shouldered, narrow-chested, unhealthy analytical studies of hysterical emotions which pass current as the highest development of the modern school of fiction have, in reality, no great crowd of admirers. Of course, there are some to whom this style of literature appeals, but they are only a fraction. This class consists chiefly of those upon whose hands time hangs heavily and who are always ready to take up with some new sensation. This being so augurs that the life of their plaything of to-day will necessarily be short.

The story which appeals to the people, that great body of individuals who constitute the people when it comes to buying books or supporting the government, is the breezy, lively story of adventure; fiction which deals with real people, that is, people such as we find every day in real life, and deals with them not "realistically," but in a healthy way: and good, clean, romantic romance. These things are what the public likes. The people may be per-

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suaded into buying other things because they are of the modern school, but they do not demand them.

As an instance of the direction in which the tastes of the people tend, let us examine the popularity of Kipling. Why have his writings gained such a hold on the public of all classes? Simply because, instead of casting the whole world into blackness with a great splash of ink, he enlivens with a bounding, human, red-blooded life. In place of uncovering a festering fever-sore, he touches on healthy nerves and sets them tingling with the delight of living. In lieu of maundering over dead passions and buried hopes, he puts life into even inanimate objects. For this reason, Kipling will be remembered when those who write for this "analytical generation" are forgotten.

The works of Alexander Dumas, *père*, are by no means dead, nor are they dying. A certain class may reach after the bizarre, may be carried away by a fad, encouraged in their waywardness by the reviewer and the critic, until they imagine that this generation demands only the analytical, the morbid, the realistic; yet, all this time, out in the broad world, which is too wide for their vision, the crowding adventures of the rollicking, sword-fighting "Mousquetaires," the masterful vengeances of Monte Cristo still continue to hold their sway. Dumas' books are not talked of in the clubs nor discussed at afternoon teas, along with the latest scandal,—they are too familiar for that,— but new editions are continually being issued, and sold.

When our authors brush away the cobwebs from their eyes, or quit writing scalpel in hand, they will find that Dumas has all the while been with the people and among the people, being read by the rising generation and reread by the passing one.

E. L. Kellogg.

SEATTLE, Wash.

A PLEA FOR PURITY IN LITERATURE.

A friend recently said to me: "I wish they would stop writing those 'off' stories. They are no credit to literature and the harm they do is immense."

Another friend remarked: "I was simply struck dumb by a speech made by my daughter, a girl fifteen years old. When I had talked with her some time to get her reasons for the use of such language, I found she had been reading '—— ———.' There is no need to mention the title of the story."

As a matter of course, Jenny or George will get the books they hear discussed by their schoolmates, books that their young friends are allowed to read because their authors are popular. Parents cannot be always on the lookout, continual sermonizing hardens the youthful heart, and the word "don't" becomes a synonym for all sorts of disagreeable things. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true," but the authors are mainly to blame

There are so many brilliant writers who for the sake of dramatic or sensational portrayal sacrifice all naturalness, who revel in descriptions of poverty, disease, death, revolting temptations, unspeakable crimes, unusual situations, and abrupt climaxes, that one is tempted to pray, not "may their shadows never be less," but rather, "from all such deliver us, good Lord."

Such stories serve no purpose save to give an unwholesome, meteoric fame to their authors, and too often sow the seeds of iniquity in the young and generous nature. The authors will say: "We did not write them for the young." Perhaps not; but in their greed for money, which success brings, they fail to realize that the child is father to the man: that many children are allowed great license in their reading; and that childish thought is moulded for the future by surreptitious reading of that which is corrupting.

Many a man traces all his failures in morality to some living sentence, dazzling because of the genius in which it originated, yet a veritable Sodom apple, brilliant to the sight, but ashes to the taste.

I do not believe any author, at least any American author, ever wrote on subjects perversive of good morals but in his heart was conscious of the possible evil that might be wrought in the minds and hearts of his readers.

How many infidelities have ensued, how many outrages, and even murders, have been committed under the influence of such writing, can never be told.

I hold that as written thoughts impress the imagination and cling to the memory longer than spoken words, men and women who make the literature of any period should wield pure pens. Pure, bright, forceful stories are wanted.

There is too little cheerful literature. Shadows there must be, but they need not follow crime and mental depravity, nor cast their forbidding length before the fast, vicious, unreflecting type of men and women one would be ashamed to know in real life.

If sin and crime must be portrayed, at least they should not be made attractive. Put them in their proper place. They have no right to be at the front.

Mary A. Denison.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE "AUSTRALIAN" RETURN BLANK.

I wish to acknowledge the helpfulness of THE WRITER to a beginner in the thorny pathway of literature. If an occasional check now takes the place of rejected manuscript, with its cheerless "declined with thanks," it is due as much to the instructive articles of THE WRITER as to any improvement in the style or literary quality of my manuscript.

I must confess, however, that I am still receiving more of my own manuscript than I could wish from the leading periodicals of the country, and as a sort of balm for my wounded feelings I have begun to criticise the "return blanks" which I receive. And truly I believe that there might be a change in the form of these blanks which would result in a real benefit to both author and editor.

According to my experience, these blanks may be pretty fairly divided into the two following classes: —

1. Those which simply say, "Declined with thanks," or, "We return the enclosed manuscript as unavailable for our columns," or phrases equivalent to these. There are some good periodicals which return manuscript without any accompanying blank.

2. Those which indicate, in various ways, that the manuscript *may* have been of the very best literary character, but is necessarily returned for other reasons. One such says: "For various reasons, a manuscript may not be adapted to the *Horatian*, and yet meet with acceptance elsewhere. . . . The return of a manuscript, therefore, does not necessarily imply lack of merit or unfitness for publication." Another says: "The exceptional number of excellent articles which come to this journal compels us to decline many which are quite as worthy of publication as those which we accept."

These will do for samples.

When a writer receives a blank of the first-mentioned class, or no blank at all, his first feeling is that he has been told that his work is utterly wretched and worthless. But "hope springs eternal," and a hundred reasons for the rejection soon suggest themselves, none of which include the possibility of a poor literary quality.

When the author receives a form of the second class, he knows that it was intended to be as balm to his bruises; but the real effect is irritation, because he is reasonably certain that

this printed form is sent out with every bundle of rejected manuscript, good or bad.

The natural consequence of the use of both classes of blanks is, that manuscripts are sent to periodical after periodical, without any attempt at change, improvement, or adaptation, to the despair of both author and editors.

I believe that there may easily be a partial relief from these evils by the use of a form which was suggested to me by the "Australian" ballots used in the Massachusetts state election. Here it is: —

The editor of the *Homerian* is compelled to decline the enclosed manuscript. One or more of the reasons for this decision are indicated by a blue cross opposite the specifications which follow: —

1. The article is not up to a fair standard of literary quality.
2. There are too many minor imperfections in the copy; punctuation, paragraphing, legibility, etc.
3. The subject is not well adapted to the columns of the *Homerian*.
4. The article is too long.
5. From lack of space, many manuscripts must be declined which would otherwise receive favorable consideration.

The first specification would be somewhat disheartening, of course; but I think it would stimulate most writers to try to do better, before sending the article all over the country without an attempt at improvement. The fifth specification would show writers that nothing short of the very best they can produce will stand a chance of acceptance with first-class periodicals.

It would take the manuscript Reader but a few seconds to make the necessary marks on the form, but I would not advocate anything that required even so little time if I did not believe that the result would soon be a great saving of the editor's time, by reason of the instruction which this system would give to inexperienced writers.

Will some of the leading journals please try it? The blank is not copyrighted, and, of course, can be modified to suit any editor.

J. Mervin Hull.

WESTON, MASS.

BRET HARTE AND THE "OVERLAND."

Noting the questions of Theodore S. Greiner, on page 19 of the February WRITER, I am glad to add a few facts to those there stated.

When Anton Roman, early in 1868, made up his mind to establish a monthly magazine in connection with his publishing and book-selling business, he did so with the advice of Noah Brooks, Charles Warren Stoddard, B. B. Redding, W. C. Bartlett, and others, for most of whom he had already published books. When the question of a suitable editor arose, Stoddard recommended Bret Harte, then an almost unknown writer on the *Golden Era*, at that time a popular weekly. Bret Harte accepted, with some misgiving as to financial matters, but was reassured when Roman showed him pledges of support by advertising patronage up to $900 a month, which he had secured in advance.

Harte was the first editor, and, in the first number, July, 1868, printed the poem, "San Francisco," beginning

> "Serene, indifferent of Fate,
> Thou sittest at the Western Gate."

When the number was discussed by the literary coterie that was accustomed to gather in those days, Harte lamented that there was no distinctively Western fiction in it, and promised to see that the August number should contain something of the sort. "The Luck of Roaring Camp" was the result of that promise. Roman never made any objection to it on any ground, but was "simply delighted" with it, as he has told me, when it was read to him by his wife from the fresh proof sheets sent to Harte and Roman when they were both spending a Sunday at Santa Cruz. Returning to San Francisco on the following day, they found that the woman

copyholder in Towne & Bacon's printing office, where the type was then set,— Roman had no composing room,— had objected to the story for its immorality. This, however, had no effect on Roman, and he said in response to dire forebodings as to the effect on the magazine, "Go ahead; it can't more than kill it." There never was a quarrel about it between Harte and Roman, though there would have been had Roman taken any other course; for Harte was much stirred up by the criticisms.

The rest is well-known literary history — how California rather held its breath until the return mail from the East brought congratulations, orders for copies, and an offer to Harte from the *Atlantic* for more stories like "The Luck of Roaring Camp."

Where Harte got his hint for the plot of the story is not clear, but in those days the miners — as the old, gray-bearded fellows that are left of them still are — were full of the most delightful literary "material."

Allow me, also, to protest against such familiarity on Mr. Greiner's part as "Migglesey," or against such an incongruity as "Mademoiselle 'Miggles.'" We, of California, do not understand, more than Miggles herself would have understood, any such foreign "handles," or such insufferable "freshness."

SAN FRANCISCO, Calif. *Rounseville Wildman.*

EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.*

X. — BY THE EDITOR OF FRANK LESLIE'S PLEASANT HOURS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

I am sorry to say that it is impossible for me to give you a long article on what I want and do not want for *Frank Leslie's Pleasant Hours for Boys and Girls*, as you request. I can, however, probably convey in a few words all the information you desire. The magazine is a monthly illustrated periodical for young people, so that good short stories, articles, and poems of interest to them will be adapted to it. All manuscripts should be short, within at most 3,000 words. The stories should have plenty of incident and movement in them, and yet not be in the least sensational. The articles should be of a practical character, and wherever it is possible accompanied by illustrations. Novel ideas in short illustrated verses and jingles will be welcome. All manuscripts submitted will have careful and prompt consideration.

NEW YORK, N. Y. *Frank Lee Farnell.*

XI. — BY THE EDITOR OF FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

I regret that I cannot at this moment avail myself of your courtesy to the extent of preparing a formal contribution to your much appreciated and helpful magazine. In a general way, I can only remind writers that, *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* being essentially a pictorial publication, we make our selection of subjects and articles primarily with a view to possibilities of illustration. For this reason we have to decline summarily a great many good things that might — and often subsequently do — find ready acceptance with the

* This series of "Editorial Talks with Contributors," written by the editors of the leading American periodicals, and telling what they want and do not want in the way of manuscripts, was begun in THE WRITER for September, and will be continued monthly. The article in the September WRITER was by William Hayes Ward, superintending editor of the *Independent*. The article for October was by Robert E. Bonner, editor of the *New York Ledger*. The article for November was by Robert D. Townsend, managing editor of the *Outlook*. The articles for December were by B. Arkell, editor of *Leslie's Weekly*, and Rounseville Wildman, editor of the *Overland Monthly*. The articles for January were by Joseph Newton Hallock, editor of the *Christian Work*, and Edwin D. Mead, editor of the *New England Magazine*. The article for February was by Robert M. Offord, managing editor of the *New York Observer*. The article for March was by Nella I. Daggett, editor of the *Home*.

distinctively literary reviews. A catalogue of what we *don't* want, or cannot use, might include polemical contributions, "symposium" papers, political or religious articles, long poems, *short* stories of more than 5,000 words and anything of a length and character requiring serial publication through two or more numbers. Precisely what we want we cannot tell until we see it — but we know then.

Henry Tyrrell.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

XII. — BY THE EDITOR OF GODEY'S.

I am very glad to have an opportunity to speak to the contributors of the country through the columns of THE WRITER, although I fear that I must either take the liberty of changing the subject upon which you ask me to write, or else say very little. It is impossible for me to say, in so many words, what *Godey's Magazine* wants and does not want in the way of manuscripts. The best I can do here is to try to give an idea of what we are aiming to accomplish, and the policy in accordance with which we endeavor to make our decisions and suggestions.

I do not think there is any sense or honesty in pretending that we are issuing the magazine for purposes other than profit to ourselves, so that the cardinal principle of our policy is to offer material that a good many people will find attractive enough to buy. The main qualification of this statement is that we wish our magazine to remain within the bounds of decency and good taste.

The name of *Godey's* is firmly fixed within the minds of American readers — at least, those of the older generation — in connection with the *Lady's Book*. While the *Lady's Book* was never confined absolutely in its interest to one sex, a considerable change in enlarging and broadening has nevertheless been carried out since the adoption of the name *Godey's Magazine*, some three or four years ago. We still have one or two articles in each number that appeal directly and exclusively to women, and these are often of practical value; but the frontispiece no longer consists of an elaborate fashion plate, and the fashion department, which has never in our sixty-six years of existence been discontinued, now occupies sixteen pages in the back of the book. The standard we have set for the rest of the magazine is simply that it shall be good general reading for all members of the family — in fact, we often ask ourselves, in deciding upon the availability of manuscripts, "How will this sound when it is read aloud in the family circle, and how much interest will it have?"

Whether in illustrated articles, essays, or fiction, we think a similar test is a fair one. Of course, it is impossible to please every one, but we think that such a magazine as we wish to make should appeal to all people of good average United States intelligence. There are plenty of very excellent reviews that deal admirably with the serious questions of the day, and we do not consider ourselves, or wish to be considered, as trenching upon their field. There are also publications very much lighter and frothier than ours, with which we do not think we can compete. There are magazines that "pay for names," which we do not do. Our object is to present matter of some value, even if that value is only to amuse. We shall try to furnish light and entertaining reading, without attempting very often such disagreeable things as to educate or enlighten the world. We think we have within the last year given *Godey's* something of an individuality, and if any one adjective can be made to describe what we want to make the magazine, the word is "good-natured."

The subject of pictures seems to have become a matter of derision between magazines of different sorts. On one hand, the illustrations are widely advertised by the magazines that make a special point of having a good many of them, and on the other hand, those that have not adopted the policy apparently have some contempt for the "picture-books" offered for sale under the name of magazines.

It is our idea that the public has declared itself very emphatically in favor of pictorial magazines, and, such being the case, we wish to be ranked with the picture-books. When you come to think it over, it is surely as commendable to cater to this love of pictures as to the desire to read stories. Upon the forty-eight pages of half-tone paper that we use, I think we

must average at least fifty pictures. We do not mean to have these simply thrown in to catch the eye,—though for my own part I do not see why they should not be,—but we mean them as illustrations of the text they go with. Our greatest difficulty in the way of material is in finding articles for these pages—articles that can be illustrated brightly and prettily from photographs. The important point in the selection of these special stories is to have them of general interest throughout the country; for our circulation is by no means local to New York or to the East. We have used, for example, articles upon "The General Federation of Women's Clubs," and "The Vassar Students' Aid Society," although we should not care for an article on a club in any one city unless it had unique features to make it a subject of interest to people in all parts of the country. A great many manuscripts have to be rejected for the single reason that they are too local.

I find the greatest difficulty in saying just what we want in this line, because what we want mostly is ideas. When we are fortunate enough to have an idea in the office, we find no difficulty in having it worked up by some one of the several writers with whom we are in personal touch. A glance at any of our recent issues will give an idea of what we are doing.

We go but slightly into art subjects, and such material is usually furnished by staff writers.

One noticeable feature of our publication is the attention we have given to musical subjects, but this is something that we do not want to push out of proportion to the rest of the magazine, and it is hardly likely that we shall be able to make use of submitted matter on musical topics.

We do not use a great many travel articles, because we think the ordinary description of travel is a very dull affair, of little inspiration to people who have not seen the places described, and of not much more use than a guide book to those who have been there. A travel story, however, which is bright and readable in itself, particularly one with a good deal of human interest in it, is doubly attractive, because it can usually be well illustrated.

In the matter of fiction we usually set a limit of 5,000 words for length, although we sometimes deviate from this rule in favor of stories that seem to us really worth giving to our readers. We aim at a good deal of variety, and are willing to use everything from light farces to ghost stories; but we have a good deal of material on hand, and have come to a point where we can accept only things of particular attractiveness. For this reason, we are sometimes obliged to reject stories that are fully as good as some that we have already accepted.

We shall be particularly glad to examine short, bright farces, whether they are suitable for acting or not.

We do not use much poetry, but we pay for what we print.

Our arrangements for the fashion department are complete, and we cannot accept contributions for it.

We have no regular rate of remuneration. Customarily, we put a valuation on manuscripts and ask the contributor's assent to the terms before publication; but in all cases we expect to pay for what we use.

The Editor of "Godey's."

NEW YORK, N. Y.

GETTING ILLUSTRATIONS.

Illustrated articles sell better than articles without pictures. For that reason, it will pay any writer to get a camera and to learn how to use it. Then he can submit with his manuscripts photographic prints that will greatly help their sale. Not only descriptive articles, but stories as well may be illustrated by aid of the camera. A photographic outfit will pay for itself very quickly in this way.

BOSTON, Mass. *Arthur Fosdick.*

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

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*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9 and 10),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. IX. APRIL, 1896. NO. 4.

Apropos of the article by "a managing editor" in THE WRITER for March on the demand among newspapers for serial fiction by American writers, it is interesting to analyze a a list headed "One hundred stories published last year by the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*." Of the stories catalogued, nine were by Anthony Hope, five each by Robert Barr and Bret Harte, three each by Joel Chandler Harris and W. L. Alden, two each by Clinton Ross, S. R. Crockett, John Habberton, and Harriet Prescott Spofford, and one each by W. D. Howells, Ella Higginson, Rudyard Kipling, Walter Camp, Stephen Crane, Clark Russell, H. Rider Haggard, G. W. Ross, Ian Maclaren, Francis Lynde, Herbert Lee Ward, Stanley J. Weyman, Howard Pyle, and William Murray Graydon. To be sure, the list names only forty-seven stories, but perhaps that is near enough to one hundred for ordinary newspaper purposes. Of the forty-seven, fifteen are by six English writers, and nineteen are by twelve American writers, while eleven are by Robert Barr, Bret Harte, and Rudyard Kipling, the first two of whom are American writers living in England, while the last is an English writer living in America.

***

The *Standard*, Chicago's lively Baptist weekly, recently printed this paragraph: —

> The man who edits newspaper English in THE WRITER will be filled with demoniacal glee when he discovers this choice sentence, which recently appeared in a Richmond, Va., daily paper: "The presence of the janitor in the edifice caused the discovery of the fire as soon as it was detected."

The editor of the *Standard* has a wrong idea. "The man who edits newspaper English in THE WRITER" has no feeling of glee, devilish or innocent, when he discovers bad English in newspapers or elsewhere — sometimes in his own published writing, he regrets to say. On the contrary, such a discovery always gives him a severe pain, just as it would give the editor of the *Standard* a pang to discover some expression of infidelity in an editorial article in one of his religious exchanges. "Newspaper English" is edited occasionally in THE WRITER more in sorrow than in any other spirit, and wholly by way of suggestion and warning — not at all with any idea of criticism.

***

The term "newspaper English" is used because it is a convenient one, but a good deal of "newspaper English" is found in books and magazines, as well as in newspapers. In newspapers there is excuse for it, because of the conditions under which most newspaper writing must be done. It is astonishing, indeed, considering in what haste and turmoil newspaper writers are compelled to work, that their English should be so generally good. Some of the best, brightest, and most forcible writing that is put before readers nowadays is done for the daily newspapers, under high pressure and with no opportunity for careful work. Most of the errors that are made would be obvious to those who make them if they could stop to think for a moment, or would be corrected if they had any opportunity to revise their work. The department in THE WRITER headed "Newspaper

English Edited" is printed occasionally because it affords a convenient means of calling attention to some of the most common errors in writing, and not at all to hold newspapers up to ridicule. Its bad examples, in fact, are quite as likely to be taken from books or magazines as from the newspapers.

* * *

Magazine English, indeed, frequently furnishes horrible examples. The article on "Good English in Newpapers," by Richard I. Attwill, in the March number of the *Bostonian*, for instance, would be much better than it is if Mr. Attwill had allowed it to be edited by some fairly-good newspaper man before submitting it for publication. It is notoriously hard for a writer to criticise the language of another writer without becoming a subject for criticism himself, but Mr. Attwill's article finding fault with newspaper English is itself so full of bad English that no ordinary newspaper desk editor would ever have allowed it to go into print in its present form. Not only is it turgid and obscure in expression throughout, but it contains many passages that are written in the very worst of the poorest and most vicious newspaper style.

* * *

"There are certain peculiarities in our daily journals," says Mr. Attwill in his opening sentence, "which are obnoxious to the good taste and best sentiments of the reading public, and convey a wrong impression of the history of the press of other days not at all creditable to *their* intelligence." "Whose intelligence?" the puzzled reader asks at once. Mr. Attwill apparently means the intelligence of the journals that he condemns, but the obscurity of his final clause is sure to "convey an impression" that is "not at all creditable to his" skill in English composition. He goes on to say: "Through *newspaper statements and addresses* to bodies of public men of intelligence, misstatements have been reiterated without contradiction *to an extent that they have become* an apparent public opinion, which may be difficult to rectify, *and be* greatly embarrassing to the future historian who may depend *alone* upon *this source* of information. On almost every occasion when *their* most salient bad features *are called* in question, there *have been* those who have vindicated or apologized for *their*—[their own?]—bad taste, in throwing the responsibility upon the public, and *encouragement* is *taken to add to their assumption, if possible, worse than before.* Their *assumptions* have been a greater enterprise, an improved *education in* their managers and writers, *more enlarged* ideas in relation to the world and public duties, *also of* private virtues, even to the extent of demanding or requesting the introduction of the daily newspapers into the schools for information and instruction." These three sentences would afford plenty of work for any college class in rhetoric. Most of the blunders in them are sufficiently indicated by the italics which the THE WRITER uses in reprinting them. Others may need a word of comment. For instance: "alone" should follow "information"; "this source" refers to two sources—"newspaper statements and addresses"; "are called" and "have been" do not go together. But hear Mr. Attwill further. Referring to an article commending newspaper English, which he quotes, he says: "Leaving for the present the character of it, *in the* arrogance and assumption which should *cast a distrust*, it is well to examine the facts in the case *in the* grades of intelligence of those employed upon the papers formerly, as well as now. A *recall* of what one can remember may be one element in making up a judgment." There is no doubt as to what Mr. Attwill means, but if he were trying to write sentences illustrating what newspaper English is at its worst, he could hardly have produced better examples. Continuing, he makes a catalogue of editors and editorial writers who have been prominent in Boston journalism,—a very interesting list, by the way,—and adds: "These names, or at least most of them, are as likely to be remembered *as the generality* of editors and editorial writers of the present day. So, also, the *reporters* of the past, who have been *stigmatized* as of a low and unprincipled character, their work will compare favorably with present labors, *better, too,* in some respects, *in* propriety and *good taste for* the interests of the public; and, as they were mostly natives of this city or vicinity, they were far more *reliable in*

their historical knowledge, which so often mars the work of the present journalists *of that class.*" It would be interesting to have Mr. Attwill explain how historical knowledge can "mar the work" of "the present journalists" of any class. THE WRITER would also like to hear him parse the "reporters" who have been "stigmatized as," or explain the grammatical construction of "better, too." "The boast of enterprise," says Mr. Attwill later on, "now is *as* reasonable, *and not more so, than* that of a car conductor, who should claim *the* wisdom over that of the post-boy over rough roads, in carrying the mails; the electric operator, in denouncing the slow progress of the mails at their best; the machine operator *in any form, over the* various and multitudinous *operations* by hand. For creditable enterprise, what can exceed *such as may be related,* when no *such* inducements could be expected *for* large expenditures with little possible gains in circulation and profits?" It is a relief to read the good English of quotations made from newspapers in Mr. Attwill's article now and then. As for his own gems of bad expression, they are too numerous to quote exhaustively. Such phrases and sentences as "it has been charged of the old-school editors," "use harsh language of each other" ("about one another," is what Mr. Attwill means), "the recognition of even greater feats . . . are quietly ignored," "to catch a low phase of popular taste," and "In a recent editorial article . . . the name of the paper was given seventeen times, and another of twenty-one in the claims of their wisdom and foresight" might, to quote Mr. Attwill himself, "be multiplied to a great extent, as a modern writer would say, indefinitely." The whole article is commended to students of good writing, as an exercise to be corrected. It is hard to understand how it ever came to be printed as it stands in so good a magazine as the *Bostonian.* Editor Brayley must have read all of it but the first few words of the first sentence in his sleep.

* * *

The personal estate of the late Alexander Macmillan, the publisher, has been valued at $900,000. By way of contrast, it may be noted that the effects of the late Paul Verlaine consist of a bundle of manuscripts, half a dozen clay pipes and a clay cigarette-holder, two pairs of eyeglasses, a hat, and a nightcap. W. H. H.

RECORD OF MANUSCRIPTS AGAIN.

At last! I have found the method of recording the mailing of manuscripts and keeping track of their whereabouts, with the least possible effort, and cost of paper, thought, and time.

Any one writing sufficiently to be called a "writer," and selling matter, should certainly be the owner of a typewriter. It is not absolutely necessary to have manuscripts typewritten, but so great is the advantage of typewriting, that no writer can afford to send out copy written otherwise.

Very well, then; you own a machine, say. Use carbon paper, and take a duplicate of every piece of work. Pin loose sheets together. On the back of the duplicate, which is retained for your letter file, keep a record of the outgoing of the manuscript, using a rubber stamp for dates: —

March 29, *Youth's Companion.*
April 1, *Harper's Monthly.*

Put your record in a given place on the back of your carbon duplicate, making entry and sending off the manuscript on the day when it comes back, till it is sold.

If you prefer, while you are looking up probable purchasers of the article, a list of half a dozen may be entered at once, and the dates stamped in front of one or the other, as made necessary by the return of the original.

This plan keeps the history of each piece of writing by itself, and is quite satisfactory.

BOSTON, MASS. *Clifton S. Wady.*

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Will you explain the force of the following expression: "Have risen to the altitude of writing brevier"? W. W. D.

[Editorial matter in newspapers is often set in larger type than news matter, news matter for instance, being set in nonpareil and edi-

torials in brevier. "Writing brevier," therefore, means writing editorials. Many large daily newspapers distinguish editorial matter from news matter typographically by double-leading their editorials, which are set, like their news matter, in nonpareil. — W. H. H.]

What is the signification of the word "etching" used in a literary sense? I notice that *Short Stories* offers prizes for a "dramatic etching," a "pathetic etching," etc. H. W. S.

[An "etching" is a short sketch or story, describing only a single incident, or scene, or character, and usually containing from 300 to 500 words. — W. H. H.]

How long is a leading periodical likely to keep a manuscript before accepting or rejecting it? M. L. O.

[Editors of such periodicals as the *Century* or *Harper's Monthly* seldom keep a manuscript more than a month before accepting or rejecting it. Editors of minor publications sometimes hold manuscripts for many months — occasionally, if they are let alone, for years. In a small publication office the editor is usually a man of manifold duties, and it is hard for him to be prompt in dealing with contributors. It is so easy, too, for a manuscript to get into a pigeon-hole! Pigeon-holes seem, somehow, to have a magnetic attraction for manuscripts, as every editor discovered long ago. It is usually a good plan for a writer who has not heard from a manuscript after a month of waiting to make a courteous inquiry regarding it. — W. H. H.]

What books are helpful to one trying to learn to write good poetry? F. L. G.

[The ability "to write good poetry" is a gift, and cannot be acquired, as it might be if poetry-writing were an art. The ability to write good verse, however, may be acquired, and born poets often might study the rules of verse-writing to advantage. These rules in their simplest form are laid down in the "Introduction" to Hood's "Rhymester" ($1.00). The "Introduction" to Gleeson White's "Ballades and Rondeaus" ($1.00) gives much information about the various forms of verse. Walker's "Rhyming Dictionary" ($1.50) will help the verse-writer occasionally to a needed rhyme, and Roget's "Thesaurus" ($2.00) is a useful book to suggest a word or an expression in place of one that fits the idea of the verses being built, but not the metre or the rhyme. Gummere's "Handbook of Poetics" ($1.10), Lanier's "Science of English Verse" ($2.00), and Stedman's "Nature and Elements of Poetry" ($1.50) are all excellent books. The ambitious verse-writer should study also the works of some of the well-known verse-makers, particularly Byron (for ease and fluency of expression), W. S. Gilbert (for facility in making rhymes), and of such standard poets as Keats, Shelley, Longfellow, Tennyson, Aldrich, and Gilder. and perhaps Holmes, Lanier, and Lowell. — W. H. H.]

Who has use for a concordance to the works of a poet, and what use can be made of such a book? Why would not a dictionary of the words used by Shakespeare have answered the purpose of a concordance just as well? For instance, why not refer to the word "bells" simply as "bells," instead of in this style: —

O ye bells that ——
When the bells ring at ——
Like the bells of ——

We learn that the Shakespeare concordance required thirty years to arrange, so there would seem to be a great advantage in the latter plan over the plan of reference to the word only. Wherein lies this advantage?

(2.) Would a concordance to an American poet — Bryant, for instance — pay financially? I once unearthed a complete concordance to Tennyson's poems in the reference department of the Chicago public library, and the leaves were still uncut, so I concluded there was not much demand for that book; yet Tennyson is as widely read here as any other poet.

(3.) I should also like to know the "raison d'être" of such books as "The Dickens Dictionary," "The Hawthorne Index," etc., which critics laud in newspapers as of great value; if they are, why are there not more of them? E. S. T.

[(1.) The value of a concordance, it would seem, must be evident to every one. A dictionary of the words in Shakespeare's works would not answer the purpose of a concordance, since it would not show at a glance, as the concordance does, the context in each case where the word is used. Bartlett's "Shakespeare Phrase-book" goes even further in this direction than Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's concordance does, being

a concordance of phrases, rather than of words. Its plan is to take every sentence from Shakespeare's dramatic works which contains an important thought, with so much of the context as preserves the sense, and to put each sentence under its principal words, arranged in alphabetical order. The usefulness of either Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's book or Bartlett's work to any one who is studying the works of Shakespeare or who wants to look up a Shakespearean quotation hardly needs elucidation.

(2.) It is not probable that it would pay financially to make and publish a concordance to the works of Bryant or any other American poet, because there is no such constant reference to the writings of any American poet as there is to the works of Shakespeare or to the Bible. For the same reason, the Tennyson concordance is rather interesting than generally useful — in Chicago or elsewhere. The copy of the Tennyson concordance in the Chicago public library, however, might have had its leaves cut before now if more of Tennyson's Chicago admirers had known of its existence.

(3.) The value of such books as "The Dickens Dictionary" also hardly needs explanation. There are not more of such books because there are not more authors whose works are of enough importance to make them valuable. If "Pride and Prejudice" and "Sense and Sensibility" had as many readers now as "Oliver Twist" or the "House of Seven Gables," an "Austen Dictionary" might be bringing good-sized royalty checks annually to some painstaking compiler. — W. H. H.]

On page 36 of the March WRITER I find the following expression: "Fortunately, we have very few who do write these kind of stories," etc. It seems to me the sentence should read: "Fortunately, we have very few who do write *this* kind of stories. Am I not right? C. E. U.

[The editor of THE WRITER should not have let the error go without correction. "These kind of stories" is palpably wrong. It would be better to make the clause read, "stories of this kind." — W. H. H.]

Are travel letters salable? B. H.

[Generally speaking, there is no demand among paying publications for articles, or letters, descriptive of travelers' experiences. If such articles, however, treat of novel scenes in a novel way, and are accompanied by good photographs, there is sometimes a sale for them. — W. H. H.]

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

The extraordinary meteor which frightened the people of Madrid last week illustrates what is the danger to which we are always exposed. In this case a huge aerolite, the size of which has not yet been computed, passed over Spain, and was seen from different cities in full daylight, and at a height computed at twenty miles. There was an explosion, which frightened every one, and the concussion of which did damage to houses in the city. It is the largest one on record, and was possibly a mile across. — *The Independent.*

The extraordinary meteor that frightened the people of Madrid last week shows us a danger to which we are always exposed. In this case a huge aerolite, the size of which has not yet been computed, passed over Spain, and was seen from different cities in full daylight, and at a height computed at twenty miles. There was an explosion, which frightened every one, and the concussion of which did damage to houses in the city. This meteor is the largest one on record, and was possibly a mile across.

The Illinois Republicans hold their state convention on April 19. — *New York Sun.*

The Illinois Republicans will hold their state convention April 19.

BOOK REVIEWS.

HARPER'S BOOK OF FACTS. A classified history of the world, embracing science, literature, and art. Compiled by Joseph H. Willsey; edited by Charlton T. Lewis. 954 pp. Three-quarter leather. $10.00. New York: Harper & Bros. 1895. Sold only by subscription.

A reference book of incalculable value to writers is "Harper's Book of Facts," which supersedes Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates," until now an indispensable part of any well-furnished library. Useful as it has always been, Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates" has not met all requirements, because, being an English book, it has been devoted chiefly to English and European topics, with comparatively little about America. Recognizing this defect, the compiler of "Harper's Book of Facts" has completed a work in which the want of information about the United States is thoroughly supplied. The new book contains all that is useful in Haydn's work, rewritten and rearranged, and, in addition, about as much again on American topics, all of its information being gathered from trustworthy sources, and brought fully down to date. The amount of information that has been crowded into its 954 broad and clearly-printed pages is simply astounding. No other single volume of reference contains anything like as much, and no other one reference book is likely to be of as much use, especially to writers. As the *Literary World* well says: "It is not a biography, and yet

almost every name of note will be found in its pages (under the title of some fact associated with each individual's life). It is not a history, and yet the data — the bones — of all history will be found in its collections. It is not a treatise on the sciences, and yet the steps of all scientific progress can be traced by it. It is not a mere chronology, for the world's dates are here clothed with vital interest." It is, in short, as the preface describes it, "a handbook of universal knowledge, which will furnish ready and accurate answers to the questions of fact which are likely to rise in active, inquiring minds." Its arrangement is such that an almost incredible amount of information is given in small space. The United States, for example, and every state singly, are represented by chronological tables, in which the origin, foundation, political changes, and economic activities of each may be read. Each of the principal cities is similarly treated. Events of national importance are themselves independently recorded, and the salient facts of general topics, from yacht racing to famines, from earthquakes to arctic explorations, from court trials to the history of literature, from bicycling to all the sciences, are recorded in detail. Many of the facts indexed in the book are not included in any other book of reference. Altogether, "Harper's Book of Facts" is essential to every owner of a library. Certainly, no writer can afford to be without it.

OLD BOSTON. Reproductions of etchings in half-tone. Etchings and text by Henry R. Blaney. 139 pp. Cloth, in box, $2.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1896.

Every one who is interested in the history of Boston — and what cultivated person is not? — will want to own a copy of Mr. Blaney's book. The etchings reproduced in it were made by him from pencil studies of old buildings, passageways, streets, and byways; from prints of rare wet-plate negatives, taken from 1855 to 1869; and also from recent negatives. Many of the old buildings shown have been demolished in the work of "improvement," but, as the author says, these etchings may "still keep their memory green in the minds of all good Bostonians and lovers of Revolutionary history." The process of etching is one that lends itself well to such work, and Mr. Blaney's pictures — accurate to the life — have a quaintness that well preserves the flavor of the old city from 1650 to 1800. Each picture is accompanied by appropriate descriptive text.

THE ROYAL NATURAL HISTORY. Edited by Richard Lydekker, B.A., F.R.S., F.Z.S. Parts XI. — XIX. Each 96 pp. Paper, 50 cents each. New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 1896.

The serial publication of Warne's "Royal Natural History" is more than half completed, nineteen of the thirty-six parts of which it will consist having now been issued. Part XI. describes the American deer, the camel family, the pig family, and the hippopotami, and begins the tapirs and rhinoceroses. Part XII. concludes the rhinoceroses, and describes the horse tribe, the elephants, and the manatis and dugongs. Part XIII. continues the cetaceans, beginning with the whales, porpoises, and dolphins, and begins the rodents with the squirrels. Part XIV. continues the rodents with the beavers, the mouse-like rodents, the octodent tribe, porcupines, and agutis, and begins the hare family. Part XV. completes the rodents and edentates, and takes up the pouched mammals — kangaroos, opossums, etc., and the egg-laying animals, such as the duck-billed platypus, etc. Part XVI. begins the very important department of the birds, which is continued in parts XVII., XVIII., and XIX. The price of the complete work, which will contain 3,465 royal octavo pages, illustrated with seventy-two colored plates and 1,600 other pictures, many of them full-page cuts, is only fifteen dollars.

ON THE POINT A summer idyl. By Nathan Haskell Dole. Illustrated. 252 pp. Cloth. Boston: Joseph Knight Company. 1895.

"On the Point" is a natural story about a pleasant and cultivated, but not burdensomely rich, family, which had the good fortune to be asked by a governor to occupy for the summer his cottage on the Maine coast. Mr. Dole has told of its experiences in charming fashion, and Mr. Knight has made the book very attractive with stylish binding, paper, and print, and with some half-tone chapter headings that really illustrate the narrative.

WHAT I TOLD DORCAS. By Mary E. Ireland. Illustrated. 354 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1895.

"What I Told Dorcas" is an original story by Mrs. Ireland, whose name has been made familiar by numerous excellent translations. It is meant to be of special interest to mission workers, and was written partly to supply the need of a lively, suggestive, continued story, so constructed as to be read satisfactorily in monthly installments at the meetings of missionary societies. The book is non-sectarian, and will be equally welcome in Sunday school libraries and in the home circle.

THE WOMAN'S MANUAL OF PARLIAMENTARY LAW. By Harriette R. Shattuck. Sixth edition, revised and enlarged. 284 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1896.

Now that so many women's clubs exist, the usefulness of such a manual as Mrs. Shattuck's is self-evident. As the daughter of the author of "Warrington's Manual," and his assistant when he was clerk of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, Mrs. Shattuck would be well fitted to prepare such a work even without the twenty years of experience that she has

had in connection with women's organizations. In preparing her manual she has compared and studied all the parliamentary authorities, and has adapted the established fundamentals to the needs of women's organizations. Her book is simple, clear, and comprehensive, and it may safely be followed as an authority. The two facts that it has been adopted by more than fifty of the leading organizations of women through the country, and that five editions of the work have been exhausted, are sufficient evidence of its usefulness and value.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

To Renew Steel Pens. — A steel pen that has been used until it appears to be spoiled may be renewed by holding it over a flame (a gas light, for instance) for a quarter of a minute, and then dipping it into water, when it will be fit for use. A new pen which is too hard to write with may be made softer by heating it thus. I have just tried the experiment with the pen with which I am writing this, and find that it works much better than it did when I began. A. F.

BOSTON, Mass.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added*. Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

SOME MEMORIES OF HAWTHORNE. — II. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for March.

E. A. MACDOWELL. Edith Brower. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for March.

THE ELDER DUMAS. Illustrated. Emily Crawford. *Century* (38 c.) for March.

ON AN AUTHOR'S CHOICE OF COMPANY. Woodrow Wilson. *Century* (38 c.) for March.

THE PERILS OF SMALL TALK. Allan McLane Hamilton. *Century* (38 c.) for March.

THE DECADENT NOVEL. Edward Fuller. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for March.

CHAPTERS FROM A LIFE. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for March.

WOMEN COMPOSERS IN MUSIC. Mrs. Theodore Sutro and Mrs. Hendrickson Smith. *Jenness-Miller Monthly* (13 c.) for March.

MAETERLINCK AND EMERSON. Hamilton Osgood, M. D. *Arena* (28 c.) for March.

THE BEST THING COLLEGE DOES FOR A MAN. Charles F. Thwing. *Forum* (28 c.) for March.

FRENCH BINDERS OF TO-DAY. S. T. Prideaux. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for March.

THE "STRONG STORY." Charles Dudley Warner. Editor's Study. *Harper's* (38 c.) for March.

BERNHARD GILLAM. With portrait. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for March.

BOTANY AND BOTANISTS IN NEW ENGLAND. Illustrated. James Ellis Humphrey. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for March.

MRS. MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM. Beatrice Harraden. Reprinted from the *Critic* in *Current Literature* (28 c.) for March.

EDWARD W. BOK. With portrait. Arthur Reed. Reprinted from *Boston Journal* in *Current Literature* (28 c.) for March.

ALFRED AUSTIN. With portrait. Frederick James Gregg. *Book Buyer* (13 c.) for March.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. John Henderson Garnsey. *Book Buyer* (13 c.) for March.

THE LAUREATESHIP. Kenyon West. *Independent* (13 c.) for January 23.

EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN. With portrait. Wendell P. Garrison. *Book Buyer* (13 c.) for February.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Walter Blackburn Harte has removed to East Aurora, N. Y., and the *Fly-Leaf* has been combined with the *Philistine*.

Cleveland Moffet won the prize for the best bicycle story offered by *Godey's Magazine*.

Professor Frederick Nicholas Crouch, the aged author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," is suffering from an attack of heart trouble, aggravated by poverty and want, and it is thought that his end is near at hand. His home is in Baltimore.

It is said that Anthony Hope recently declined $750 for a short story, the reason being not that he did not care for the check, but that he did not care to spend his strength on anything but long novels in the future.

H. C. Bunner, editor of *Puck*, who went to California for his health recently, has been advised by his physician to return to New York. His disease is tuberculosis.

Mrs. Tyndall is said to be making good progress in the preparation of her husband's biography. She has at last systematized the enormous correspondence at her disposal, and has put most of her other material in order. The book can hardly be expected, however, for a year or more.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who, with their sons, have been cruising in Southern waters in a yacht during the last two months, have returned home.

The Penn Publishing Company, of Philadelphia, will publish soon a book for girls, entitled "An Every-day Heroine," by Mrs. Mary A. Denison.

The Wisconsin authors' convention, held in Milwaukee March 10--13, was fairly well attended by local authors. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Effie Hand-Martin, Milwaukee; vice-president, Mrs. Sophie H. Gudden, Oshkosh; secretary, John B. Powell, Milwaukee; treasurer, Mrs. Mary E. Buell, Milwaukee; committee on by-laws, Mrs. Effie Hand-Martin, Mrs. Sophie H. Gudden, John B. Powell, Mrs. Mary E. Buell, Miss Mildred McNeal.

Miss Frances McElrath, of Miles City, Mont., author of the principal story, "Soft Voice," in the Easter double number of the *Youth's Companion*, is a granddaughter of the late Thomas McElrath, the first publisher of the *New York Tribune*.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Chatfield--Taylor, having completed their tour of Spain, are now in London, and will sail for home April 4.

Anthony Hope Hawkins is engaged to be married to Evelyn Millard, the young English actress, who is now playing in "The Prisoner of Zenda" at the St. James' Theatre.

"Ia" by "Q" is the shortest combination of title and author yet recorded. "Q" is the pseudonym of A. T. Quiller-Couch, and "Ia" is the name of the heroine of his new story.

The publishers of *McClure's Magazine* will offer $20,000 for short stories during the coming year. Manuscripts should run from 2,000 to 6,000 words and liberal payment will be made for successful tales. The shorter the story, the more chance of success.

Stephen H. Emmens, on behalf of "Group 1 of the Plain Citizens," New York, offers five prizes of $200 each for the best essays on "The National Cost of Compulsory Poverty," "The Needlessness of Taxation in the United States," and several kindred subjects.

Harold Vynne has succeeded C. M. S. McLellan as editor of *Town Topics* (New York).

The Appletons announce a praiseworthy intention. They will make a specialty of American authors, not alone the ones who are already well known to the reading world, but those who are striving to become so. The latter, especially, the publishers intend to help in every way possible.

The *Waterbury*, Waterbury, Conn., wants contributions, and will pay fair prices for them.

In composing his latest story Robert Barr talked it into a phonograph, and had a typewriter copy it therefrom.

Dress (New York) is a new fashion journal which discusses not only clothes, but household matters.

Our Day has passed from the hands of Joseph Cook into those of Frederick L. Chapman, of Chicago, publisher of the *Ram's Horn*, and has entered upon a new lease of life, with strong editorial and financial backing. Its regular staff consists of Richard T. Ely, Carroll D. Wright, Booker T. Washington, John G. Woolley, Wilbur F. Crafts, and Anthony Comstock. W. T. Stead is the foreign editor.

Will M. Clemens has resigned his position as editor of *Chips* (New York), and has sold his interest in that publication to Frederick Batty, who for several months has been its business manager. Mr. Clemens will devote his whole time henceforth to his new monthly magazine, the *Poster*, and to publishing books.

The *Arena* has taken unmistakably to illustration. The March number contains nine full-page pictures, besides numerous smaller ones.

The *School Review* has passed under the management of the University of Chicago, and editorial communications should be addressed to the editor at Morgan Park, Ill.

James Russell Lowell's life in England, rather than his services as American Minister, is described in the April *Harper's* by his friend, George W. Smalley, then London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, now New York correspondent of the *London Times*.

The April number of the *Magazine of Art* (New York) is largely devoted to a sketch of the late Lord Leighton, president of the Royal Academy. The text is by M. H. Spielmann, and there are twenty-two illustrations, besides the frontispiece, a reproduction by the Rembrandt Intaglio Engraving Company of Lord Leighton's "Perseus and Andromeda."

"The Vivisectionist," by Carolyn Wells, in *Lippincott's* for April, describes the conduct of a novelist whom no scruples deter in the search for literary material. The story is a very amusing one.

In the April magazine number of the *Outlook* there is a feature article on the historian, W. H. Prescott, by Kenyon West. It is commemorative of the centenary of Prescott, who was born May 4, 1796.

The *Congregationalist* (Boston) was eighty years old March 12, and celebrated the event by issuing a sixty-four-page number. The *Congregationalist* was founded in 1816 by Nathaniel Willis, and claims priority in the field of religious journalism, both as respects this country and Europe.

In a forceful and discriminating paper on "The Ethics of Modern Journalism," in *Scribner's* for April, Aline Gorren says of the reporter: "He is the most representative figure in the literature of actuality. He is at the centre of the situation; he is important because he embodies the most active forces of the hour; because he is their tool, their vehicle."

Sun and Shade (New York) for February has a beautiful miniature oil-facsimile picture on the cover, and inside an oil-facsimile, four photogravures, and two photo-gelatine prints, all full-page, and of the highest excellence.

H. Phelps Whitmarsh, the author of the clever sea story in the April *Century* entitled "The Mutiny on the Jimmy Aiken," is a young Boston man who successfully combines the wholesale drug business with the art of authorship. He has in turn been a sailor, pearl diver, electrician, and business man, and was first brought to public notice by his articles on the Australian pearl fisheries. He is now engaged upon a book of adventure, which is to be published in the fall.

In *McClure's Magazine* for April, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps tells how she wrote "The Gates Ajar."

Demorest's Family Magazine for March has portraits of Julian Hawthorne, Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, F. Marion Crawford, George Augustus Sala, Ella Higginson, and Alice Barber Stephens.

About sixty art workers on illustrated periodicals met in New York March 21 and organized the Illustrators' Club. The club has quarters at 95 Fifth avenue, and already has nearly 100 members. Walter H. Goater is the corresponding secretary.

The *Cosmopolitan's* offer to Mr. Gladstone of a dollar a word for an article on any topic he might choose was declined. *St. Nicholas* once made the same offer to Tennyson, which was accepted. Bonner once paid Dickens $5,000 for a poor story of about 7,000 words.

A writer in the *Chautauquan* says that there are, in round numbers, 20,000 periodicals in the United States, that their combined circulation is 4,681,000,000 a year, and that they pay out $68,601,538 to 106,095 employees and $38,955,322 for paper. The circulation evenly divided would give sixty-seven periodicals a year to every man, woman, and child in the country.

The name of the new Philadelphia periodical, the *Penny Magazine*, is a little misleading, for its price is five cents a number, and twenty-five cents a year. The first number contains seven stories.

The *Library Journal*, New York, has just completed its twentieth volume and year, and its editor, Mr. Bowker, in the first page of the twenty-first volume, gives a little history of its origin and work.

Judge Thomas Hughes died at Brighton, England, March 22, aged seventy-two.

Lady Isabel Burton died in London March 22, aged about sixty-five.

Edward King died in Brooklyn, March 28, aged forty-eight.

Mrs. Elizabeth Charles, author of "The Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family," died at Hampstead, England, March 29, aged sixty-eight.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. IX. BOSTON, MAY, 1896. No. 5.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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SOME COUNTRY CORRESPONDENTS.

Some six years ago I was engaged in moulding public opinion on the leading weekly moulder in Vermont. About all of the communications of its large army of correspondents passed through my hands to be "Englished," and I often wondered if all country correspondents were like unto ours.

Our paper had a style peculiarly its own. Its many eccentricities had been faithfully followed for years before I took hold, and may yet be followed, for aught I know, although the creator of that style has passed to his reward. This editor was a stanch Episcopalian, and he recognized but two churches, the Episcopal and the Roman Catholic; so the word "church" was permitted in the paper only when used in connection with either of those denominations. Baptists, Methodists, and the rest, held their services in meeting-houses, houses of worship, sheds — anything except churches. Again, the word "ill" was always substituted for "sick," except where nausea was inferred. The possessive apostrophe was allowed only when it was unavoidable, and John Brown never visited "his father, William Brown"; but always "William Brown, his father."

Of course, one of the first things a correspondent should strive to do is to make the phraseology of his communications conform as closely as possible to that in use by the newspaper for which he writes. If this advice was ever given to the correspondents of our paper, it was entirely wasted. For three years I edited the "Squashville Squirtings," the "Lonelyville Locals," and the "Pumpkinbury Paragraphs." I altered, amended, and rewrote them until the authors of their being must sometimes have found it difficult to recognize them. The items were changed, but their writers were not. They persisted in reporting that the Methodist "church" had been painted; that Bob Smith was "sick" with quinsy sore throat; and that George Laraway was visiting "his father, John Laraway."

Among our correspondents there were some especially hopeless cases. One utterly irreclaimable scribbler dated his letters from a New Hampshire border hamlet, the contributions of which to the world's history consisted chiefly of marriages, births, and deaths. Each week I rewrote the least trivial of the paragraphs in his batch, while some of them, in the original manuscript, adorn my scrap-book. As a horrid example to all country correspondents who, through ignorance or shiftlessness, leave to the editor the task of making their news grammatically

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and orthographically respectable, I quote a few items from our old New Hampshire paragrapher. Perhaps his most ambiguous effort was the following, in which he detailed the "brutal suffering" of a horse that appears to have been provided with a chimney: —

"they is one of the most brutal horse suffering in town that has happened for years years Napoleon Rock went to one of our neighbor the other day and tyed his horse and put on the blanket and the chimney burnt out and a spark sticking the horse burning the from his hind hip half way to the neck and the horse is suffering teriably from the burn it has got so bad the flesh is falling off from him now and it high time the law should pick up such cases."

Here is the style in which he phrased all items of a similar nature: —

"Henry Bailey raised 62 bushels from 2 achres of ground."

"Bry Marshall has sold his barn to Frank Frost for 20 spot."

A chapter of accidents was the following, the efforts of the narrator to describe a number of incidents at once seeming to have prevented his shedding light on any one of the casualties: —

"Jame's Lamott was in bad luck last week he went into the wood on Tuesday and his hired man run his oxen into a tree and broke his neck and a day or two after they fell a tree onto another one leg lameing him up and on Fri he got a pair of horses into his mill pond and like to drowned them but with plenty help he manage to save them."

When my time was limited, it not infrequently happened that our quaint correspondent's effusions were waste-basketed. Then would come this communication: —

"Mr. Editor: I will send you a few items this week as I have sent them along but don't get and do not know why they don't if you don't want them please let me know and I will stop."

So far as I know, he never received the fatal message, because his weekly scrawl furnished genuine amusement to everybody in the office, from the devil up, and we preferred to let him wonder in his inimitable style why he "didn't get."

MANCHESTER, N. H. *Bert Leston Taylor.*

FICTION AND ETHICS.

The strain-and-stress of this work-a-day world is so powerful that the motive which ought to control literary productions is frequently lost from sight. A little statement has been made that three-fourths of the yearly issue of books and periodicals would be wanting if the "pot-boilers" were rejected. This is hardly the place or the occasion to estimate the value of such contributions, save in a single sense, and in this wise they must be judged from the same point of view as the other one-fourth.

The question which should present itself is simply this: Will my writing contribute anything toward the uplifting of mankind? It is not enough that it shall furnish interest for a single hour, if that pleasure shall be tinged with misanthropy, or the faintest shading of the Sun of Righteousness. There is no escape from the old cry, "He that is not for me is against me," and we are beginning to realize that learning to read is no boon to humanity unless we learn *what* to read. So, too, of course, the vast increase in the army of pen-workers, while an outward indication of progress in the direction of independent thought and expression, is in reality only a questionable step in advance, since our book stalls are flooded with all sorts and conditions of reading matter,—much of it leading to marked depravity in morals.

A person who has long studied the factory system of a progressive state has observed that, within a quarter of a century, the mill girls have become inveterate readers. This simple statement argues well, for twenty-five years ago they read almost nothing; but when it is followed by a list of the titles taken at random from their shelves, a blow is struck. The adventures of a succession of Arabellas, who have begun life as lowly maidens, and have wedded riches through the combined effect of rosy cheeks and becom-

ing hats, certainly color the whole course of the readers' lives. The simple girls who do marry "beneath them" revenge themselves upon fate by granting to their offspring extended opportunities for display.

It is a mournful experience to have a bright servant girl reject English history and invite her employer to enjoy the pages of a dime novel, saying, "It keeps you in a quiver from begining to end." How can we wonder at this when first-rate publishing houses send forth requests for "deep-laid plots," "something of absorbing interest," "unusual situations." The reading public clearly sees the trend of fiction toward veritable sensationalism, and the critics cloak the tendency beneath the phrase, "Peculiar genius of the time."

When one rebels against the fantastic fiction that has gained such a foothold, he is reminded that Fielding and Smollett, Rabelais, and, indeed, the "Decameron," hold each and all such pictures as offend the decent. Let it be remembered that such were not ideals, but true representatives of the life of the period, and that returning either to their standards of morality or forcing a false romanticism upon twentieth-century readers is a direct violation of our ethical teaching.

It is plain that the quality of the work of today is graded to suit the demand, and men rush eagerly into channels which their better judgment would teach them to avoid. And why? Largely for the reason that the pot *must* boil, and that it will boil far sooner and faster by means of these extravagant pictures of life.

It *is* difficult to ask one striving to feed and clothe a family to flee from temptation in the shape of bank-checks, easily earned when once a "reputation" is established. But is it fair to a community to hold such a writer guiltless? The seeds he is sowing will assuredly sprout and bring forth Dead-sea fruit. Life itself always takes on the color of the light thrown over it. True, there are marriages contracted on a no less insecure basis than rosy cheeks or finery; but it is exactly these that we are struggling with in our divorce courts, and that bid fair to stain our whole conception of domestic life. The custom of dwelling in thought among people of reckless habits and unlimited income is destructive to the well-being of the multitude. A kind of rebellion against fate is engendered, that doubles the hardships of the common lot. We need vigorous protests against any theory of life except that which says, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." We need the assurance that "sowing" is a daily task—not one that is ever finished; that the comfort which comes through forgiveness is the comfort of having turned away from evil, not the comfort of feeling that a reward is in store. But how distinct this is from the tendency of exciting fiction! It may be that the hero is brave and — occasionally — blameless; but his material reward is invariably in waiting for him. When a career of bloodshed is passed, and the last robber or villain is disposed of, there rolls to his feet a succession of "golden guineas," which puts him at ease in the world for the remainder of his days. Or the despairing lover suddenly finds his happiness close to his side, through some daring intrigue.

A bright person recently told the writer that his own career had been so checkered with disappointment, that he sought only such fiction as concluded with the complete satisfaction of the hero's desire, whatever it might be; but he admitted great reluctance to offer such pabulum to his growing boys!

He was a bold man who wrote: "That blessed book, 'Beside the Bonny Briar Bush,' has comforted not a few who had begun to fear that delicate sentiment, free from plot or excitement, would never again rejoice their hearts. But (and it is a fearful admission to make) I gravely doubt whether the book, had it been written by an American, could have achieved success. Just at this period we are bound to follow English fashions, and are so steeped in false sentiment that the few refined stories which we have permitted to see the light have struggled for place in a way that is well calculated to cripple further efforts."

There is an ethical obligation, too, regarding the form, as well as the substance, of literary endeavor. Not all critics are just. Favoritism creeps into the best of magazines and journals, side by side with poor judgment; but he is certainly not one of the "elect" — the man fitted to teach through his pen — if he cannot discrim-

inate against himself. Whosoever wishes well for literature must needs be a stern critic of his own work. He owes his *best* to the world. If he aims to sow broadcast as many lines as "the public will pay for," rapid though they be, some will suffer, and the recoil will be upon his own character.

To seek for a renewal of simplicity, genuine emotion, is vain so long as the passions are played upon by a continual stream of false sentiment, and the outpouring will never cease until the demand for it lessens and the moral sense of literary workers is aroused.

Two parties are always necessary to effect a reform. The responsibility is generally shifted from the shoulders of the man who asks to the back of the one who supplies; but neither can work out the problem alone. Possibly the latter has the larger opportunity to make conditions better, and if he will but heed the call, there is hope for the future of our fiction. However much we may glorify "imagination," it is the acme of art so to picture simple situations that they appear as the very breath of reality. Goethe has told us that the ability to lead the reader into the belief that he is following a relation of actual events proves its own importance.

Imagination, strained beyond its legitimate boundaries, playing upon the credulity of mankind, belongs to a lower range, and is far easier to cultivate. It is in the restriction of such power to the limits of reason and in accordance with nature that "power" lies.

That "truth is stranger than fiction" does not in any way disparage these statements, and so-called talent works its way upward by means of keen perceptions, appreciative watchfulness of the play of circumstances, not in carrying the lesson outside the pale of actuality. It is in acknowledgment of these things that mediocre writers spring into prominence, like mushrooms, in a single night, to be trodden under foot and forgotten almost as quickly; and it is as certain as the rising and the setting of the sun, that the day of gross exaggerations, of license — not liberty — in dealing with life, shall pass away; but it is the duty of the writer to aid and abet its downfall — to strive for a place where he wields an honest pen, clean-tipped and guarded from the ink roll of venom that is calculated to embitter existence and falsify the purpose of the Son of Man.

Mrs. S. M. H. Gardner.

ANDOVER, Mass.

BUSINESS-LIKE PUBLISHERS.

It would be a boon to writers if all publishers would take pains to explain what given remittances cover. If they pay on publication, it would be but courteous (and I think business-like) to send promptly to each contributor a marked copy of the number in which his article appears.

There are a few journals that have a system so good, — from the writer's point of view, — that it ought to be accepted by others. If it were once adopted, I think the results would compensate for the added trouble involved.

I am led to these thoughts by the receipt in this mail of a printed blank explaining a small remittance from *Babyhood.*

It reads as follows: —

5 Beekman street (P. O. Box 3,123),
New York, April 1, 1896.

Mr. C. S. Wady,
27 School street, Boston.

Please accept our thanks for your article, published in No. 137, entitled "Hour-Glass." We enclose $1.25 for same, and send a copy of the magazine by this mail.

Very truly yours,
BABYHOOD PUBLISHING CO.

The writer who receives such business-like treatment as that from a paper is impelled to further dealings with it, even though its rate

may be lower than that of another paper the methods of which are unsatisfactory. I often get remittances for matter published from thirty to sixty days before the date of check, with no intimation of what articles the check covers, and sometimes with no mention of date of publication. *Clifton S. Wady.*

BOSTON, MASS.

ADVICE FROM NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, than whom the fiction-writer could have no better model, once urged his life-long friend, Horatio Bridge, to keep a journal of a projected trip to the west coast of Africa. He at first wished Mr. Bridge to use his material in a series of magazine articles, but later concluded it had better be brought out in book form at once. Hawthorne offered to edit it, and thus lend his name, which was already becoming famous, to the enterprise. Mr. Bridge agreed to this on condition that Hawthorne should have the copyright and enjoy the profits, if such there were. The book, entitled "The Journal of an African Cruiser," was a complete success.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Hawthorne to Mr. Bridge just before the latter was to start for Africa. It is replete with suggestions helpful to any writer: —

"You must learn to think better of your powers. They will increase by exercise. I would advise you not to stick too accurately to the bare fact, either in your description or your narrative; else your hand will be cramped and the result will be a want of freedom that will deprive you of a higher truth than that which you strive to attain. Allow your fancy pretty free license, and omit no heightening touches because they did not chance to happen before your eyes. If they did not happen, they at least ought, which is all that concerns you. This is the secret of all entertaining travelers. If you meet with any distinguished characters, give personal sketches of them. Begin to write always before the impression of novelty has worn off from your mind, else you will be apt to think that the peculiarities which at first attracted you are not worth recording; yet those slight peculiarities are the very things that make the most vivid impression upon the reader. Think nothing too trifling to write down, so it be in the smallest degree characteristic. You will be surprised to find, on reperusing your journal, what an importance and graphic power these little particulars assume. After you have had due time for observation, you may then give grave reflections on national character, customs, morals, religion, the influence of peculiar modes of government, etc."

In another letter Hawthorne says, "Look at things, at least some things, in a matter-of-fact way, though without prejudice to as much romantic incident and adventure as you can conveniently lay hold of."

A young writer is apt to think that his very first effort should prove a masterpiece and be accepted by editor or publisher. If disappointed, many a one there is who gives up in despair and ceases to try. But why should not literary powers as well as others "increase by exercise"? The writer who can feel that he is doing better work each day, each week, each month, has far greater cause for self-gratulation than he who attains sudden fame for a day, and then finds himself unable to do as well again.

Hawthorne's advice as to not sticking "too accurately to bare fact" is thoroughly artist

advice. The painter from nature has the same rule laid down for him. We want in the pen-picture, as in the brush-picture, enough of the ideal to relieve the real from becoming commonplace, and to cause the particular truth to give way to the higher general truth.

Beginning to write "before the impression of novelty has worn off" is a most practical suggestion. Oftentimes we neglect that very thing, and in an after-description of a place or person find the image we wish to reproduce already growing hazy and dim. Then, too, a writer often has a thought, or a suggestion, or a plot come to him, perhaps in his wakeful hours at night, or when he is hurrying along a crowded street, or engaged in some necessary occupation. It seems to him good, but after two or three days of waiting till a convenient time, the thing has slipped away from him or seems not worth the writing. The novelty has worn off. These things that come to us should be jotted down, in outline at least, as soon as possible. A note-book is quite a necessary thing to have, and as an adjunct to this, a practical knowledge of stenography is of almost incalculable value. Descriptions of scenes and persons that may strike one as suitable for future use may then be sketched from the life; and conversations and characteristic speeches may be jotted down verbatim.

If the writer who is fortunate enough to have an opportunity for traveling will go armed with Hawthorne's advice, a camera, a note-book, and a working knowledge of shorthand, he may collect even in a short journey material for many an interesting and acceptable story, or sketch, or descriptive article. *C. M. White.*

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.

"OUR CUSTOMARY RATES."

SCENE. — *Editorial rooms of the Evangelical Sponge. Editor-in-Chief, seated at a fine roll-top desk, writing. Assistant editor working over a pile of manuscripts at a baize-covered table in the corner.*

Assistant Editor. — Dr. Porous.

Editor-in-Chief. — Well?

Assistant Editor. — Here is a very good article, which has just been sent in, on "Justification by Implication." It would make an excellent leading paper for our columns next week, touching, as we do, upon the subject editorially. But, unfortunately, the writer expects pay for his work.

Editor-in-Chief. — Ahem! Where does the writer reside?

Assistant Editor. — In Bogswamp, Maine.

Editor-in-Chief. — Will you ring up the mailing-clerk and ask him if any copies of our paper go to Bogswamp?

Assistant Editor (*removing his ear from the speaking-tube*). — No, sir. He says we have no subscribers in Bogswamp.

Editor-in-Chief. —Very well, then. You may mark the article on "Justification by Implication" for use next week. You know our rule is not to send any copies to contributors unless they pay for them.

Assistant Editor. — Yes, sir.

Editor-in-Chief. —Very well. (*Resumes writing, but suddenly looks up.*) By the way, Jones, did any stamps accompany the manuscript?

Assistant Editor. — Yes, sir.

Editor-in-Chief. — You may put them here in the tray.

TWO MONTHS LATER.

Assistant Editor. — Dr. Porous, do you remember that article on "Justification by Implication" which we printed six or seven weeks ago?

Editor-in-Chief. — Yes. A very good one it was, too.

Assistant Editor. — Well, the author is beginning to get anxious about it. This is what he writes: (*Reads.*) "Editor of the *Evangelical Sponge:* Dear Sir, — About two months ago I sent you an article, entitled 'Justification by Implication,' with postage for return, if not available at your customary rates. May I ask what decision you have made regarding it? If it is not available for your columns, you will confer a favor by returning it at your earliest convenience, in order that I may offer it elsewhere." What reply shall I make to this letter, sir?

Editor-in-Chief. — You may ignore it for the present.

Assistant Editor. — But the gentleman encloses a stamp for reply.

Editor-in-Chief. — Indeed! So much the better. You may put it here in the tray.

TWO WEEKS LATER.

Assistant Editor. — Well! Here is another letter from the author of "Justification by Implication" — a rather saucy one, too.

Editor-in-Chief. — You may read it.

Assistant Editor (*reads*). — "Editor of the *Evangelical Sponge:* Dear Sir, — A friend informs me that you used my article, "Justification by Implication," some months ago. I am surprised that you should not have notified me in some way, at least by sending a marked copy. My article, as you will recollect, was offered for publication 'at your customary rates,' and I must call your attention to the fact that it has not yet been acknowledged by check. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am, etc." May I ask your advice in replying to this letter, sir?

Editor-in-Chief. — Certainly. You may send the gentleman two copies of the issue containing his article. Write him, making some apology for the delay, and say that we accepted his article in good faith "at our customary rates," which are insertion without compensation.

Assistant Editor (*hesitatingly*). — Y-e-s, sir. Thank you. (*Proceeds to write.*)

Editor-in-Chief. — One moment, Jones. Were there any stamps in this last letter?

Assistant Editor. — No, sir.

Editor-in-Chief. — M'm. All right.

ONE WEEK LATER.

Assistant Editor (*reading letter*). — Dear me!

Editor-in-Chief. — What is it, Jones?

Assistant Editor. — We have another note from the author of "Justification by Implication." He says: "Your quibble about 'insertion without compensation' being your 'customary rates' is as contemptible a piece of sneaking as I ever knew. Every editor understands perfectly well what a contributor means by 'customary rates,' and to try to excuse your theft of my article by such a mean, low, white-livered trick as you have adopted is enough to make an honest man sick. I expect to be in the city this week, and shall call at your office to settle the matter."

Editor-in-Chief. — Astounding, Jones, astounding! The fellow is evidently no clergyman.

Assistant Editor. — No, sir. I think we made a mistake in giving him the title, D. D.

Editor-in-Chief. — Well, Jones, I suppose you will have to see him if he comes. Really, I —

Enter office boy.

Office Boy. — There is a gentleman in the room below who would like to see the editor.

Editor-in-Chief. — I suppose it is he, Jones. You had better go down and see him. But don't bring him up here. I am very busy today. No, I can't instruct you what to say. You must use your own discretion.

Mr. Jones goes down stairs. In about five minutes he returns, nervous and pale.

Assistant Editor. — Dr. Porous, the gentleman is very determined. He says he positively will have pay for his article, and if we do not give it to him at once, he will sue us for it.

Editor-in-Chief. — Well, Jones, I suppose we shall have to yield to his insolence. You may draw him a check. Here is the check-book.

Assistant Editor (*with a sigh of relief*). — Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. For how much?

Editor-in-Chief. — Oh, about a dollar and fifteen cents.

Paul Pastnor.

ATLANTIC, Mass.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

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*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9 and 10),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. IX. MAY, 1896. NO. 5.

While it is unhappily true that the conduct of some editors of religious journals toward contributors is such as to justify the sarcasm of Paul Pastnor in the burlesque sketch, "Our Customary Rates," THE WRITER would not be justified in publishing the sketch without saying in addition that the article by no means applies to all religious journals. Contributors who have had manuscripts accepted by such admirably-conducted religious weeklies as the *Independent*, the *Outlook*, the *New York Observer*, the *Chicago Standard*, the *Golden Rule*, *Christian Work*, the *Churchman*, and many others that might be named, know that writers may always expect fair treatment from these journals, and that no one of them would have such a contemptible thief as "Dr. Porous" on its staff. "*Dr. Porous*," however, exists, and the shame of his existence is enhanced because his work is done in the name of religion, and in direct opposition to the principles that he publicly professes. The world expects a teacher of morals to practice what he preaches, and it is justified in expressing a feeling of utter contempt for the editor of a journal called religious who is constantly engaged in swindling his contributors. While such behavior is worse in the case of editors of religious papers than in the case of other editors, however, it is contemptible in any case, and examples of "Dr. Porous" are frequent outside of religious journalism. It will be a distinct gain if Mr. Pastnor's article suggests to even one of these evil-doers that every editor, whether he be "religious" or not, ought to have a powerful and well-oiled conscience.

***

An author who wants typewriting done makes a mistake usually to take his manuscript to a typewriter who does mostly commercial and legal work. If he does, when he gets it back he is likely to find that the manuscript is typewritten on sheets of legal cap size, enclosed in a stout paper cover, and fastened together with brass staples, in regular legal form. A manuscript for the printer should not be typewritten on sheets larger than 8 x 10½ inches, and if the manuscript is short, sheets of commercial note size should be used. Brass fasteners will be only a nuisance to the editors to whom the manuscript is to be submitted, and the heavy cover will only increase the author's postage bill. Moreover, the commercial stenographer's typewriting is likely to be lacking in literary finish. Typewriting for authors is a business by itself, and it is best done by agencies or individuals who make a specialty of literary work.

***

At the same time, authors should avoid typewriters who offer to do work below ordinary rates. Some poor woman down in Virginia is advertising in one of the religious weeklies that she will do typewriting for authors at one cent a hundred words. No one can possibly afford to do good work at any such price, and the best work cannot be profitably done at less than the ordinary rate of six cents a hundred

words. So much depends on the appearance of a manuscript offered to an editor for sale that in typewriting, as with dictionaries, it pays to get the best.

* * *

The discontinuance of *Frank Leslie's Pleasant Hours for Boys and Girls* is announced. Frank Lee Farnell, who has been the editor of *Pleasant Hours* since it was started, has now taken the editorship of the *Popular Monthly*, in place of Henry Tyrrell, resigned. Mr. Farnell says that what Mr. Tyrrell said in the April WRITER about the kind of matter not wanted for the *Popular Monthly* will hold good under the new administration.

* * *

The excellent portrait of the late "Bill Nye" published in *Harper's Weekly* for March 7 must have surprised many newspaper readers, because it showed that on the back of his head Mr. Nye had quite a noticeable thatch of hair. Nye used to say that Walt McDougall, who illustrated his syndicate articles for the newspapers, robbed him of his hair in order to avoid work.

* * *

The *Boston Herald* has clipped from an enterprising contemporary this startling bit of information: "Gilbert Parker, the Canadian author, followed Rudyard Kipling's example, and married Miss Amy E. Vantine, of New York."

W. H. H.

SKETCHES OF WRITERS.

IX. — MISS ELEANOR STUART.

Miss Eleanor Stuart is the daughter of a distinguished member of the New York bar. She was born in New Jersey, June 24, 1873, and was educated by governesses at home, and also at a private school in Philadelphia, where she showed a strongly marked predilection for literature and for music, profiting by the literary tendency of the teaching. She wrote much while at school and afterward, because writing was to her a natural and almost involuntary method of expression, and she published a few short stories. Among her relatives were well-known writers, whose suggestions and criticisms she acknowledges with gratitude. Her first book was the strong and original study of life in a Pennsylvania manufacturing town, "Stonepastures," which was brought out by D. Appleton & Co. This book made its mark at once, and was received with the respect due to a new and vigorous talent. The publishers report that it has attracted general attention and has been most favorably reviewed. The author, whose pen name alone is given in this sketch, is understood to be devoting herself to other literary work. She is not a professional writer in the sense that all her time is occupied with the pen, inasmuch as her music and social engagements play a large part in her life.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

The disfiguring of the Fogg Art Museum, which was discovered yesterday morning, is one of the most contemptible acts that has been perpetrated in this university for years. — *Harvard Crimson.*	The disfigurement of the Fogg Art Museum, which was discovered yesterday morning, is one of the most contemptible acts that have been perpetrated in this university for years.
At half past 4 the fire was gotten under control. — *Chicago Tribune.*	At 4.30 the fire was got under control.
Columbia's Ram Sunk Her. — *New York Sun Headline.*	Columbia's Ram Sank Her.
On this second floor will be eighteen chambers, a large woman's reception room, and the housekeeper's rooms. — *Boston Globe.*	On this second floor will be eighteen chambers, a large reception room for women, and the housekeeper's rooms.
The city election campaign now progressing in Somerville is one of a more unique quality than has ever before occurred there. — *Boston Transcript.*	The city election campaign now progressing in Somerville is unlike any that has ever before occurred there.
John Reymouth, who was recently married at Boston, was last evening presented a costly clock and silverware by his fellow-employees. — *Boston Globe.*	Fellow-employees of John Reymouth, who was married recently in Boston, presented to him last evening a costly clock and some silverware.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

How can I number three additional pages inserted between pages 44 and 45 of a manuscript so that they cannot possibly be over-

looked? If I number them "44-A," "44-B," and "44-C," and they are dropped out of the manuscript, how is any one to know that they were ever there? R. P. B.

[When additional sheets are inserted in a manuscript, they should be numbered, say, "44-A," "44-B," and "44-C," and page 45 of the original manuscript should be numbered "44-D, or 45." Then if the three added pages are dropped out, their absence will be made noticeable by the numbering of page 45.—W. H. H.]

Will you kindly give me the address of *Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly?* G. H.

[The publication of *Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly* (New York) was discontinued with the number for April, 1895.—W. H. H.]

Is James Lane Allen, author of "Aftermath," "A Kentucky Cardinal," etc., a man or a woman? S. T.

[James Lane Allen is a man. A portrait and sketch of him were published in THE WRITER for July, 1891.—W. H. H.]

Where can I find the following quotations, or from what sources do they come?

> "Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean:
> The world has grown gray from thy breath!"

> "Teach me to live, that I may dread
> The grave as little as my bed,
> Teach me to die."

They are found in Mr. Hardy's chapter on Oxford in "Jude, the Obscure," but the poets' names are not given. Of course, I know that Julian, the Apostate, is supposed in tradition to have uttered the famous saying, "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!" but who put the saying into the couplet quoted by Mr. Hardy? As to the other lines, I think they are from the hymns of Wesley. *Paul G. Huston.*

PRINCETON, N. J.

BOOK REVIEWS.

BAYARD TAYLOR. By Albert H. Smyth. With portrait. 320 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1896.

When Bayard Taylor began newspaper work in New York, December 17, 1847, it was upon the miscellaneous department of the *Literary World*, and at a salary of five dollars a week. In addition, he had an offer from Miss Green to teach belles-lettres at her school, three or four hours a week, for four dollars more. Taylor was twenty-two years old then. He was born January 11, 1825,—"the year when the first locomotive successfully performed its trial trip,"—so that he was just as old as the railway. He wanted to get married—to Miss Mary Agnew, of Kennett, Penn., a childhood companion and schoolmate, to whom he had been for some time engaged. The realization of this dream seemed near to him when, before the end of January, 1848, Horace Greeley was so impressed with his energy and enthusiasm that he offered him a situation on the *Tribune*. Oliver Johnson had resigned, and the miscellaneous and literary department was without a chief. To this post Taylor was appointed, at a salary of twelve dollars a week, at a time when the town was full of five-dollars-a-week men, and when it was necessary to work for several papers in order to earn enough to keep life afoot. "I seem to have turned over a new leaf of life," wrote Taylor to Mary Agnew then, "and I shall write a better story upon it than the blotted pages I have left behind."

The young man's life up to this time had not been uneventful. The grandson of John Taylor, of Quaker ancestry, who was expelled from meeting for refusing to say he was sorry for making a runaway love-match with the daughter of a Swiss Mennonite of Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, he had inherited a second strain of German blood from his grandmother on the mother's side, who was of South German or East Switzerland origin. He was the fourth child of Joseph Taylor and Rebecca Way, and the first to outlive infancy. Named for Senator James A. Bayard, of Delaware, in youth he signed himself "J. Bayard Taylor," but a few years after coming of age he wisely discarded the first initial. James T. Fields wrote to him in December, 1848: "I know of no youngster who stands dearer than J. B. T., doffing the 'J.'" As Mr. Smyth says: "The 'J.' was the Mordecai at the gate of a good and poetic name."

The boy's education began when he learned to read, and that was when he was four years old. He was seven when he wrote his first poems. His fondness for books and reading and his dislike of farm labor brought him at times beneath his father's frown. His education was obtained in village schools, in Bolmar's academy at West Chester, and in Unionville academy. His first published poem appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia, in 1841. The preceding summer his first published prose work had been printed, in the *West Chester Register*—an account of a tramping tour from Unionville to the battlefield of the Brandywine. He was then fifteen years old. In 1842 he went back to the farm, but in a few weeks he was apprenticed to a printer, and became a compositor in the office of the

West Chester Village Record. His poems attracted the attention of Rufus W. Griswold, and he was admitted to the pages of *Graham's Magazine*, of which Griswold then was editor. In February, 1844, appeared his first book, "Ximena," a slender volume of poems, which brought him some pleasant letters and a little money, and gave him in popular repute a place among the poets. It was a thing more unusual then than now for a lad of nineteen to send forth a volume of verse. Taylor in after years repudiated the fifteen poems that constituted the little volume, and wished them forgotten.

By this time the young man had acquired some knowledge of German and of Spanish, and the reading of "Hyperion" strengthened a desire he had long cherished to go abroad. He determined to satisfy this longing, and bought the remainder of the time of his apprenticeship. Two weeks before the day fixed upon for leaving home he had secured no employment and did not possess a dollar toward his outfit. He walked to Philadelphia and spent two or three days in calling upon the principal editors and publishers of the city. At last he got an offer from Mr. Patterson, of the *Saturday Evening Post*, of fifty dollars in advance for twelve letters, with the promise of continuing the engagement if the letters should be satisfactory. The editor of the *United States Gazette* then made him a similar offer. Mr. Graham paid him liberally for some manuscript poems, and the delighted boy returned to Kennett with a fund of one hundred and forty dollars. With his cousin, Franklin Taylor, he walked to Washington, a distance of one hundred miles, and secured a passport. At the end of June, 1844, Taylor and his cousin, with Barclay Pennock, of Kennett, sailed for England. In addition to his other engagements, Taylor had arranged with Horace Greeley to furnish to the *New York Tribune* sketches of German life and society. Ten dollars paid for his passage in the second cabin of the Oxford, with the privilege of finding his own bedding and provision. For six months the young man stayed in Frankfort, and at the end of that time he was not only fluent in conversation, but had written rhyming German verse. His living cost him thirty-three cents a day. Leaving Frankfort, he made a long pedestrian tour through northern Germany first, and thence down into Italy. After borrowing fifty dollars from Hiram Powers, in Florence, Taylor and his friends found that they had just ninety dollars for the journey to Rome and thence to Paris. The traveler had known what it was to subsist on six cents a day, and to live upon bread, figs, and roasted chestnuts. He and his companions reached Lyons with clothes like sponges, boots entirely worn out, and pockets so absolutely empty that when a letter, with a remittance, came from Paris they had not even enough to pay the fourteen sous postage on it. By an ingenious manœuvre, one of them succeeded in borrowing a franc from their hostess, and their suspense was over. That afternoon, when Taylor bought some new shoes, he gave his old pair to the cobbler, who instantly flung them into the street, with the exclamation: "They are n't worth a sou!" Going to London, Taylor lived for six weeks by making out catalogues and packing books for Mr. Putnam and Mr. Stevens, and in June, 1846, he was safely home again.

And now he found that at home a lively interest had been awakened in him by the publication of his letters in the *Tribune*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and the *United States Gazette*. He was advised to collect his letters and publish them in a book, and Wiley & Putnam, of New York, agreed to bring them out and to pay him one hundred dollars for every thousand copies sold. N. P. Willis suggested the title "Views Afoot," and generously wrote an introduction for the volume. Six editions were sold in the first year, and the twentieth edition appeared in 1855. Soon after the first publication of the book Taylor visited Boston, and was feasted and praised by Whipple and Fields and was presented by them to Longfellow. He formed the acquaintance of Whittier, too, at about this time, and made several visits to Amesbury. Looking about him for some occupation that would yield him a fixed income, he was attracted by the possibilities of country journalism, and with Federick E. Foster began the publication at Phœnixville, Penn., of the *Phœnixville Pioneer*. The venture was not successful, and at the end of a year Taylor bought his release from the partnership and went to New York, after a year of unprofitable toil and under what was to him a serious burden of debt.

It was at this time that he was glad to accept Hoffman's five-dollars-a-week offer, with the opportunity of earning four dollars a week more as a teacher in Miss Green's school. His development in New York, however, was rapid. He made the acquaintance of many of the literary men of New York, prominent among whom at that time were Bryant, Halleck, Willis, Hoffman, and Richard Henry Stoddard, with the last of whom especially Taylor formed a close friendship. His work in the *Tribune* attracted almost instant attention, and in March, only four months after his arrival in New York, he received invitations to four additional situations. In July he was offered the permanent editorship of *Graham's Magazine* at a thousand dollars a year, but the arrangement was not concluded, although he held a nominal editorship and furnished regular contributions, without leaving New York.

Bayard Taylor's excitement during this year was intense. To no kind of newspaper duty was he averse; book notices, editorials, domestic news, foreign intelligence, reporter's notes, fell profusely from his untiring and always careful hand. He wrote fifteen hours a day. His acquaintance with literary men increased, among his new friends being George Henry Boker, T. Buchanan Read, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and Richard Henry Dana. In 1848 he visited New England, where he spent an evening with Lowell. He discharged upon the *Tribune* all the miscellaneous duties of a newspaper reporter, and had become a stockholder in the company. When the California excitement grew intense, he sailed for San Francisco, in 1849, and spent nine months in the rough life of the gold fields and in Mexico. The record of this tour appeared in book form in 1850, under the title "Eldorado." After his return Taylor's salary on the *Tribune* was increased, and he was the owner of three shares of stock. Gratification at his material prosperity, however, was mixed with anxiety about Mary Agnew, who had contracted lung trouble, from which she never recovered. The wedding, which had been set for June 19, was postponed, but finally took place October 24. It was certain then that the young wife's life would soon be gone, and two months later she was dead. Lonely and worn out with watching and anxiety, Taylor matured his plans, long held in abeyance, for a visit to the Orient. He looked into his financial affairs, found himself $3,000 to the good, and the owner of three shares of *Tribune* stock January 1, 1851, and of two more January 21. Greeley gave him leave of absence, and the editing of a "Cyclopedia of Literature and the Fine Arts," for Putnam, had provided him with the means of travel. He sailed for Liverpool, August 28, 1851.

For two years and four months he was away from home. He visited Egypt, Syria, Palestine, and Asia Minor, passed up the Nubian Nile into Ethiopia, and after he reached Khartoum proceeded by the White Nile to the country of the Shillooks. Returning to London, he proceeded thence to Spain and to Bombay, from where he went overland by cart to Indore, Agra, and Delhi, in less than two months traveling 2,200 miles in the interior. Reaching Constantinople in June, he found a letter from the *Tribune* instructing him to proceed to Hong Kong to accompany Commodore Perry's expedition to Japan. He secured the position of master's mate on the Susquehanna, but the rules of the service prevented him from writing a line for publication. After four months' service he was given permission to resign, and he arrived in New York again December 20, 1853. In 1869 he had published eleven books of travel, all of which had met with great success. His reputation as a traveler was widespread, and he had also made a great deal of money on the lecture platform. G. P. R. James once said that Bayard Taylor was the best landscape painter in words that he had ever known; and this art, the reporter's art, Taylor exercised without any attempt at "fine writing"; he simply saw clearly the thing he described, and told what he saw in a plain way. Between January and May, 1854, he filled ninety lecture engagements, even small towns paying him fifty dollars a lecture, and in the fall he delivered 130 lectures more. Meanwhile the *Tribune* was paying comfortable dividends, his books of travel were selling rapidly, and he was preparing for a Western house a "Cyclopedia of Travel," for which he was to receive $5,000. He was able at last to buy 165 acres of land near Kennett, and in May, 1860, he moved into a large new mansion which he had built there. He called his new home "Cedarcroft." The house had cost him $17,000, and in addition he had bought the stereotype plates of his books and had paid for them $5,000 more. Since 1853 he had made several journeys, and while staying in Gotha, in a house presented to him by his fellow-traveler of the Nile, Mr. Bufleb, he became acquainted with Marie Hansen, niece of Mrs. Bufleb, to whom he was married in Gotha, October 27, 1857. Through the remaining twenty-one years of his life she was his faithful helper, and after his death she edited, with Horace E. Scudder, the admirable "Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor."

With the completion and occupancy of Cedarcroft, it seemed as if Bayard Taylor was about to enter into the enjoyment of a rest that he had well earned. The later years of his life, however, though full of honor, were by no means free from care, and even anxiety about the means of livelihood. From his investment in Cedarcroft he had no income, and the expense of carrying on the place was great. His *Tribune* stock stopped paying dividends in 1872. His Quaker neighbors at Kennett did not like his ways of living, and he had been at Cedarcroft but a short time before he found himself estranged from his youthful associates. He had, however, many visitors. He never shut himself up to write. His library doors were always open, for the presence of his guests or of the members of his household did not disturb him in his work. Often he cast aside the pen, to greet a chance caller, or to welcome a friend of fame in art or letters.

Taylor loved to write. "Do you know anything more fascinating than a great white virgin sheet of paper?" he would sometimes ask. He wrote with such rapidity that he could complete a duodecimo volume in a fortnight. He

seemed never to weary, and his handwriting was exceptionally neat and fine. In the long manuscript of "Faust," there is scarcely a misformed or a carelessly made letter. His novel, "John Godfrey's Fortunes" (which is to some extent an autobiography), contains 511 pages, which made 594 pages of Taylor's closely written manuscript. The story was written, with all sorts of interruptions, in less than five months. Poetry, however, Taylor never wrote with the tearing rapidity of prose. With the exception of an occasional schediasm like "Icarus," the hundred verses of which were dashed off without blot or erasure, Taylor would spend hours over a couplet, fashioning it to the figure in his mind. He often composed a poem before he wrote a line of it. His rapid dispatch of work, therefore, was misleading. Poems were held in suspension in his mind until they were ready to be transferred to paper. When he was meditating upon the Centennial Ode, and some time before he actually began to write, he said: "The string is in soak, and the thought is crystallizing upon it." With him the rule was, first inspiration, then drudgery. The thought of "The Picture of St. John" he carried with him for fifteen years. "The Masque of the Gods," though written in four days, was long beforehand complete in his memory. His memory never turned traitor. He had no ambition to build a reputation upon his prose, but his style was always perspicuous and at times vivid. He wrote simply and concisely. It was his custom to copy his poems for the printer, and his neatly written and faultless manuscripts have misled some of his critics into thinking that he wrote without correction.

Besides "John Godfrey's Fortunes," Taylor wrote three novels — "Hannah Thurston," "The Story of Kennett," and "Joseph and His Friend." His translation of "Faust" was first thought of in 1850, was begun in September or October, 1863, and was finished in May, 1870. He toiled terribly upon it, compressing into seven years the labor of a lifetime. Over every word of it he pondered with the minutest care. Twenty or thirty synonyms for every chief word in a quatrain were hunted up, and hours, days, and weeks were spent in making the crooked words lie smooth.

From 1858 to 1867 Taylor published nine volumes and gave 600 lectures. His life was spent at Cedarcroft, in New York, and in Europe. In 1862 he went with Simon Cameron to St. Petersburg as secretary of legation, and from September to May of the following year was *chargé d'affaires*. In 1872 he went abroad again, after leasing Cedarcroft, which he had previously tried in vain to sell. His chief interest then was in the life of Goethe, which he hoped to write. In 1874 he wrote a letter from Gotha to William D. Howells, in which he said: "For two years past, except a pittance of about $750 a year from *all* my books, I have had no income at all, except my immediate earnings, and nearly all my labor for eighteen months past is not yet remunerative." In 1874 he went to Iceland for the *New York Tribune*. In six months after his return to America he lectured 130 times and cleared $11,000 by this labor. At the beginning of 1875 he went back to office work on the *New York Tribune*. His drama, "Prince Deukalion," was published in 1878. In the same year he was appointed Minister to Germany. Work and worry had broken down his health. He had been but a few months in Berlin when it became evident that medical skill could not cure his malady. He died December 19, in an armchair in his library, which was also the office of the legation.

Mr. Smyth's life of Bayard Taylor, from which this imperfect abstract has been made, is an important addition to American literary history. Mr. Smyth has told the story of Taylor's career with a grace of style, a just sense of proportion, a fine discrimination in characterization and criticism, a due appreciation of the interest of anecdote, and a genuine enthusiasm for his subject which together make his book in all respects a valuable one. There is no more interesting work in the American Men of Letters Series, of which his volume is a part.

A TALE OF A LONELY PARISH. By F. Marion Crawford. 385 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

MISS STUART'S LEGACY. By Mrs. F. A. Steel. 460 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

A ROMAN SINGER. By F. Marion Crawford. 354 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

These three additions to "Macmillan's Novelists' Library" are clearly printed from new type on good paper, and in every way are well-made books. The stories themselves need no new commendation. They are all first-class.

TOM GROGAN. By F. Hopkinson Smith. With illustrations by Charles S. Reinhart. 247 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1896.

Those who have read "Tom Grogan" during its serial publication in the *Century* do not need to be told that it is a strong and interesting story. Those to whom it comes first in book form will get even more pleasure from it than the magazine readers have had, because the charm of the story is enhanced now by all the advantages that can be gained from the best employment of the bookmaker's art. The cover picture of the heroine, by the son of the author, is as good a piece of character-drawing as that of Mr. Smith in the story itself — and that is saying a great deal. Mr. Reinhart's illustrations, too, really illustrate the text. As

for the story, it has earned the popularity that it has already won, and it is sure to excite and keep alive the interest of every new reader.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

IN BOHEMIA WITH DU MAURIER. Illustrated. Felix Moscheles. *Century* (38 c.) for May.

DE BLOWITZ: PARIS CORRESPONDENT OF THE *London Times.* With portrait. W. T. Stead. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for May.

THOMAS HUGHES AND "TOM BROWN" With several portraits. Charles D. Lanier. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for May.

SOME MEMORIES OF HAWTHORNE. — IV. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for May.

HERMANN SUDERMANN. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for May.

LETTERS OF D. G. ROSETTI. — I. 1854. George Birkbeck Hill. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for May.

MR. LOWELL IN ENGLAND. George W. Smalley. *Harper's* (38 c.) for April.

INCOMES OF AUTHORS. Charles Dudley Warner. Editor's Study, *Harper's* (38 c.) for April.

THE ETHICS OF MODERN JOURNALISM. Alice Gorren. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for April.

PROFESSOR GEORGE D. HERRON. With portrait. Hon. Charles Beardsley. *Arena* (28 c.) for April.

SOME MEMORIES OF HAWTHORNE. — III. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for April.

PROFESSIONAL INSTITUTIONS. XII. — Evolution of the Professions. Herbert Spencer. *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for April.

AMELIE RIVES, PRINCESS TROUBETZKOI. With portrait. Jennie P. Buford. *Commercial Travelers' Home Magazine* (28 c.) for April.

THE ADVANTAGE OF FICTION. M. G. Tuttiet ("Maxwell Gray"). Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for April.

THE EVOLUTION OF EDITORS. Leslie Stephen. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for April.

ENDURING CHARACTERISTICS OF MACAULAY. Thomas Bradfield. Reprinted from *Westminster Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for April.

GEORGE ELIOT REVISITED. George W. E. Russell. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for April.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON. With portraits. Harriet Taylor Upton. *Demorest's* (23 c.) for April.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT'S LETTERS TO FIVE GIRLS. Edited by Edward W. Bok. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for April.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for April.

J. MACDONALD OXLEY. Reprinted from *Home Magazine in Current Literature (28 c.) for April.*

CHAPTERS FROM A LIFE (Burning of the Pemberton Mills — Writing of "The Gates Ajar"). Illustrated. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for April.

THOMAS HUGHES. With portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for April 4.

FRENCH NOVELS FOR PUBLIC LIBRARIES. T. W. Higginson. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for April 11.

WILLIS J. ABBOT. With portrait. *Newspaper Maker* (13 c.) for April 2.

MANLEY M. GILLAM. With portrait. *Newspaper Maker* (13 c.) for April 2.

GEORGE O. SHIELDS ("Coquina"). With portrait. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for April 2.

ELBERT HUBBARD. With portrait. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for April 9.

WALT MCDOUGALL. Reprinted from *Buffalo News* in *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for April 23.

STEPHEN O'MEARA. With portrait. Reprinted from *Charlestown* (Mass.) *Enterprise* in *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for April 23.

THE LONDON WEEKLY TIMES. *Newspaperdom* (8 c.) for April 2.

STARTING IN NEWSPAPER WORK. John C. Covert. Reprinted from *Self Culture* in *Newspaperdom* (8 c.) for April 16.

NEWSPAPERS VS. BOOKS. *Newspaperdom* (8 c.) for April 16.

THE TELEGRAPHIC SERVICE OF NEWS. George Grantham Bain. Reprinted from *Los Angeles Times* in *Newspaperdom* (8 c.) for April 23.

LONGFELLOW IN HOME LIFE. Illustrated. Miss Alice Longfellow. *Cambridge Magazine* (8 c.) for March.

ETCHINGS, AND HOW THEY ARE MADE. *American Journal of Photography* (28 c.) for March.

PROFESSIONAL INSTITUTIONS. X. — Painter. Herbert Spencer. *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for March.

THE AMERICAN LITERARY CENTRE. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for March.

MARY ANDERSON AS SHE IS TO-DAY. Illustrated. Edward W. Bok. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for March.

THE USES OF PHOTOGRAPHY IN BOOK-MAKING. Illustrated. Edward L. Wilson. *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* (33 c.) for March.

FRANKLIN FYLES, THE PLAYWRIGHT. Fanny Mack Lothrop. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for March.

EDGAR WILSON NYE. With portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for March 7.

HENRY CHANDLER BOWEN. With portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for March 7.

PHILIP J. A. HARPER. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for March 14.

CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN. With portrait. *Harper's Round Table* (8 c.) for March 17.

WRITING LETTERS. *Harper's Round Table* (8 c. each) for March 24, March 31, and April 7.

NEWS AND NOTES.

William T. Adams ("Oliver Optic"), who is seventy-four years old, has returned from a three-months' foreign tour, during which he visited China, Japan, Egypt, Gibraltar, and other places of interest.

James L. Ford has gone to Europe for a three-months' trip.

Walter Blackburne Harte and Elbert Hubbard did not agree, and Mr. Harte has left the *Philistine* and East Aurora.

Francis W. Bellamy, formerly of the *Youth's Companion* editorial staff, who went recently to the *Ladies' Home Journal* as assistant to Mr. Bok, is now with the *Illustrated American*.

Anthony Hope flatly denies the report that he was engaged to marry the leading lady who took the part of the Princess Flavia in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

F. Marion Crawford has bought the old Sandy Hook pilot boat Ezra Nye, and is fitting her out for a cruise to the Mediterranean

Robert J. Finley, first assistant to Dr. Albert Shaw, in the editorial department of the *Review of Reviews*, who has been with that magazine since its first issue, has resigned, to become manager of McClure's newspaper syndicate.

A new department of book criticism has been added to *L'Art de la Mode* (New York), which for a long time has held high rank among the fashion magazines. In the May number there are seven colored fashion plates, showing "the latest things" in design, color, and material, while more than seventy black-and-white sketches present designs for every kind of costume. The letterpress is of equal merit with the illustrations.

Christian Work has removed from the Times Building to the Bible House, New York.

Varieties is a new illustrated monthly published in New York.

The *Illustrator* is the title of a new monthly magazine published at Atlanta. Its projectors are endeavoring to establish "a first-class illustrated magazine, with literary and historical features, not devoted to or limited to the South, nor sectional in any sense, yet of the South."

The *Penny Magazine* (New York) is a new miniature sixty-four-page illustrated periodical, the price of which is one cent a copy, or ten cents a year.

The *Woman's Magazine*, started in New York in January by Carl J. Adams, has failed.

A new monthly, called *Western Field and Stream; a Journal of Recreative Life in Sun and Shade*, has just made its appearance. It is published in St. Paul, and its editors are Charles Hallock and Mark Biff.

Chicago is to have a new quarterly, called the *American Journal of Theology*. It will be edited by members of the divinity faculty of the University of Chicago in coöperation with associate editors from other institutions in America and in Europe. It will be catholic and scientific in its character, and will include biblical, historical, dogmatic, comparative, and practical departments, the last including the sociological, homiletical, liturgical, pastoral, missionary, and educational divisions. The first number will be issued January 1, 1897.

The *Colonial Magazine* has suspended publication.

The *American Jewess*, formerly published in Chicago, has established its headquarters in New York. Lucien Bonheur has assumed the management.

The firm of Stone & Kimball has dissolved. Mr. Stone will continue the *Chap-Book* in Chicago.

The *Bostonian*, which began its fourth volume with the April number, has reduced its price to ten cents a copy.

Paper and Press has removed from Philadelphia to New York, and has become a weekly paper.

The *Church Union* (New York), of which Mrs. Elizabeth B. Grannis has been editor and proprietor for more than ten years, has been sold to Rev. Samuel T. Carter, one of its contributing editors. Mr. Carter is the son of the late Robert Carter, the senior partner of the book publishing firm of Carter Brothers. The *Church Union* will be published hereafter at 18 Wall street.

The *Monthly Illustrator* and *Home and Country* has removed its offices to 68 Centre street, New York City.

The *Newspaper Maker* (New York) began its second year April 2. Every number of it contains something of special interest to newspaper men.

The *Christian Secretary* of Hartford, established in 1822, has been merged with the *Examiner* (New York).

The *Christian Register* (Unitarian), of Boston, was seventy-five years old April 20, and celebrated the interesting event by printing an anniversary number containing appropriate retrospective articles by well-known writers.

The April Magazine Number of the *Outlook* has a timely article by Kenyon West on Prescott, the historian, the hundredth anniversary of whose birth will come May 4.

Demorest's Magazine for April has portraits of Jules Verne, Alfred Austin, Dr. A. Conan Doyle, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Bernard Gillam.

Harper's Magazine for May opens with an article on "Mark Twain," by his long-time friend, Rev. Joseph H. Twichell. The paper abounds in anecdote, and is embellished with a frontispiece portrait, engraved by Florian from the latest photograph of Mr. Clemens, and with pictures of his Hartford and Elmira homes by Childe Hassam.

In the *Review of Reviews* for May, W. T. Stead begins a series of sketches of great newspaper correspondents connected with the London press. The first paper deals with M. de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the *London Times*. Others are promised on Messrs. Norman, Dillon, Smalley, and Stillman, all representatives of the *Times* in various countries.

Scribner's Magazine for May opens with the most intimate account of Robert Louis Stevenson in his home-life ever published. This is the first of two papers by Mrs. Isobel Strong (his step-daughter and amanuensis) which are to be published under the title of "Vailima Table-Talk." From time to time, while acting as Stevenson's secretary, Mrs. Strong put down bits of conversation, characteristic epigrams, a jest, or serious talk — just as they occurred. These papers are therefore the authentic record of Stevenson's every-day life by one who had his confidence. The papers are illustrated from photographs in the family albums, which give an equally veracious portraiture of the family life and travels.

The leader in pictorial photography in this country is undoubtedly Alfred Stieglitz. Some account of his life and work, illustrated with many fine reproductions of his pictures, including a beautiful photogravure, entitled "Winter on Fifth Avenue," will be found in the April issue of the *Photographic Times* (New York). In the same number are a remarkable article on "Photography and Crystallization," with some interesting reproductions of frost pictures; an illustrated description of the Yosemite valley; an account of how the velocity of the "Peacemaker's" projectile was measured by photography, and many other instructive articles. All the latest discoveries in connection with Professor Roentgen's process are chronicled, with queer pictures obtained by the X-rays. The "Encyclopædia of Photography," a work containing more than 2,000 references and more than 500 illustrations, is continued. Altogether the *Photographic Times* is a model photographic magazine.

"In Bohemia with Du Maurier," by Felix Moscheles, in the *Century* for May, consists of recollections of artist life in Antwerp in the 'fifties, is accompanied by seventeen drawings and several poems and letters by Du Maurier, and both in the text and pictures throws light upon the origin of some of Du Maurier's literary work.

In an article, "Natural Science in a Literary Education," in *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* for May, Professor A. H. Tolman maintains that only a one-sided training can be had without science.

Augustus Hoppin died in Providence, R. I., April 2, aged sixty-seven.

Thomas Wharton died in Philadelphia, April 4, aged thirty-seven.

Robert S. Littell, proprietor of *Littell's Living Age*, died in Brookline, Mass., April 8, aged sixty-five.

Baron Constantin V. De Grimm, the cartoonist, died in New York, April 16, aged fifty years.

George Munro, the publisher, died at Pine Hill, in the Catskills, April 23, aged seventy years.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. IX. BOSTON, JUNE, 1896. No. 6.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.

XIII.—BY THE MANAGING EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN RULE.

The *Golden Rule* is an organ. That fact must be kept in mind by all who would contribute to its pages. Nothing can be admitted that is foreign to the aims and the spirit of the Christian Endeavor movement. It is plain, therefore, that our most useful contributors will come from the number of those who are familiar with the two and a half million young people that make up these societies, and are best acquainted with their needs and likings.

Ours is not a child's paper. It is read by many a gray-headed man. It occupies in distinctively religious journalism some such field as the *Youth's Companion* occupies so successfully in the secular world. Our writers, therefore, must have the clearness, the simplicity, the brightness and snap that appeal to youth, and also a sturdy backbone of sound thought and practical experience, such as men admire and require. The contributors that are the greatest favorites among our readers are, for instance, Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, Rev. F. B. Meyer, Dr. J. R. Miller, Dr. Wayland Hoyt, and "Pansy."

We can use almost all kinds of composition. We need about one hundred essays every year, preferably of less than one thousand words,—very much less,— and on any theme that is helpful, interesting, and unhackneyed.

We need poetry,— not rhymes, but poetry,— and prefer such simple, natural, heart poems as Susan Coolidge and Margaret E. Sangster write.

We need a few short stories, and several short serials, every year. The stories should not contain more than two thousand words, nor should the chapters of the serial, and serials of more than ten such chapters are not likely to be used. We do not want "stories" that are all conversation or all description. We do not object at all to the right kind of love stories, and we actually long for stories with good, strong, interesting—yes, even exciting—plots; but a trace of sensationalism will kill a story for our use.

We are not hungry for travel sketches, or articles on political economy, or extracts from sermons, or abstracts of the same. On the other hand, we want strong, thoughtful, devotional articles, and brief, straightforward articles on current topics. The trouble with most papers of the former sort that we receive is that they deal with platitudes, and with papers of the latter sort, that they are mere generalizations; whereas we want our writers on current topics to dig down and get the facts, and present them in a lively way, with as little philosophizing as possible. A good writer for young people on social and political reforms is a rare bird; one, for instance, who can discuss with brightness and full knowledge, and in a way attractive to young men and women, such themes as civil-

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service reform, the initiative and referendum, temperance legislation, the separate school question.

We want articles telling ways in which young people can make money at home — only these articles must be by men who know just what they are talking about, and must be brimful of live facts and figures.

We want stories of the heroism of real life — there is no better way of teaching than that. We want — well, we want anything that has life in it, and will help to make life happier and nobler. Probably the very next article we accept will not come into the above catalogue at all. Indeed, that is just what every editor wants — articles of a kind he has never printed before, and, if possible, never heard of; and the successful writer is not the one that follows up an editor's suggestion, but surprises the editor with a fresh suggestion of his own.

In our treatment of contributors, we try to carry out the name of our paper. Manuscripts are examined, usually, within a day or two after they are received. Payment is made upon acceptance, the check being sent with the notice of acceptance. When manuscripts are returned there goes with them a personal letter from the editor, or else a printed form containing a list of reasons for rejection — the particular reasons applying to the manuscript returned being checked.

We pay as much as we can afford; and we are able to pay better, probably, than the average religious paper. We are always glad to have an author fix his own price when the manuscript is sent in. If desired, we notify a writer what we think a manuscript is worth to us, that he may accept or reject the offer. We always reserve the privilege of condensing and otherwise editing what we accept.

In closing, let me say just a word to those that are thinking of sending work to the *Golden Rule* — or, for that matter, to any other paper: *Put your best into everything you write.* Don't expect to earn ten dollars by half an hour's scribbling. You are not likely to be a genius; but even a genius could not do that. He may write the poem in half an hour, but many a day's thought and living must have been back of it, if it is a true poem. Get in touch with life, and aim at life with every word you write, and live papers will gladly buy your manuscripts, and ask you to come again.

BOSTON, MASS. *Amos R. Wells.*

PUBLISHERS AND THE PUBLIC.

In a letter to the *Philadelphia Press*, the well-known correspondent, "Holland," speaking, presumably, from the point of view of the publisher, declares that a lamentable dearth of good American fiction exists at present, and that scarce one writer on this side of the Atlantic can arouse more than a passing interest by announcing a forthcoming novel.

Publishers and the public view fiction from wholly different points of view. The publishers judge it by rigid standards, raised by tradition and supported by custom. It must violate none of the ancient unities, nor offend that indefinable thing called "culture." The tried writers have learned these niceties; they can fill the well-worn moulds and turn out their productions beautifully fashioned, symmetrical, and conforming in line and proportion to the plans and specifications sacredly preserved in the sanctums. They must do so. But the numberless readers who form the public know little of the literary tape-line and steel-yards, and care less. They judge the *story*. They know when it moves and interests them, or does not; they know whether its characters are lifelike and belong to themselves; and they do not examine to ascertain if its periods poise neatly upon a hair-balance or threaten the ad-

justment of that wonderful instrument by which manuscripts are gauged for purchase. They have little reverence for traditions, but demand imaginary people who become real to them, who breathe, who laugh and cry and jest with them, and who live with them through the remainder of their days.

Scores of mail-worn tales, pigeon-holed in despair, might be eagerly read by the public if they could pierce the line of censors. Many a struggling writer has been uplifted by the honest approval of acquaintances, only to be cast down by the adverse judgment of the editors. His unliterary friends had been absorbed in his story, they did not question its proportion and its art; why should not a wider and well-paying circle of such readers also have welcomed the tale and heartily approved it? Instances of stories having been heartily accepted by the public after repeated rejections by literary Readers are not few. Indeed, there have been enough of them to chagrin the publishers and to prove the existence of two standards of judgment. Publishers are supposed to know the wants of the public, but they have stood between it and many worthy productions, while they have furnished to it hundreds which have made the unliterary readers wonder upon what mysterious rules editors can act.

It is said that the world is awaiting the advent of the great novelist of the period. To merit such distinction he must surely produce something far removed from the present order of detective tales, stories of improbable adventure hung by a tenuous thread to some historical event, literary rebuses or prize boxes, in the form of mystery tales, for which prizes are offered to the authors and secondary ones to the guessers of the mystery. Yet it is difficult to secure consideration for anything out of this order.

There is, unquestionably, a good sober class of readers that turn in disgust from the present order of fiction, with its requirements of "go" and brevity, and stipulated number of words and installments, back to the works of the old writers, where they find characters into whose inner lives they are admitted, whom they can take by the hand as friends and acquaintances and know intimately, and love. They are still reading the old tales and wondering why someone does not write others like them now, while some of our wise authors and the critics, who are the public, but allied to the publishers, are, in conscious superiority, tearing them to pieces. The people in the modern tale are like pedestrians met on a dim street in the night. There is an indistinct approach, sometimes half-recognition, a swift, close view, and a passing-by forever. The most that any recent noted character in fiction has been able to produce is a "fad." "Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,"—one touch of nature that will make all the great world of readers kin!

It is true that in the matter of printing a novel the publisher is only one, while the public is many. The world of readers has no risk. The publisher loses hundreds of dollars if the book fails, each reader but a dollar or so, at the most, if he buys a novel that he does not like. This reduces the matter to a calculation of profit and loss. The publisher has no money to venture on experiments for the betterment of literature—it is unsentimental business with him; while our writers, many of them stifling lofty aims, write after the prevailing mode; for it is a vital question of bread and butter with them. The danger is that our age will go down into literary history as one of "pot-boiling" over very quick fires.

It is encouraging, however, to read such statements as that of "Holland." If publishers are beginning to see that the present literary output is not good, and that the public is tiring of the popular writers of it, we may hope for improvement. The substantial public demands fiction and is willing to pay for it. People who make no pretensions to literature, but who, nevertheless, can detect a good story beneath a homely dress, are often heard to wish that some one would write a story long enough for them to become acquainted with its characters. When will the publishers risk the printing of a few novels on the good old lines, to be read again and again, each perusal of which seems like re-visiting a circle of dear friends, books to be talked about and thought about, to be cherished, to amuse, and comfort, and elevate, instead of the present-day novel, written largely

to while away the tedium of a railway journey, or the "between-whiles" of a summer resort, and introducing us to oracular detectives, pseudo-historical personages, votaries of questionable pleasures, artistic and hypnotic impossibilities, disporting themselves before us for a brief spell, until the rear lid of the cover forever closes over them, like the curtain over a Marionette show?

HARRISBURG, Penn. *Howard Markle Hoke.*

JOURNALISM AS A PROFESSION.

A man who has been a reporter, correspondent, and managing editor for thirty years contributed to the January *Forum* an article concerning the life of a newspaper man. The pessimism of the article is calculated to discourage writers now in the harness, as well as would-be newspaper men. Such articles are harmful. They tend to lead men downward, instead of upward.

This *Forum* contribution is a grand sneer at journalism. It is the sneer, evidently, of a disappointed writer. He says: "Work, untiring and ceaseless, is the badge of all professions, but the work of the newspaper man at forty-five is not necessarily better paid work than that of the same man at twenty-five." There is nothing new or startling about that. It applies to medicine, law, and theology, just as much as to journalism. If a man earns fifty dollars weekly at the age of twenty-five, the world will not pay him any more at the age of forty-five, or at the age of one hundred and twenty-five, unless he has progressed, broadened, and made himself of sufficient value to the world, either as a doctor, a lawyer, a preacher, or a newspaper man, to warrant increased compensation. In fact, I have seen journalists at fifty years of age who earned less than when they were twenty years younger. Why? For various reasons, but principally because they had failed to be constantly learning and increasing their knowledge and strengthening their mental bulwarks, thereby making their work of increased value as their experience increased. They failed to keep out of "ruts." On almost every newspaper staff are men who have fallen into "ruts," and, not unlike the Chinese, they continue to do about the same kind of work in about the same way year after year, until by and by they find themselves out of the race. They have sat on the fence, as it were, and "watched the procession go by." Success in any walk of life is not attained by getting into a "rut."

This *Forum* commentator complains again about the ills of journalism, saying of a writer: "But as the years roll by he begins to discern the difference between an established reputation and one that has to be made afresh every day." Nonsense! Every reputable journalist soon makes a reputation for himself — particularly among journalists — and it is as permanent as the reputation made in any other profession, whether it be a good or a bad name. The commentator continues: "Whether or no he be a writer 'on space,' he must turn out a certain amount of copy, or its equivalent, for at least fifty weeks in the year, and the fame of what he did last week is as dead as the fame of what he did ten years ago. For failing mental vigor there is no place in a newspaper office; for long service, no retiring pension." A newspaper writer who does not turn out copy almost daily would better seek other occupation. That is what he is paid to do. As to the fame earned by the copy turned out, it depends altogether on the quality of the brain of the writer. If the *Forum* commentator can turn out copy equal, say, to that once written by Mr. William Shakespeare, doubtless he will receive therefor a fame that will last for not only a week or ten years, but for ten thousand years. There is no place in any profession or business for failing mental vigor, and few professions or occupations command a pension for

long service. Pensions have been given as freely to faithful journalists as to men in other walks of civil life.

There is no reason why a journalist should receive greater consideration from the world than do other workers. The calling is one highly honorable and independent. There are "shysters" in journalism, as there are in other professions or callings, but the mass of journalists of the world need no defence from the criticisms of the *Forum* man. Every editor and reporter makes errors; but the whole trend of journalism has been, and is, to enlighten the people. Grievous mistakes are sometimes made by the press, especially in the printing of low-grade matter. These mistakes are not general, and they are recognized as mistakes by decent journalists. Almost invariably—and I speak from experience among leading journalists—the desire of all of these men is to help uplift and make better, if possible, the people for whom they work.

In journalism, as in the pursuit of any other occupation, workers will get all the reward they deserve. Labor, like water, finds its own level.

SAN DIEGO, Calif. *M. Y. Beach.*

TO BUY PAPER ECONOMICALLY.

Wondering whether the average writer understands the economical buying of paper, I thought my method might be of interest.

I go to a wholesale paper-house and ask for sixteen-pound Ashland folio. This is a paper of good, firm texture, just thick enough so that it will not trouble either writer or reader by its transparency, with a surface that lets the pen run smoothly, and not so heavy as to require exorbitant postage. In fact, it is a reasonable mean between a heavy paper, which requires excessive postage, and very thin paper, which allows the writing on the page beneath to show through and mix in a most exasperating way with the matter being read. A folio sheet is 17 x 22 inches in size.

Wear a matter-of-fact air as you inquire for a ream of sixteen-pound Ashland folio, ask the price, and then request the salesman to have the paper cut up into "eights" and ruled; cutting costs nothing, the ruling is extra. I have mine ruled, only on one side of course, with the lines five-eighths of an inch apart, and a heading of three-fourths of an inch; this gives a convenient spacing, and the head is just right for all but first-page work, and that can be set down the page just as well as if the lines were not there.

When the folio size is cut into "eights" the sheets are 5½ x 8½ inches in size; and as a ream contains twenty quires of twenty-four sheets each, there are 480 sheets in the ream of folio and 3,840 sheets when cut up. I pay in San Francisco about $2.25 a ream for the folio and seventy-five cents for ruling, making the total cost for eight reams of first-class single-sheet note-paper $3.00. As the price of paper varies, it might cost a little more or a little less at different times, but will not vary greatly. At this price the cost of a ream of single-sheet paper is thirty-seven and one-half cents, or something less than two cents a quire.

If it is desired to have blocks instead of loose sheets, the paper can be made into blocks at a trifling expense. But as it is neatly put up in ream bundles with a cover of heavy paper, it does not get mussed, and to my mind is nicer than when made into blocks.

Envelopes I need not dwell upon, as it is reasonable to suppose that every writer buys them by the box. I would recommend, however, that those of good manila be used for manuscripts, as others are apt to break.

Imogene E. Johnson.

LOS GATOS, Calif.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publisher.

*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9 and 10),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. IX. JUNE, 1896. NO. 6.

The paper described in the article on the economical buying of manuscript paper, by Imogene E. Johnson, in the present number of THE WRITER, is of good quality, but not so good as the unruled manuscript paper sold in 1,000-sheet packages by The Writer Publishing Company.

***

The *New Orleans States* says: "Mr. F. Tennyson Neely, the New York and Chicago publisher, favors the *States* with 'The Minor Chord,' a story of a prima donna in paper covers, by J. Mitchell Chapple."

***

It would please editors if women writers generally would follow some sensible advice given by the *Ladies' World*, which says: "In *writing to a stranger, unless you* are a well-known author, say Louisa Alcott, or Alice Cary, write your name as follows: —

Yours truly,
(Miss) F. M. Smith.

or,

Yours truly,
(Mrs. J. H.) Mary Louise Smith.

By thus writing you not only write your own Christian name, which you never lose, but you prevent misunderstanding, and possible miscarriage of your letter." It is the rule of THE WRITER to omit the title "Mr." in speaking of a man, or in addressing one by letter, but the title "Miss" or "Mrs." is essential, and the editor is embarrassed if he does not know which to use, particularly in addressing a letter. The rule in such cases is to omit the title if it is not known whether it should be "Miss" or "Mrs.," and when initials alone are used, to assume that their owner is a man. If Mrs. Alice Vanderbilt signs a letter "Alice Vanderbilt" and receives a reply so addressed, or if Miss Bertha J. Norris, in reply to a letter signed "B. J. Norris," gets a letter beginning "B. J. Norris,— Dear Sir," neither one has any right to blame her correspondent for apparent lack of courtesy.

***

Writers who dash off lyrics, novels, epigrams, and epics on the spur of the moment would do better, generally, to use a slate for a rough draft, and then make several revisions.

***

"I find THE WRITER very helpful, and, what is better, its advertisements are always reliable."

So writes a correspondent living in Minneapolis. Others have said the same thing before, and with good reason. No advertisement is accepted for THE WRITER unless the advertiser is known to the publishers, or gives satisfactory references as to his responsibility. Doubtful concerns are not allowed to reach writers through THE WRITER'S mediumship, and such advertisements as those of the Literary Press Agency, of South Haven, Mich., the manager of which has recently been arrested, charged with misuse of the mails, are always promptly declined. If an advertisement is printed in THE WRITER, readers may feel assured that, as far as the publishers have been

able to learn by careful investigation, the advertiser is all right. W. H. H.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

The lines,

> "Teach me to live that I may dread
> The grave as little as my bed,"

concerning the authorship of which Mr. Huston inquires in the May WRITER, are from "Glory to Thee, My God, This Night," by Bishop Ken. The poem has been set to music by Gounod, and makes an admirable sacred song. H. L. R., JR.

WINCHESTER, Mass.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

Will only elect two. —*Pittsburg Times Headline.*	Will elect only two.
A hundred years from now, dear heart, We will not care at all. —*John Bennett, in the Chap Book.*	A hundred years from now, dear heat, We shall not care at all.
One of the reforming influences of the general use of bicycles in the West is shown in the decline of the horse-stealing industry. They're not worth stealing.— *Chicago Tribune.*	One of the reforming influences of the general use of bicycles in the West is shown in the decline of the horse-stealing industry. Horses are not worth stealing.
An Utopia for Cattle. — *New York Recorder Headline.*	A Utopia for Cattle.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Mrs. Van Rensselaer, in her article in the November *Century* on "Robert Louis Stevenson and His Writing," speaks of the chapter in which Stevenson tells how his technical studies were begun, and then adds: "This chapter of Stevenson's, showing how the greatest artist of his land and day laid the foundations of his skill, and his 'Letter to a Young Gentleman' . . . should lie underneath the pillow of every youth who ventures to think, 'I will please with my pen.' And there is another chapter of Stevenson's that ought to lie with them. I have forgotten its name, and have not chanced upon it among his collected essays. I read it long ago in a magazine, and I lent it to a friend (until then my friend), who carried it off to Europe and never brought it back. It analyzed the riches, poverties, and peculiarities of the English tongue from the technical point of view." Can you tell me where this chapter may be found? S. E. N.

[The editor of THE WRITER does not know where this essay is in print. Can any reader supply the information? — W. H. H.]

Under the heading, "Helpful Hints and Suggestions," in the April number of THE WRITER, the phrase, "tried the experiment," appears. Is not this most apparent tautology? As an "experiment" is a "trial," the word "made" should take the place of "tried." It is so common a thing to see the phrase printed as it is read in THE WRITER, that I should like to have attention called to the mistake.

F. L. L.

["Tried the experiment" is not a good phrase. "Made the experiment" is right. "F. L. L.," by the way, should substitute "evident" for "most apparent" in her criticism. — W. H. H.]

In what number of THE WRITER was the article including a table giving the various synonyms of "said"? Can it still be procured, and at what cost? E. J. F.

[The article on "The Variations of Said," by Arthur C. Grissom, was printed in THE WRITER for February, 1891, and a supplementary paragraph was printed in the number for April, 1891. Either of these numbers may be had for fifteen cents each, or the bound volume of the magazine for 1891 containing them both will be sent postpaid for $1.50. — W. H. H.]

I am desirous of getting a position on some magazine like the *Nation*, the *London Spectator*, or other journal that makes a specialty of domestic and foreign politics. I appreciate, however, that for these positions there are more applicants than there are places to be filled, so I write to ask you, if, in journalism, it is possible for a young man to make some financial arrangement with a magazine by which the editor is to put him through the different departments of the journal in such a manner that, in the end, he shall have received a thorough knowledge of the business. I know that such an arrangement is often made in banks and law offices; but I have never heard of anything of the kind in journalism. It is to be taken for granted that the applicant has had the neces-

sary theoretical training of a writer before he attempts to learn the practical part. W. H. D.

[It is not usual for newspapers or magazines to take young men into their offices for the purpose of teaching them the business. Whether such an arrangement could be made can be ascertained only by direct application.—W. H. H.]

SKETCHES OF WRITERS.

X.—LILIAN BELL.

So much has been written of Lilian Bell, and at the same time so little that really does justice to her interesting personality, that it would seem the woman had been lost sight of in the study of the author.

It is hard to classify Miss Bell, as with her it is always the unexpected that happens, and to give her a label to-day would mean only that it must be changed to-morrow. She never does anything twice alike; impulsive, brilliantly humorous, with a wit like lightning, yet kindly natured and generous to a fault, she is so bewildering a combination, that to understand it one must love her and believe that under all outward appearances lie a quick, close sympathy with humanity and a nature so tender that her shrinking from giving pain is almost morbid. It seems odd at first to say that those who have known her longest sometimes do not understand her as well as a comprehending stranger. Frequently people make the great mistake of insisting that all mankind should be placed under the same rules of conventionality which govern society. But occasionally there is to be found a soul like an orchid—something different from the other flowers, demanding different laws for its cultivation and for the perfection of its beauty. Lilian Bell is an orchid, consequently she should be allowed to think and blossom as God and the gardener—Destiny—decree.

It is always interesting to study the development of a writer, and to trace, if possible, whence the talent or genius comes. A doctor in diagnosing a case once asked a young woman her nationality, and upon her replying, "Italian and Irish," he exclaimed, "Great Heavens, woman! How do you get along with yourself?" The same might be said of Lilian Bell. Her mother is from Maine; her father from Tennessee. To this strong mixture of North and South add a dash of English and German hereditary instinct, and you have Lilian Bell—a bundle

LILIAN BELL.

of brilliant contradictions—an opal, as it were, taking on sympathetic tints from a humanity which it is her greatest delight to study. Henry B. Fuller, one of the keenest critics of human nature, whose epigrams are treasured and repeated with delight, said of Miss Bell: "She is a girl whose conversation reminds me of a ribbon sale, a heap of glowing and startling colors, all apparently tumbled together, yet making a mass of brilliant harmonies."

She began writing when only a child of eight, and kept it up until, at fifteeen, it occurred to her to have something published. Her first attempts were all successful, and encouraged by this fact, she wrote freely for several years. On being questioned by a judicious literary friend, and telling him that all of her work found a ready acceptance, he exclaimed: "The very worst thing that could happen to a girl like you!" Much puzzled, she pondered over this extraordinary statement,

until, divining his meaning, she stopped all of her newspaper work, — no small sacrifice to a young girl, whose delight in her own income was only natural, — and began to study style, to read, to write, to work with only that end in view. Then she ventured her first book, "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid." Everyone knows how that delicate bit of fiction captured the reading world, and since then how constantly Lilian Bell has been in the public view. Nothing is more interesting than the unique experiences that have come to her in connection with that book. Shortly after its appearance, she received by express a beautiful marquise ring, consisting of a gorgeous sapphire surrounded by diamonds. The only inscription upon it was "To the Author of 'The Love Affairs of an Old Maid.'" It had been sent to her publishers, and by them forwarded to her, and to this day she has no clue to the generous donor.

Her mother is the power behind the throne, who is at once once her severest critic and her greatest help. She is a woman well-fitted to guide her daughter most judiciously; for she is the balance-wheel necessary to the high-strung nervous organization of her talented daughter. Miss Bell attributes the gentle criticism of the public largely to the fact of her mother's unfailing good taste and remorseless critical sense in going over her manuscripts, and is very grateful to her for the patience required in this trying ordeal. She says of her: "She is descended not only from the Puritans, but straight from Plymouth Rock."

Upon being asked the other day if she did not dread the launching of her new book, "The Under Side of Things," Miss Bell answered drolly: "What have I to fear from the public? Mamma has read it." That she is one of the most successful women writers of the day is demonstrated by the instant acceptance of everything she offers, both in this country and in England. Her English publishers cabled their acceptance of her new book before they had read the manuscript.

Wherever Miss Bell is, there is sure to be plenty of brilliant conversation; for she has the unusual gift of stimulating every one to do his best. Interest never flags, and for this reason, as well as because her hosts of friends are so genuinely fond of her, she is most eagerly sought as a dinner guest. Nothing so stimulates her to entertain a whole room full of people — as she can do without visible effort — as to feel that she is among friends who will not criticise her harshly. One of the most marked instances of this occurred not long ago, when Miss Bell was one of a party at a country house, the guests being drawn mostly from the literary element of Chicago. One of the men present, himself a writer of no mean ability, said: "If she had written a book in the mood she was in at that time, it would have been the most brilliant thing ever put upon paper." But with all this seeming light-heartedness and frivolity, there is in her nature a deep and intense stream of seriousness. As with most volatile and emotional natures, her sorrows are as keen as her pleasures; consequently she suffers more than her most intimate friends realize; but Lilian Bell serious is really in her most lovable and interesting guise. Then it is that you feel yourself on a level with her, and your natures touch sympathetically. In her other mood, you feel that it is useless to try to keep up with her; so you sit and look on, content to be entertained.

She has also a deeply religious side to her nature, and is a devout church-goer. She loves to study moral philosophy, and she says: "I crave the Bible just as keenly as I crave to dance, and I could get along without the latter much better than I could without the former." In fact, the daily reading of the Bible is a life habit. Her ideas of life are most beautiful and strengthening. She helps people over hard places by her cheerful philosophy. She has that rarest of good gifts, common sense. In speaking of the wickedness of the world and the struggle to get along, a friend said to her, "I'm so sick of it all that I'd get rid of it in any way I could — even by death." "That is very foolish," said Miss Bell; "what you need is a good dose of Carlyle." Then she quoted from "Sartor Resartus" just the fine old rugged sentences calculated to shake a woman out of morbidness, and give her a glimpse of doing the honest duty nearest her hand. "I don't see," she said, "how you people who read so

much of this horrible decadent literature live at all. What is the use of it? Why fill your minds with the morbid and vile ideas of life that are polluting the world in the novels of the day? I won't read them. They make me ill."

From these two points of view of Lilian Bell, it is small wonder that she makes such an interesting and charming young woman.

E. D. Field.

CHICAGO, Ill.

BOOK REVIEWS.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. By John T. Morse, Jr. Vol. I., 358 pp.; Vol. II., 335 pp. Cloth, $4.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1896.

It is a notable fact that the literary reputation of Dr. Holmes was chiefly made by work which he did not begin until he was nearly fifty years old. When the years had drifted along until only a couple more were required to bring him to the sobering line of the half century — to quote his biographer — his name had scarcely been heard outside of the small town of Boston. There his friends knew him only as a clever man, a medical professor who lectured creditably, a poet whose lines were good enough to have been once or twice gathered into a volume. a shrewd humorist, a merry wit, delightful in the chance encounter, not to be surpassed at the dinner table, and of much usefulness upon so-called "occasions." As he afterward said: "Lowell woke me from a kind of literary lethargy in which I was half slumbering, to call me to active service." This was in connection with the starting of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which, as Howells has well said, Holmes not only named, but made. The first issue, in 1857, gave to the world the first paper printed under the title, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" — in reality the third paper, for in the *New England Magazine*, which lived briefly from 1831 to 1835, Dr. Holmes had published two papers under the same name and of much the same plan. so that the *Atlantic* paper, printed after a lapse of somewhat more than a quarter of a century, began: "I was just going to say, when I was interrupted —." With "The Autocrat," Dr. Holmes' literary life practically began, so far as the public was concerned. The years before that had been spent in unconscious preparation, in the accumulation of the vast store of knowledge, and in the cultivation and development of the genial philosophy and subtle processes of thought that make the product of his later years so fascinating and delightful.

It is safe to say that in early life Dr. Holmes had little idea that he would attain a great literary reputation. "I am wholly undecided what to study," he wrote from Harvard College to his friend Phineas Barnes in March, 1828. "It will be law or physick, for I cannot say that I think the trade of authorship quite adapted to this meridian." It was during his first year in the Harvard medical school, after a brief experience in the law school, that, as he said in his farewell address to the medical school, delivered in 1882: "I first tasted the intoxicating pleasure of authorship. A college periodical conducted by friends of mine, still undergraduates, tempted me into print, and there is no form of lead-poisoning which more rapidly and thoroughly pervades the blood, and bone, and marrow, than that which reaches the young author through mental contact with type metal. *Qui a bu, boira*,— he who has once been a drinker will drink again, says the French proverb; so the man or woman who has once tasted type is sure to return to his old indulgence sooner or later. In that fatal year I had my first attack of author's lead-poisoning, and I have never got quite rid of it from that day to this." His first volume of poetry was published in the latter part of the year of 1836, only about twelve months after his return from his medical studies in Europe. Among the poems in the book were "Old Ironsides" and "The Last Leaf." His volume of "Medical Essays," and particularly his essay on the "Contagiousness of Puerperal Fever," first published independently in 1843, attracted wide attention; but if his life had closed when he was in his forty-eighth year, his name would not have been better known by posterity than that of many other cultivated and talented Bostonians.

To writers, perhaps the most interesting part of the contents of Mr. Morse's two beautiful volumes will be the passages relating to Dr. Holmes' methods of work and his ideas about the technique of authorship. "The matter of literary composition," says his biographer, "was a very painstaking process with Dr. Holmes. His wit and humor and thoughts flowed exuberantly enough; but he was a most careful, accurate writer. Not only when he dwelt upon, but when he even alluded to, any topic whatever, whether in the way of science or history, or argument or idea, or of literary or theological discussion,— whatever it might be,— he made sure by minute investigation that his knowledge was thorough, and that his use and treatment were correct. His hand was always on the cyclopedias, the dictionaries of biography, the innumerable works of reference of every conceivable kind which stood in serried ranks beside his table. When he was writing the essay on Jonathan Edwards, he showed me how he was doing the work. He had some large quarto blank books with the pages divided into liberal sections by lines from top to bottom; the requisite space was set aside for each division of the topic, in

the biographical, the theological, and the critical departments; the names of writers who had written of Edwards, disputed with him, criticised him, or in any way contributed to the Edwards study, were set at the heads of the several columns; and synopses of their views were then set down, in such orderly contraposition as was possible. When he had finished this huge tabulation, the doctor expected to be master of everything of value concerning his subject. I can't afford, he said, to lose *anything*. Yet he had selected Edwards as the topic for an article because he had for years been greatly interested in that terrible theologian; and before he entered upon this minute and elaborate preparation for writing, he was already so thoroughly informed that he could have delivered, ex-tempore, a lecture which would have seemed the fruit of patient study."

While he was writing "Elsie Venner," he was so desirous of having the rattlesnake vividly present to his mind as a living reptile, rather than a mere bit of natural history, that he procured a live one of pretty good size from Berkshire county, and kept it for many weeks at the medical school. He had a long stick, arranged with a padded kid glove at one end and a prodding point at the other, and he used to excite the creature, and watch its coiling and its striking, study its eyes and expression, its ways, its character. The result of the sort of personal familiarity thus established between himself and his prisoner certainly made itself felt in his book, where the rattlesnake sensation, so to speak, is marvelously, almost horribly, like life. At the same time his scientific research explored all printed knowledge concerning the reptiles and their venom.

Very accurate and painstaking was he concerning the literary finish of his work. He wrote a simple, what may be called a gentleman-like, style, of great purity, but crowded with allusions, so that it was truly remarked by one of his critics, and has been often repeated by others, that the greater the scholarship of the reader, the greater also the pleasure which he would derive from Dr. Holmes' writings. When the doctor had brought any of his work to the point of finish which suited him, he was very chary of alteration by any one else. "I very rarely adopt the suggestion of another person," he says in one of his letters, "but I have done such a thing, and sometimes been sorry and sometimes glad that I have done it. Edward Everett corrected, as he thought, a line for me, and I accepted his alteration; forty years afterward I restored the original reading." Regarding a change by another editor in a little piece called "The Last Reader," in the stanza,

> "What care I though the dust is spread
> Around these yellow leaves,
> *Or o'er them his sarcastic thread*
> *Oblivion's insect weaves,*"

in a letter to James Freeman Clarke, dated May 11, 1836, Holmes says: "My pet expression in the two last quoted lines was changed by the New York editor on his own responsibility into: —

> 'Or o'er them his corroding thread' —

which occasioned immense indignation on my part, and a refusal to write until he would promise to keep hands off." Naturally, Dr. Holmes was sensitive about misprints. On one occasion, in sending a poem to a newspaper, he wrote in the accompanying note: "Poems are rarely printed correctly in newspapers. This is the reason so many poets die young. Please correct carefully." So careful was the doctor with his copy that he received the liberal praise of his printers, a thing which I fancy has befallen few authors, at least before the advent of the typewriting sisterhood. Mr. Houghton bore tribute to his neatly-written white pages, bearing few interlineations, and those very carefully made; and said that so few corrections had to be made in going through the press that the Doctor "caused us but little trouble."

Regarding his habits of work, Dr. Holmes wrote to his friend, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, in 1871: "I cannot work many hours consecutively without deranging my whole circulating and calorific system. My feet are apt to get cold, my head hot, my muscles restless, and I feel as if I *must* get up and exercise in the open air. This is in the morning, and I very rarely allow myself to be detained indoors later than twelve o'clock. After fifteen or twenty minutes' walking I begin to come right, and after two or three times as much as that I can go back to my desk for an hour or two. In the evening it is different. I always try to stop all hard work before eleven o'clock, and take a book of light reading to clear my mind of its previous contents. . . . In composition, especially poetical composition, I stand on the bank of a river and hold myself very still, watching the thoughts that float by on the streams of association. If they come abundantly and of the right kind, there is a great excitement, sometimes an exalted state, almost like etherization, incompatible with the sense of fatigue while it lasts, and followed by a relief which shows there has been a tension of which I could not be conscious at the time." In the letter to James Freeman Clarke, before quoted, speaking of "La Grisette," he says: "Like everything tolerable I ever wrote, it was conceived in exaltation, and brought forth with pain and labor. The time at which any new thought strikes me is my Sibylline moment, but the act of composition, so exciting and so easy to some people, is a wearing business, attended with a dull, disagreeable sensation about the forehead,— only from time to time it is interrupted by the simultaneous descent of some group of words, or some unexpected image, which produces a burst of the most

insane enthusiasm and self-gratulation, during which I commit puerile excesses of language and action." In a letter to Moses Sweetser, written in 1866, Holmes says: "To write a lyric is like having a fit; you can't have one when you wish you could, and you can't help having it when it comes itself."

"Dr. Holmes," says Mr. Morse, "was more ambitious to be thought a poet than anything else. The fascination of that word of charm had bewitched him, as it has so many others. It implied genius, inspiration, a spark of the divine fire — embellishments not regarded as necessary for the full equipment of the best man who ever wrote mere prose. It signified that he was one of a very small band. Moreover, it was pleasant to think that no true poet had yet been known to glide down the sloping road to oblivion. So, beyond a doubt, Dr. Holmes wanted to be esteemed a genuine *poet;* and in the moments in which he pictured himself to himself in the most pleasing light, it was as a poet. He occasionally spoke of his manner of writing poetry, — to the effect that when he took his pen in hand, he knew not whither it would carry him: he became but a voice for the thought which was sent to him." His description of a sonnet is worth quoting — "a form of verse which suggests a slow minuet of rhythm stepping in measured cadences over a mosaic pavement of rhyme, and which not rarely combines a minimum of thought with a maximum of labor." This was written in a letter to John O. Sargent, declining an invitation to attend the annual dinner of the New York Harvard Club, and enclosing a couple of sonnets to be read at the festivities. The letter was printed in the *New York Times*, and speaking of it in a letter to Mr. Sargent, written the following week, Dr. Holmes says: "I was quite pleased with my description of a sonnet — haven't we a right to like our own babies?"

"Though all the world thinks of Dr. Holmes as a wit," says his biographer, "he was, in fact, a writer with very grave and serious purposes. From a long line of pious ancestry he inherited a conscience which was ever vigilant and almost tyrannically dominant. Nothing would have humiliated him more than to be regarded as a writer whose chief object, or, at least, principal achievement, had been the entertainment of his readers. He was a man profoundly in earnest, deeply conscientious. He wrote under an ever-present sense of responsibility. No temptation of fame, influence, or popularity would ever have induced him to state anything which he did not believe, or to withhold, or to exaggerate, or mis-color what he did believe. The accuracy and propriety which have been imputed to him in the form and substance of his writings extended to the moral element in *them. He was extremely* careful to say with *precision that which he truly* thought. The result was that in all the thirteen volumes of his collected Works there is probably not a line which he would wish to expunge. He was an entirely cleanly writer. Thirty years ago this would have been assumed rather than mentioned, but the sudden dash toward the pig-sty which has been made by so many writers lately makes it desirable to declare that Dr. Holmes was not of this herd. He had too much respect for himself, for his fellow men and women, and for literature, which he loved, to write grossly. English and American writers might declare their prurient books to be discussions of 'social problems,' and Frenchmen might allege that all nastiness is reality, and all reality is nastiness. The Doctor was not to be thus deceived. He rarely referred to this style of book, but when he did, it was with curt condemnation. . . . Dr. Holmes' personality poured through his books like a stream in flood-time through meadows, soaking and saturating them. He was in every page of the Breakfast Table Series; he was never far or long away in the novels; he lurked in the stanzas of a large proportion of the lyrics. In a word, it is fair to say that he was omnipresent. He did not work like the ant, by manipulation, acquisition, and dealing with outside materials; but he spun his books out of himself, as a spider spins his web from his vitals. The man who can do this thing well can do the most popular writing in literature. He must be an egotist; but he must be precisely the right kind of an egotist; for, if he is not so, the sensitive taste of readers — who are very fastidious upon this point — will reject him."

While the purpose of Dr. Holmes was serious, his hold upon the people was in large measure gained and strengthened by the deftness of his touch in the light "occasional" verses, which he was so often called upon to write. In a letter to Motley he himself speaks of his "fatal facility at that kind of good-natured literature." Writing to Lowell, in 1865, he says: "It seems to me that I have done almost enough of this work; *too much*, some of my friends will say, perhaps; but it has been as much from good nature as from vanity that I have so often got up and jangled my small string of bells. I hold it to be a gift of a certain value to be able to give that slight passing spasm of pleasure which a few ringing couplets often cause. read at the right moment. Though they are for the most part to poetry as the beating of a drum, or the tinkling of a triangle is to the harmony of a band, yet it is not everybody who can get their limited significance out of these humble instruments."

The obliging disposition which Dr. Holmes showed by his general willingness to grant requests for occasional poems, he showed also in his relations with innumerable unknown corre-

spondents. "Nobody's autographs," he writes to Mrs. Stowe, "will, I think, be cheaper than mine, if anybody should ever want such by and by; for I am very good-natured about sending them, even to the wretches that do not enclose a stamped envelope, with a blank for my name." He was very good-natured, also, about giving advice to unknown writers who wrote to him for counsel, and much of the advice he gave has general application. To one such writer he said: "If you have the ability and the knowledge to write what the public wants, you will soon be found out. Write in any paper, in the obscurest village sheet in the country, and you will soon be known, if you write with originality, force, beauty, scholarship, of such a grade as the public demands. If you have not some, at least, of these qualities, you will find literature an unprofitable field. Any regular employment — a clerkship, a mechanical employment — is better than writing prose or verse which is rejected by all the good paying periodicals and only serves to fill up blanks in the columns of those papers that I spoke of. You can *begin* with them, but if your productions attract no attention after a fair trial, it is not worth while to waste your strength in writing what does not bring reputation or profit. . . . As to suggestions how you shall write, what will be acceptable, or how what you write may get the consideration of editors, I can only say that if *you* do not know what you are to write upon, no stranger can tell you." To another similar correspondent he wrote: "I do not like to be asked to read and give my opinion of manuscripts in verse or prose. I fail to see the distinguishing qualities in these verses which would entitle them to a place in such a periodical as the *Atlantic*. But I have nothing to do with editing that magazine: and you can send your pieces to the editor, if you have no fear of the waste basket. You have probably no conception of the vast number of young persons who write passable, and even pretty and pleasant, verse nowadays; it is a very common accomplishment, if it deserves such a name, for it leads many persons to write who have nothing in particular to say, and who are fascinated with the jingle of their own verses. I will not criticise your lines; I do not see why you should ask me to. Send them to the magazines; and if they all reject them, send them to any newspaper that will print them, if you think they are worthy of being made public; and if they have any originality, any real merit of any kind, you will soon be found out, you may depend upon it." To still another correspondent he wrote: "I do not even know how to advise you, beyond this simple counsel, which I have occasionally given to young aspirants: If you think you have literary talents, write something for the best paper or magazine that you can get into; keep to one signature, and you will be found out by a public which is ready to give the highest price for almost every kind of literary ability."

Some suggestions to authors who are always dissatisfied with their publishers are implied in a letter which Dr. Holmes wrote to Mr. Houghton in June, 1890, when he was more than eighty years old, suggesting that he should like to "enter into a new written engagement for the next five years, or such portion of that time as I may live." In this letter he speaks of his business relations with his publishers as having "always been so satisfactorily arranged," and goes on to say: "I have written very briefly, simply, and frankly to you, having entire confidence in your candor and always kind consideration of my interests, where they are involved with your own. You have been my publisher for a long time, and I do not wish to listen to any outside temptations, even when they come in so attractive a form as that of the *Forum*. My nature is a very loyal one, and (in Prior's words)

> 'I hold it both a shame and sin
> To quit the good old Angel inn.'

Please think my letter over, and write to me at your convenience." "These words," Mr. Morse goes on to say, "lead to a reflection: that apart from inferences as to the temper and character of the parties who so long dwelt amicably together, the peaceful preservation of this sort of literary and publishing partnership was an indication of Dr. Holmes's sagacity in business affairs. He had the good sense to avoid that jealous and quarreling habit of authors, which leads them so often to the flattering fancy that their publishers are growing rich on the product of their brain, while they themselves are put off with a scanty paring of their just rewards. It was sound wordly, or practical, wisdom which made him believe, and consistently act on the belief, that in the long run he could do better by keeping the interests of the publishers and himself permanently united, than he could do by squabbling about payments and copyrights, by seeking competitive bids, and splitting up his allegiance, so that no one firm could have that sense of loyalty, good feeling, and a common interest which means more in business than is sometimes supposed."

"The Doctor practiced a pretty strict economy," says Mr. Morse elsewhere, "in what may properly be called his literary business. The wit, and humor, and wisdom in his brain were his stock in trade, just as are the merchant's goods in his warehouse. He designed to deal with them, guard and save them. and exchange them to as good advantage as possible for the paper money of the Republic — which I take to be the proper adaptation for us of the good old phrase, 'the coin of the realm.'

The Autocrat says: 'What do you think an admiring friend said the other day to one that was talking good things — good enough to print? "Why," said he, "you are wasting merchantable literature, a cash article at the rate, as nearly as I can tell, of fifty dollars an hour." Dr. Holmes appeared to be lavish in this fashion himself. I remember one evening two or three of us, then young collegians, were sitting at his dinner-table in the Charles-street house, when the 'Autocrat' had just taught him what sums he could win by his brains; he talked on most charmingly for an hour or two after the cloth was removed, then suddenly stopped short, sprang up, exclaimed: 'Why! I believe I have wasted a hundred dollars' worth on you boys to-night!' and vanished merrily and in a twinkling. In fact, however, he was by no means wasteful; and whenever, wherever, however, he turned out a good article, to use the language of trade, he took care in due season to get the value of it. 'It is a capital plan,' said the Autocrat, 'to carry a tablet with you, and when you find yourself felicitious, take notes of your own conversation.' Now, the Doctor never did this, of course; but the best things which he said, the best bits in his letters, were very sure to be encountered afterward in print. He gathered up the fragments, that nothing should be lost."

These special extracts from Mr. Morse's biography give but a small idea of the general interest and value of the work. Dr. Holmes himself said once: "I should like to see any man's biography, with corrections and emendations by his ghost." If, in spirit, he could turn the leaves of these two delightful volumes, he could not fail, surely, to get complete satisfaction from them — from their tasteful form and illustration, from the skill with which his kindly personality is shown by his biographer, and indeed it may be added from reperusal of his own witty letters, of which the greater part of the work consists.

WHAT ONE CAN DO WITH A CHAFING DISH. By H. L. S. 150 pp. Boards. New York: John Ireland. 1896.

From shrimps to caviare run the recipes in this guide to amateur cookery. They have been tried, no doubt, by the author, and will be generally approved, no doubt, by others.

WHAT THEY SAY IN NEW ENGLAND. By Clifton Johnson. 213 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1896.

Mr. Johnson's book is an interesting collection of the signs, sayings, and superstitions of New England. They relate to the weather, tea-grounds, dreams, charms, fortune-telling, odds, friends, wishes, medicinal treatment, the farm, luck, snakes, folks, money, death, warts, love and sentiment, company, religious beliefs, the moon, insects, counting-out rhymes, tricks and catches, rhymes and jingles, nursery tales, spelling, problems, old songs, and old stories. The book will amuse the general reader, and is a valuable addition to folklore.

ADAM JOHNSTONE'S SON. By F. Marion Crawford. 281 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

The scene of Mr. Crawford's newest novel — he always has several new novels before the public — is in Italy, and the story is made up of the sayings and doings of a dozen people during ten or twelve days at Amalfi. The plot is a novel one, involving a love affair between a girl and a young man who are children, both by second marriages, of a couple divorced twenty-five years before. Many delicate questions are raised by the pseudo-relationship of the two young people, and the whole situation is treated by the author with consummate skill. The story is one of fascinating interest, and few readers who take up the book will lay it down till it is finished. The illustrations are exceptionally good.

SUMMER IN ARCADY. By James Lane Allen. 170 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

The moral purpose of Mr. Allen's "tale of nature," as he styles it in his sub-title, may have been prominent in his mind while he was writing it, but it is doubtful whether to the ordinary reader it will be particularly obvious. His naturalism is too strong, and he portrays with too much color the animal side of human nature. His honesty of purpose is indicated by his dedication of his story to his mother, but it is to be feared that with the general public his book will hardly have the influence that he desires. The discriminating reader, however, will find the love story of Daphne and Hilary charmingly told, and the whole book is pervaded with the atmosphere of Kentucky country life.

THE YOUTH'S DICTIONARY OF MYTHOLOGY. By Edward S. Ellis, M. A. 146 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. New York: The Woolfall Co. 1895.

Besides being the author of some of the most popular juvenile books in print, Mr. Ellis has compiled several little manuals, of which this dictionary of mythology is one. It gives brief and accurate accounts of the gods and goddesses of the ancients, and will be satisfactory to all who are in search of a simple, trustworthy, and concise handbook of mythology.

ALDEN'S LIVING TOPICS CYCLOPEDIA. — Vol. I. Abbas — Boyesen. Cloth, 50 cents New York: John B. Alden. 1896.

Mr. Alden's "Living Topics Cyclopedia" is reprinted from his *Living Topics Magazine*, published weekly, which is intended to supplement the existing cyclopedias by bringing their articles up to date and adding new articles on current events. Topics are treated in alphabetical order, and, according to the plan, as often as the alphabet is covered a new series

will be begun. If the publisher is enabled to carry his enterprise through, the work will be a useful one.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Substitute for a Fountain Pen. — Constant dipping of the pen in the ink while writing may be avoided by inserting two pens of the same size in the penholder, allowing the inner one to project a little. The writing is done with the inner pen. The ink collected between the two pens is sufficient to last through several pages of a manuscript, and yet it will not flow more freely than is desirable. The pens must be cleaned frequently, in order to get the best results. A. P. T.

SAN FRANCISCO, Calif.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN AUTHORS. Maurice Thompson. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for June.

A PLEA FOR THE POETS. Topics of the Time. *Century* (38 c.) for June.

THE METRIC SYSTEM. Herbert Spencer. *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for June.

A. KEATS MANUSCRIPT. T. W. Higginson. *Forum* (28 c.) for June.

MODERN NORWEGIAN LITERATURE.—II. Björnstjerne Björnson. *Forum* (28 c.) for June.

VAILIMA TABLE TALK (Robert Louis Stevenson in his home life).—II. Illustrated. Isobel Strong. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for June.

STEVENSON'S LIFE IN SAMOA *Demorest's* (23 c.) for June.

YOUTHFUL READING OF LITERARY MEN. Edith Dickson. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for June.

THE VICTORIAN AGE OF LITERATURE AND ITS CRITICS. D. F. Hannigan. Reprinted from *Westminster Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for June.

IN THOMAS HARDY'S COUNTRY. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for June.

ORESTES BRONSON. George Parsons Lathrop. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for June.

LETTERS OF D. G. ROSETTI.—II. 1855. George Birkbeck Hill. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for June.

FIFTEEN PORTRAITS OF MARK TWAIN. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for June.

CHAPTERS FROM A LIFE (Reminiscences of Harriet Beecher Stone and James T. Felds). Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for June.

VAILIMA TABLE-TALK—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON IN HIS HOME LIFE. Isobel Strong. Illustrated. *Scribner's Magazine* (28 c.) for May.

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS ("Mark Twain"). Illustrated. Joseph H. Twichell. *Harper's* (38 c.) for May.

THE PENALTY OF HUMOR. Brander Matthews. *Harper's* (38 c.) for May.

COLOR IN LITERATURE. Charles Dudley Warner. Editor's Study, *Harper's* (38 c.) for May.

B. O. FLOWER (editor of the *Arena*). *Current Literature* (28 c.) for May.

ETHEL TURNER. Reprinted from *London Sketch* in *Current Literature* (28 c.) for May.

ROUNSEVILLE WILDMAN. Arthur Grissom. Reprinted from the *Journalist* in *Current Literature* (28 c.) for May.

DR. E. COBHAM BREWER. Reprinted from *Westminster Budget* in *Current Literature* (28 c.) for May.

MODERN NORWEGIAN LITERATURE.—I. Bjornstjerne Björnsen. *Forum* (28 c.) for May.

GEORGE EDWARD ELLIS. With portraits. Arthur B. Ellis. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for May.

NATURAL SCIENCE IN A LITERARY EDUCATION. Professor A. H. Tolman. *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for May.

HOW TO READ. Arnold Houltain. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for May.

ON AN OLD-FASHIONED CHILDREN'S BOOK. F. Anstey. Reprinted from *New Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for May.

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER. With portrait. *Puck* (13 c.) for May 27.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Marion Crawford sailed for Italy May 24 on his new schooner yacht Alda.

Puck was a thousand weeks old May 6, and celebrated the event with a first-rate anniversary number.

The *Waverley Magazine* has come into control of Rev. G. W. Scott, of Leominster, and Leonard F. Cutler, of Brookline, sons-in-law of the late Moses Dow, as representatives of the Dow estate, and will be generally improved. The Waverley Publishing Company has been organized under the laws of Maine.

The *San Francisco Wave* has been converted into an illustrated paper, and hopes to be to the West what Harper's and Leslie's *Weeklies* are to the East.

Notable among the attractive features of the *Chautauquan* for June is a comprehensive paper on "Contemporary American Authors," by Maurice Thompson.

The *Home Magazine* is the new name of the illustrated monthly published by the Commercial Travelers' Home Association of America, at Binghamton, N. Y. William Mill Butler is the editor, and the magazine is in all respects up to date. The profits of the publication are devoted to the erection at Binghamton of a national home for commercial travelers.

The firm, Macmillan & Co., New York, has been changed into a corporation, the Macmillan Company, with George P. Brett, who, for some years past, has been managing partner of the firm, as president. The directors of the company are the former members of the firm, Frederic Macmillan, George A. Macmillan, George L. Craik, Maurice Macmillan, George P. Brett, with Alexander B. Balfour, Lawrence Godkin, Edward J. Kennet, and Lawton L. Walton.

The G. W. Dillingham Company has been incorporated in New York, with $115,000 capital, to manufacture and deal in books, pamphlets, and periodicals. The directors are Frank A. Dillingham, of Summit, N. J.; John H. Cook and John W. Hesse, of New York City. The company will carry on the business of the late G. W. Dillingham.

The life of Charles Carleton Coffin is to be written by Rev. Dr. W. E. Griffis, and those who have letters from Mr. Coffin that are of general interest are asked to forward copies of them to Mrs. Coffin, at 9 Shailer place, Brookline, Mass.

The *Berea Quarterly*, published by Berea College, in Kentucky, is a new publication devoted to literary and sociological studies connected with the South.

The article on "Historic Andover" by Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs in the *New England Magazine* for June is illustrated not only by views of the historic and academic buildings in the town, but by portraits of the famous people — Phillips, Park, Phelps, Mrs. Stowe, Phillips Brooks, and others — who have been identified with its life.

The *Arena* opens its sixteenth volume with the June number, which appears in a new dress. The number opens with a frontispiece portrait of Whittier, and B. O. Flower writes in it of Whittier as a "Poet of Freedom."

The *Empire Home Journal* (New York) has been published monthly since January.

McClure's Magazine for June has a series of portraits of Mark Twain covering a period of thirty years. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps provides some entertaining reminiscences of James T. Fields, her publisher, and of Harriet Beecher Stowe, her intimate friend and, at one time, neighbor in Andover.

Scribner's for June has the second and concluding paper by Mrs. Isobel Strong, giving reminiscences of Robert Louis Stevenson in his home life, and devoted to the last year of his life, which was, as appears from this chronicle, one of his happiest and freest from illness.

Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson writes in the *Forum* for June about a photograph, which has lately come into his possession, of the original manuscript of Keats' "Ode to Melancholy." The article contains a facsimile of this photograph, which is highly interesting in that it shows the path by which the poet's thought attained its final and complete utterance. In the same number Björnstjerne Björnson concludes his review of "Modern Norwegian Literature."

Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. have arranged for the American publication of the unpublished letters of Victor Hugo. The correspondence is arranged by M. Paul Meurice.

Captain Willard Glazier is about to publish a book descriptive of his equestrian journey from Boston to San Francisco in 1876. The title will be "Ocean to Ocean on Horseback." Special reference will be made to the early history and development of the cities and towns along the route, and to the incidents, anecdotes, and adventures of the journey.

Justin McCarthy is writing for the *Outlook* a popular life of Mr. Gladstone, the publication of which will soon begin.

H. C. Bunner died at Nutley, N. J., May 11, aged forty years.

Nora Perry died in Dudley, Mass., May 13, aged fifty-five.

Kate Field died in Honolulu, May 19, aged fifty-six.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. IX. BOSTON, JULY, 1896. No. 7.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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WRITING "WORDS" FOR MUSIC.

About two years ago the editor of THE WRITER asked me to contribute an article to this magazine on "The Writing of Words for Music." I rashly consented. For nearly twenty years I had been studying poetry, partly from love of it, but more as an eager seeker after verses that should be suitable frames for the hanging of my musical webs. I hope the metaphor will be accepted and understood; for, if not, I shall be obliged to state my peculiar views on music, somewhat to the effect that it has nothing whatever to do with words, and the less it is associated with words and things tangible, the better for music; and, if I state so much as that by way of preface, I shall be obliged, forthwith, to write a complete essay, possibly a volume, to explain what I mean; and that would be intolerable for all of us. So please understand that at first blush I really thought I knew something of the general subject, and that I might be able to extract something from my experience that should be useful to versifiers. I think I may say that I do know something of the subject; and it is with a desperate hope that I may be helpful that I make my fourth attempt to keep my promise. The three other attempts failed, from a growing conviction that the composer has nothing to say that can help the writer.

I have heard intelligent persons make remarks that showed their conception of song-writing to be that the melody is written first and the words afterward. This is wrong. There are instances wherein clever versifiers have strung together rhymed sentimentalities to fit tunes never designed by the composer for vocal production. A notable example is that dreadful twaddle beginning "Somebody's coming when the" — twilight, I believe — does something or other, that has been fastened on the second theme of Chopin's "Marcia Funèbre." A patent medicine advertisement on the Palisades of the Hudson would be less distressing. I speak for myself, of course, and I can imagine that the Palisades are so noble that a mere blotch upon their surface would but accentuate their grandeur. Chopin's beautiful melody has not that inherent strength of resistance to evil association. Having become familiar with the song before I heard the entire march, I have found it impossible to rid myself of the deplorable associations connected with the song, and the result is that this second theme invariably makes me grieve. It seems weak, out of place, and I venture to assert that no such impression would be made upon a cultivated listener who never had been afflicted with "Somebody's coming."

Let this example serve another purpose; *i. e.*, to illustrate a dogma that may be stated thus: it is the poet, and not the composer, who

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gives character to music — speaking of music now in its limited capacity as an enhancement of words, not as absolute music. The "concord of sweet sounds," the most abstract type of beauty known to man, the most refined, most subtle embodiment of emotion, the least impaired in its ethereal perfectness by the dross of material associations, this is not to be confined to words, or limited by them, or described by them; but that, as hinted above, is quite another story. To put the dogma in another form: the poem is the inspiration of the composer. Insensibly he finds in it the limitation of his creative power.

In so far as the words set forth noble sentiments nobly expressed, just so far will his music take on elevation and nobility, and no farther. Again, I must warn the reader that I speak for myself. There may be composers who can pen their loftiest themes to words of commonplace import. I cannot. It is, doubtless, often the case that the composer fails to enhance the words; that is, his nature is unequal to the task he undertakes. In nothing does the personal equation enter more effectively as a factor than in this matter of song-writing. For the best results, and the gauge, generally speaking, is the aptness of the music to the words, there must be an indefinable, but very real, chord of sympathy between poet and musician. They need not be friends or acquaintances; the musician does not need to be familiar with the poet's works or trend of thought; the one poem under consideration must furnish the chord and set it vibrating. In other words, the verses must appeal to the composer with especial force, else he will wisely refrain from writing music to them, or his effort will be of the mechanical sort, that might as well be written under the inspiration of dots and dashes to represent the rhythm of unwritten verse.

It follows, therefore, that the merits of a poem, simply as a poem, have little to do with a musician's appreciation of it. It may overrun with startling crudities, and yet reflect some phase of his own thought, experience, or emotion, and if so, the lines will inevitably awaken melody. Nevertheless, the crudities would *better be planed* down and out; for, unless the musician be of an exceptionally dominating personality, his music will be unhappily influenced by the defects of the poem.

Another thing that follows is this: the poet cannot indite his verses with perfect assurance that any one composer will find them available, to use that terrible word of the publishers. It takes an exceptional degree of sensitive intimacy to enable a versifier to know that his friend, the tune maker, will leap eagerly for any given set of verses. It does not follow, however, that all composers are likely to turn aside from an earnest poem. Somewhere among the host of musicians a good poem is pretty sure to find a receptive and creative soul to take it in and send it forth again fitly clothed in the raiment of sound. I think poets would be amazed, as they ought to be gratified, if they could know how many of their efforts are brought to sympathetic, if limited, audiences by the medium of manuscript compositions.

Perhaps poets are not interested in this reception of their works. It is a well-known fact that many talented poets have a positive dislike for music, and yet I should think that even such unfortunates would feel a glow of pride that their lines had awakened the creative fancy of another. Certain it is, that almost every poet known to fame has somewhere in his works one or more poems headed, "Lines for Music." As an example of how the personal equation does its deadly work, I will add that out of all such poems that I have read, not one has sent me to my music paper. On the other hand, I have found songs where the poet probably never dreamed of music, and, so far as my knowledge goes, where no other musician has found them. It would be simply impossible to say why I chose one poem rather than another; and if I could set forth a comprehensible analysis, it would not be helpful to versifiers, because it would supply them with the key to my musical fancy alone. How, then, is the poet who would like to hear his verses sung to be guided?

One deduction from the foregoing observations must be patent to all readers: give us that that inspires you most; that that you would yourself like to sing. The precise form must depend largely on the nature of the poem. The

composer desires no one form above another, but there are, perhaps, a few general principles that the versifier would do well to bear in mind. The first is brevity. Some of the most famous songs in all music are set to eight-line poems. These are not generally available for sheet-music publication, but they delight the soul of the artist. Heine has given us the finest models in this style of lyric. I think every composer tries his hand at "Thou art so like a flower," and incidentally I must express my feeling that the best song to these words is by an American musician — Chadwick. An analysis of this great little poem, and of the best examples of hymnic literature, will show that not only is brevity in general attained, but brevity in the expression of the individual ideas that go to make up the whole. If possible, therefore, each line of a poem designed for music should be complete in itself. Thus the form of musical utterance, which is really a nicely adjusted system of balancing phrases, adapts itself most easily to the poem. There is no familiar stanza better adapted for music, and, therefore, for illustration, than this:—

> "Be Thou, O God, exalted high,
> And as Thy glory fills the sky,
> So let it be on earth displayed,
> 'Till Thou art here as there obeyed."

I must pause here to re-enforce the dogma with which I began. The music to which the words just quoted are sung impresses us all by its sterling religious character. That character was given to it by the words, which, for several generations, have been associated with the tune. Music *per se* has no character, and a striking illustration, if not demonstration, of that proposition lies in the fact that the tune commonly known as "Old Hundred" was composed not later than the time of the troubadours, and was then in popular favor as a love song. The poet should take in this truth, and reflect upon it with unceasing earnestness until conviction assumes the force of original insight, that upon him depends the character of the music to which his words may be sung. Singularly fortunate will he be if a musician finds in his words the inspiration for loftier themes than the words demand.

Returning to the matter of brevity, I wish to suggest another illustration that may be helpful contrariwise. "Lead, Kindly Light," is one of the most beautiful poems in religious literature. It has been set to music many times, and I have yet to find a setting that is easy. The word "easy" may convey an unworthy meaning; but it should not do so, for surely one measure of worthiness in vocal music should be its degree of adaptability to vocal interpretation. Anybody with the sense of pitch can learn to sing "Old Hundred"; any trained choir is morally certain to find difficulties in a new setting of "Lead, Kindly Light"; and the fault is not the composer's, but the poet's. The lines are not only of irregular length, but here and there the poet's expression of his thought carries the reader (and singer) through one line and part way through another. The conscientious composer must follow the poet's conception of phrases, else his music will fail to enhance the lines. The result in "Lead, Kindly Light," is sure to be a tangle of musical phrases that try the singer's skill and patience. Cardinal Newman's poem will endure as a fascinating problem to composers, because of its profound beauty, and in spite of its unhappy form; and because of its unhappy form it will be sung comparatively little.

The poet should remember that words designed for music are meant to be sung. With this in mind, perhaps he will avoid the recurrence of sibillants in close order. I paused here and opened at random one of the best collections of hymns with which I am familiar. I select these two lines from the first hymn I looked at:—

> "Resting where our souls must cling,"
> * * * *
> "Glorious hopes our spirits fill."

Both lines are unfortunate in the use of sibillants. "Souls must" is hard to speak, harder to sing. Demanding, as I do, a strong expression of good thought, I should be the last to put limitations on the poet with regard to the letter "s," and with this caution I think he may be left to his own good judgment as to how his words will sound from the lips of chorus or soloist.

Doubtless most verse writers who are interested in the musical side of their art look an-

bitiously to sheet music, rather than hymn books or "art" songs, for the melodious enhancement of their poems. There is certainly ample need of good poems for the better class of popular songs. To those who would awaken the sympathetic interest of some composer, I will venture two suggestions. First, study the poems of Frederic E. Weatherley. There isn't a composer in England or America who would not like to acquire the exclusive right to set his verses to music. Mr. Weatherley does not produce great or noble poems, so far as I know, but he has a fine faculty for singable, attractive, altogether admirable lyrics. The second suggestion is merely an amplification of the first. If you have in mind a poetical conceit that you believe could be made into a good song, select some well-known song and use it as a model for form. In other words, follow Mr. Weatherley. I will go a bit further with this suggestion: Construct your poem so that it can be sung, word for word, to the melody you have selected. Then get it published, or take some other means of bringing it before composers; but do not call attention to the fact that your words can be sung, or were written to such or such a tune. This is, perhaps, a trivial caution; but it is as well that the composer should not be hampered by the thought that the words under consideration were written with a definite composition in mind. Say nothing about it, and he'll never know the difference!

And, after all, the poet must trust to fate that his verses will fall before the eyes of some musician in whose spirit they awake a responsive thrill.

Frederick R. Burton.

YONKERS, N. Y.

SLIPSHOD ENGLISH.

I am much interested in your "Newspaper English Edited." Let me give some examples of sentences open to criticism. I quote from recent issues of the Chicago papers, giving date:—

Inter-Ocean, May 25, 1896, p. 5: "For a week prior to last Friday she had been quietly *stopping* at one of the most expensive and exclusive hotels in that city."

Tribune, May 31, 1896, p. 6: "With the death of Miss Field ends the career of perhaps *the most unique* woman the present century has produced."

Record, Dec. 17, 1895, p. 4 (Editorial "In Armenia"): "The fanatics appear *to have began* a warfare," etc.

Record, May 21, 1896, p. 1: "Those notified *and who hold* receipts are." [Better — "those notified and holding receipts."]

Chronicle, May 16, 1896, p. 8: "He was getting along very *comfortable*."

Chronicle, May 16, 1896, p. 8: "He had a *phenomenal facility in languages* and could *speak and write all modern languages*."

Times-Herald, May 24, 1896, p. 30: "His *descriptions* of Kentucky life in its rugged, passionate, and tender phases *is* unapproachable for strength and vividness."

Times-Herald, June 6, 1896, p. 8: "It *transpired* that he had advised the attorneys for Windrath to put in a plea of insanity."

Open Court, Feb. 20, 1896: "Confucius, who, as is well known, was not an original thinker or author, but a *conservative preserver* of the wisdom of the days of yore."

I do not read the Eastern papers so much, but sometimes find faulty constructions and objectionable diction in them. Here are some examples: —

Providence Journal, Feb. 19, 1896 (in account of Brown University banquet): "A decorously *conservative* enthusiasm was not lacking." [Better — "A decorously moderate."]

The *Examiner*, May 21, 1896, p. 9: "Thirty thousand dollars *have* been added to the endowment funds the past year."

The *Nation*, May 7, 1896, p. 363: "The public really knows very little of Agassiz's technical

work — or *anybody's else*, for that matter." [Better — "anybody else's."]

Kenyon West, in the *Outlook*, April 25, 1896: "To, *as it were*, drift with the tide rather than stem the current."

N. I. Daggett, in THE WRITER, March, 1896: "Every one knows, or ought to know, what a well-written manuscript is, but *all* manuscripts *are not* well-written." [Better — "but not all."]

Julian Hawthorne, Introduction to Field's "Second Book of Verse": "Nothing so nearly perfect in child literature has ever been written as are many of these exquisite verses of Field."

Corson, Introduction to Browning, Preface: "Difficulties which, with an increased familiarity, *grow* less and less."

I could add many other slips. Keep up your crusade against bad English.

CHICAGO, Ill. *Eugene Parsons.*

AN AUSTRALIAN CONTRIBUTOR'S BLANK.

In the April WRITER Mr. Hull suggests that writers would be grateful for hints concerning the causes which lead to the return of their manuscripts, and intimates that editors and writers would both get benefit from the adoption of a printed form which would enable editors to make a brief explanation by a mere pen-stroke.

There is at least one paper which uses such a form — the *Golden Rule*, of Boston. Here it is: —

Dear ——:

We are compelled to return the manuscript you kindly offered for pub ication in the *Golden Rule*. We are unable to write a personal letter to accompany each of the many manuscripts we are obliged to return. However, as authors have a natural desire to know why their work has not been accepted, we add a list of the most frequent reasons for the return of manuscripts. The especial paragraphs that apply to your own manuscript you will find checked. We are always glad to examine manuscripts, especially short, sprightly, and practical essays and stories. With the exception noted below, manuscripts accepted for the *Golden Rule* are paid for, the check being sent soon after the acceptance of the article.

Sincerely yours,
EDITORS OF THE GOLDEN RULE.

Most Frequent Reasons for the Return of Manuscripts.

[The numbers that are checked apply to your manuscript.]

1. We have so much matter on hand that we are unable to accept more at present.
2. We have already on hand an abundant supply of similar material.
3. We have recently published articles similar in character and theme.
4. The subject treated is foreign to the scope and purpose of the *Golden Rule*.
5. We are unable to find room for an article of such length.
6. We make it a rule not to print articles that have already appeared elsewhere.
7. We do not use articles that are offered, in duplicate, to other papers.
8. We do not, as a rule, pay for Christian Endeavor articles, news items, and the like.
9. The article reached us too late to be timely.
10. The literary quality of the article is below our standard.

But why should writers try to make the editors furnish such printed forms? The writer can easily supply such printed sentences as the ten given above, on his own stationery. If he will have these added on the blank he uses in submitting manuscripts, with a prominent request that the editor "mark, tear off, and attach to manuscripts, if returned," he will very likely secure his end in most cases.

Try it. Make it easy for the editor to do what you wish. No doubt he is willing enough, if compliance with your desire merely involves checking a printed statement before him. The only objection is one that has been pointed out to me, that some inexperienced writers might make out their list in such a way as to ask for criticisms that editors might not have the time or the wish to offer, since the main question in the editor's mind relates simply to availability for his publication. In the main, however, the

proposed plan might be of advantage to editor and author alike.

Writers who care to adopt my suggestion may evolve a more comprehensive and concise set of "reasons" than are given here. If so, we should all like to see them printed in a future issue of THE WRITER.

BOSTON, MASS. *Clifton S. Wady.*

ILLOGICAL RHETORIC.

Speculation about "words and their uses" is a favorite employment of many writers; but their exercitations seem to have a fatal facility for lapsing into dogmatic crudity or narrowness of view. A striking evidence of this tendency is afforded by the following paragraph, quoted in a book on rhetoric as from Professor Bain's "Rhetoric," (Part I., chapter i.), a work which takes high rank as an authority: —

"Our language has many combinations of words, indifferent as regards the metaphor, but fixed by use, and therefore not to be departed from. We say 'use or employ means' and 'take steps,' but not *use steps*. One may *acquire* knowledge, *take* degrees, *contract* habits, *lay up* treasure, *obtain* rewards, *win* prizes, *gain* celebrity, *arrive at* honors, *conduct* affairs, *espouse* a side, *interpose* authority, *pursue* a course, *turn to* account, *serve* for a warning, *bear* no malice, *profess* principles, *cultivate* acquaintance, *pass over* in silence: all which expressions owe their suitability, not to the original sense of the words, but to the established usages of the language."

The principle here set forth would make English speech (and by necessary inference all speech) a mere hodge-podge of accidental "combinations of words," regardless of their special fitness for their specific uses; but that is surely not the way language grows. In all spheres of activity the best possible adaptation of means to ends is the chief desideratum; and it would be strange if language were the only exception to this otherwise universal rule. It is not, however. "The established usages of the language" have not grown up, like weeds in a waste field, at the will of the winds. There *is a* genius of language, under the guidance of *which the thoughts of any people* clothe themselves in words conformable to its racial idiosyncrasies and stage of development. In the process of growth one form after another is used, and thrown aside for a better or more expressive term, when one is struck out by superior intellect or fortunate chance and is generally accepted as an improvement; the effort being always to fix finally or provisionally upon that which fits most clearly or most agreeably to current habits of thought the particular use to which it is applied. This process is a never-ending one, and is constantly going on under our very eyes, to the great discontent of those who would have language a fixed quantity, stereotyped in the forms that commend themselves to their individual judgment or prejudices. It is not an arbitrary one, but has been, from the earliest times, the work of thousands of inventors, or "makers" (poets), guided either by happy inspiration or painstaking search. Thus every metaphorical expression, as well as every literal one, that does not consist of a mere name and its bald adjuncts, is the result of an intellectual evolution comparable to that which goes to the elaboration of the principles of an exact science, a philosophical system, or a complicated mechanism, but less obvious, from being spread over wider ranges of time and space, and operating by more occult methods.

Many of our most useful expressions are so old (often coming down through many languages and from remote ages) that their origin cannot be traced, although the fitness that has kept them alive is clearly discernible, and manifests deliberate selection at the start. Others

can be traced either directly or nearly to their first use, less suitable terms, or, for some reason, less desirable ones, for which they have been substituted, being well known; and others still are growths of our own lifetime. In any case, the final selection, or that which prevails at any particular period, is not the result of mere caprice, without regard to original meaning, but is the fittest for its present use, in view of all the facts connected with it or its history. It is, in short, a case of "the survival of the fittest," even with regard to modes of expression, which appear, superficially, to be purely whimsical; for even these, if they gain general currency, show by that very fact that they suit the temper of the time better than any corresponding ones.

In each of the set phrases cited in the extract quoted, the etymological sense of the italicized verb makes it more appropriate for its use in that phrase than any possible substitute would be, although some of the words can be changed for others to advantage, under varying circumstances. We "use or employ" (*utilize*) things which have an actual or a potential continuing existence, as means of any kind; means must exist before they can be used. We cannot "use steps," because they are not things, a literal step having no existence, save as a momentary act beginning and ending in itself; but we *take* metaphorical steps (measures, proceedings), as we do literal ones, by bringing them into *touch* with an object or a purpose. We *acquire* knowledge by *seeking for* it — get it by search; degrees are literally *taken* in course from the hands of those who confer them, but *received* for cause; habits are *contracted* by being *drawn together with* or into a fixed relation to the subjects of them; treasure is *laid up*, figuratively, as stones or bricks are laid up in a durable structure; to *obtain* a reward is to get the *tenure*, or possession, of it, *on account of* something done; to *win* prizes is to get them in return for successful *contest*, *effort*, or *endurance*; celebrity is *gained* as a *profit* or *advantage* from one's actions or achievements; to *arrive at* honors is to come (figuratively) *to the shore* or goal where they await one (also to *attain to*, *reach*, *gain* honors); to *conduct* affairs is to *lead* them *together*, or conjointly, in the desired or proper course, as a leash of hounds or a flock of sheep is led (so of a person, to *lead* him *with* one's self); to *espouse* a side is to join one's self to it as to a *spouse* — to give it fealty or allegiance, as in marriage; authority is *interposed* by being *placed between* some desire or purpose and its attainment, as an obstacle; we *pursue* a course by *following forth*, or onward, a chosen line of progress or of action, as we *follow out* a plan; an occurrence or a possession is *turned to* account by being *rounded* or *shaped*, as if in a lathe, *to* a beneficial end; a person or his action *serves* for a warning by *shielding* the observer from the evil seen in the example, as a *servant* shields his master from hardship; we *bear* no malice when we do not *carry* it about in our minds, ready for use as a missile; we *profess* principles by *acknowledging* ourselves to be *for* or in favor of them; we *cultivate* acquaintance by efforts to ripen it and secure its due fruitage of good-fellowship or personal benefit; and we *pass* a matter *over* in silence when we act as if *stepping over* it without noticing its presence, or passing it by unheedingly.

Thus, with possibly one or two exceptions, the metaphors in these terms of expression, where they exist, are by no means "indifferent," but precisely those, of all that could be selected, which are adapted to give them the greatest force and vividness. But many of them, in the light of the "original sense of the words," may be said to be strictly literal, and to convey their meaning in the only available manner within the same compass.

To sum up, every cultivated language is a scientific instrument, always undergoing the process of perfection, but, like everything else, never reaching it. In the hands of a masterworkman like Shakespeare, its imperfections almost entirely disappear; but if it were the thing of shreds and patches that Professor Bain and other teachers would have us believe, even a Shakespeare would be terribly cramped in its use. A principle like this is passing strange as the dictum of a professed expert in rhetoric, whose effort should rather be to demonstrate the innate force and beauty of language than to belittle its true dignity and inherent significance. *Francis A. Teall.*

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publisher.

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*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9 and 10),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. IX. JULY, 1896. NO. 7.

The article on "Illogical Rhetoric" in the present number of THE WRITER was written by Francis A. Teall, who died in November, 1894. He was associate editor of Appleton's American Cyclopædia, and assistant editor of the Century Dictionary.

* * *

Two editors have been imposed upon recently by writers who have offered, as original contributions, manuscripts not of their own production. A note in *Godey's* for July says: "We have learned that the story entitled 'A Dutiful Falsehood,' published in the March number of *Godey's Magazine*, is identical in plot (and nearly so in language) with one that appeared in the April, 1895, number of the *Strand Magazine*. The manuscript of this story was submitted to the editor of *Godey's* as an original composition, and it was published in good faith, without the knowledge of its previous publication. The Godey Company wishes to give warning that all perpetrators of such impositions will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law." The name attached to the story in *Godey's* for March was Frederic Leigh Seixas. A letter of inquiry has been addressed to Mr. Seixas by the editor of *Godey's*, but no reply has been received. The story in the *Strand Magazine* was entitled "An Intervention," and was published as "from the Italian of Mathilde Serao, by Alys Hallard." The reviewer on one of the New York dailies insists that he read the story in English five or six years ago. Apparently the story itself has a story.

* * *

The other victim of the plagiarist is *Judge*, which published recently a poem entitled "A Lay of a Laugh," which had previously appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The facts in this case are more than ordinarily interesting. The poem, as it appeared in *Judge*, was signed with the name of George Newell Lovejoy. When the editor of *Judge* discovered that the poem was not new, he wrote to Mr. Lovejoy demanding an explanation, and received the following reply: —

ALBION, N. Y., June 27, 1896.

Editor of *Judge*: —

Dear Sir: Your letter is at hand, having been forwarded to me from Rochester. The letter is a *revelation* to me, as the verses in question are in no sense mine, or have I any knowledge of them. I have not seen *Judge* in weeks, hence the poem has not fallen — until now — under my notice. Some one has been "trading" on my name, it would seem, and I would like to know who it is. I am perfectly able to write my own productions, and object most seriously to any one else using my name in this way. I am from time to time a contributor to *Leslie's Weekly* and other leading papers and magazines, and am perfectly able to substantiate my name for honesty. I hope to hear from you again, and hope light will be thrown on the affair. Very truly,

NEWELL LOVEJOY.

* * *

A fac-simile of the original manuscript forwarded to *Judge* and a fac-simile of Mr. Lovejoy's letter show that if Mr. Lovejoy did not write the manuscript, somebody forged his handwriting with most extraordinary skill. Every peculiarity of style in Mr. Lovejoy's handwriting in the letter is to be found also in the hand-

writing of the manuscript, and the hand is a very characteristic one. The capital "T," for instance, is made with a double cross-line at the top in both examples, and a peculiar apostrophe, struck backward, is also duplicated, while other features, less noticeable at first sight, are no less striking on close comparison of the two manuscripts. If Mr. Lovejoy did not submit the manuscript to *Judge*, it behooves him to find out and let the world know at once who can imitate his penmanship with such marvelous similitude.

* * *

Every self-respecting writer will hope that the editors of *Godey's* and of *Judge* will investigate these two cases of plagiarism thoroughly and give the offenders the full benefit of the law. It is not to the editors' discredit, in either case, that they were deceived. No editor can possibly have read everything, and every editor must trust to some extent to the honor of his contributors. It is creditable to writers generally that cases of attempt at deception of this kind, successful or unsuccessful, are so rare.

* * *

Edgar Saltus does not take a pessimistic view of the literary situation. "There is a statement running through the press that novel-writing no longer pays in book form, and that the only way an author can make both ends meet is by writing for the magazines," he says, in *Collier's Weekly*. "That is all nonsense. There has not been for years and years a time so propitious for the novelist as the present. Apart from certain exports of English writers, there has not been a really good novel on the market for an age. Put one on, if haply you know how, and it will sell, and sell by the carload at that. The trouble is n't with the public in the least. Novel-readers have not all become bicycle fiends, and during the past season the theatres have been full every night. The novel-reading public has plenty of time to spare, plenty of money to spend. But it does not want to waste that time, and in exchange for coin it does want its money's worth. In England a novelist who has succeeded in making himself a favorite earns enough to run a yacht—to run a newspaper I was going to say, for that is about the most expensive toy on earth—and there is not a valid reason why his American cousin should not see him at it and go him one better, too."

* * *

Beginning with the August number, the *Monthly Illustrator and Home and Country* (New York), will reduce its price to five cents. It ought to reduce its name as well.

W. H. H.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

Robert Louis Stevenson's essay on "Style" referred to in the "query" by S. E. N. in the June WRITER, was originally published in the *Contemporary Review*, Vol. XLVII, p. 548. It was reprinted in three numbers of the *Critic*, Vol. III., New Series, pp. 189, 199, 213 (issues for April 18 and 25, and May 2, 1885). For a number of years I have referred advanced students to this essay. It is not intended for novices. *Herbert Eveleth Greene.*

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Will you please tell me whether all publishing houses employ book reviewers? It is a line of work which I would like very much to take up, but as I live in quite a small place I do not know just how to go about it. I suppose I should not have to leave my home. Of course, I will have to make a beginning some place, and I write to ask you if you will kindly tell me of some publishing houses who would take a beginner on trial. I suppose magazines do not employ only the best critics. M. C. M.

[No publishing house employs a book reviewer. All publishing houses employ Readers, to examine manuscripts and decide on their merits, but for such work long practical training, the ability to write good English, and the highest critical judgment are, of course, required. Publishers also employ editors, who see that the manuscript is put in proper shape for the printer. For such work the qualifications required are the same as those for proof-

reading. Magazines employ book reviewers, but applicants for such places must have had experience and show themselves possessed of the critical faculty. The reviewing of books in newspaper offices is generally done by somebody on the editorial staff. — W. H. H.]

(1.) Is it better to send poems singly or in lots?

(2.) Is it considered dishonorable to offer a poem to several editors simultaneously?

C.

[(1.) It probably does not matter much whether poems are sent to editors singly or two or three together. In the latter case, if the first poem the editor reads is below his standard, it may possibly prejudice him slightly against the other two. No one but an amateur ever sends to an editor more than two or three short poems at once.

(2.) It is contrary to rule to offer a poem to several editors simultaneously, unless there are reasons why it is suitable for syndicating and explanations are duly made, so that each editor will understand that it is not offered to him alone. Syndicating poems is possible only with newspapers. — W. H. H.]

What is the process of "syndicating" an article? Can a writer do it on his own account, and if so, how?

F. H. T.

["Syndicating" an article is offering it simultaneously to a number of publications. It can be done by any one, of course, but it is done to the best advantage by syndicates making a business of such transactions. In the first place, the article must be copyrighted. Then enough copies of it must be prepared to supply the list of papers selected for it. A day must be fixed on which it will be "released," and any of the papers buying it may print it on or after that day. It should be offered originally to only one paper in each city or section of the country. If it is declined by the first paper in any city to which it is offered, it may then be offered to another paper in that city, provided there is time enough before the day on which it is to appear. Copies of the article may be secured either by typewriting in manifold, or by having the article put in type so that proofs *of it can be taken.* Sometimes an article is offered free to some editor on condition that he will put it in type and furnish proofs of it for use in offering it to other editors. Copyright is necessary, because, if the article were not copyrighted, any editor, instead of buying it, could wait until he saw it in print somewhere and then reprint it, if he saw fit; or, supposing the article was "released" June 6, and an editor in Buffalo who had bought it desired to hold it till June 10, he could not do so without risk of having it reprinted by some other editor in Buffalo from some paper in another city in which it was published June 6. Most papers have a regular rate for "syndicated" matter — of course, considerably lower than the rate paid for matter bought for exclusive publication. A proper form of letter to accompany a "syndicated" article is as follows: —

CHICAGO, June 10, 1896.

Editor *New York Times:* —

DEAR SIR: I enclose proof of copyrighted article on "Abraham Lincoln's Birthplace," which is offered to you, exclusively in New York, at your regular rates for syndicated matter. The article will be released July 23. If you do not want it, please return proof in stamped envelope enclosed.

Yours truly,

PETER PARLEY.

It is well to write the name of the paper addressed on the inside of the flap of the stamped envelope enclosed, or to put an identifying number on the proof, for sometimes an editor will simply re-enclose the proof to the sender, without writing anything, and then, in case the postmark is not distinct, the author may not know which paper has rejected his article. Syndicated articles should generally be sent out a month or so before the date of release. A stamped and addressed envelope should always be enclosed with each copy. In case the article is sent out in proof, the letter offering it may be printed above the proof. It is advisable for a writer always to make his own headlines, in the ordinary newspaper style. — W. H. H.]

In making corrections in typewritten manuscripts, should the alterations be marked on the typewriting, or in the margin, as in correcting proofs?

R. S. P.

[Corrections in manuscript should not be made in the margin. The words or letters inserted or changed should be put as nearly as

possible in the proper place between the lines. If a word has a surplus letter, it is necessary only to cancel the letter by drawing a line through it. A line drawn obliquely through a capital letter in typewritten copy, or in a direction opposite to the general slant of writing in penwritten manuscript, indicates to the compositor that he is to substitute a lower-case letter for the capital. If a word is misspelled, instead of correcting one or two letters in it, it is better to draw a zig-zag line through the word, canceling it thoroughly, and to write the word correctly above it, putting a caret underneath. A long insertion may be written in the margin; but it should be surrounded with a line, and a line should be drawn from the beginning of it to the place where it is to be inserted, where a caret should be put. In correcting proof the rule is different. All corrections on proof-sheets should be made in the margin, and no corrections in proof should ever be written between the lines. — W. H. H.]

DO REPORTERS NEED SHORTHAND?

A young reporter asked me recently if it was worth while to learn to write shorthand as a help in his business. I said "yes." He had been told by other reporters that abstracts of speeches and talks could be made in longhand sufficient for the purpose of a newspaper. In part this is true. Very frequently, however, it is desired to secure a verbatim report of, say ten or twenty lines of an address or statement in an interview. At such times the average longhand reporter cannot make an absolutely correct report, while the man who knows shorthand easily can.

Accounts of public statements made in court and elsewhere which are turned in by longhand reporters are frequently disputed by the people who made them. A reasonably good shorthand reporter can usually avoid such disputes and consequently be of more value to his paper.

It requires so little effort for a young reporter to get enough shorthand knowledge to enable him to write at least one hundred words a minute, and there are so many occasions when this knowledge is of practical use, that the acquirement of it by newspaper men should be encouraged. Accuracy is the aim of every thoroughly trained journalist. If shorthand helps secure accuracy, as it certainly does, it is a good thing. It is a thing that increases a reporter's value to his employer.

M. Y. Beach.

SAN DIEGO, Calif.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

In the lower hall the strawberries were temptingly displayed in all their delicious attractiveness, some of which were of great size. — *Boston Globe.*	In the lower hall the strawberries were temptingly displayed. Some of them were of great size.
Regarding bi-metallism, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach said in his speech on Wednesday that British credit was based on the gold standard, and which a vast majority of bankers and merchants think should be maintained. — *Toronto Mail.*	Regarding bi-metallism, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach said in his speech Wednesday that British credit was based on the gold standard, which a vast majority of bankers and merchants think should be maintained.
Mr. Roosevelt's first venture as a historian was made in 1882. — *W. P. Trent (Professor of History and English, University of the South), in July Forum.*	Mr. Roosevelt's first venture as an historian was made in 1882.
Popular expectation as to the outcome of the St. Louis convention has been fully realized. There never has been such an example of the overwhelming defeat of the bosses, as in this instance. The ease with which he won his first victory in the campaign is encouraging to the hopes of himself and his friends. He was a recognized possibility in the Chicago convention twelve years ago. His personal record is good — is a member of the Methodist church — and is highly esteemed by his immediate neighbors. — *Interior.*	Popular expectation as to the outcome of the St. Louis convention has been fully realized. There has never been such an example of the overwhelming defeat of the bosses, as in this instance. The ease with which McKinley won his first victory in the campaign is encouraging to himself and to his friends. He was a recognized possibility in the Chicago convention twelve years ago. His personal record is good — he is a member of the Methodist church — and he is highly esteemed by his neighbors.
Bids for the construction of three more battle ships of the heaviest displacement, and carrying the largest guns now installed on the ships of any navy, will be asked by Secretary Herbert this week. — *Washington Special in New York Sun.*	Bids for the construction of three more battle ships having the heaviest displacement and carrying the largest guns known, will be asked for by Secretary Herbert this week.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE NON-HEREDITY OF INEBRIETY. By Leslie E Keeley, M. D. 359 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1896.

There has been so much dispute about the value and efficacy of the Keeley cure, that Dr.

Keeley's book will be read with more than ordinary interest. It sets forth in detail his theory that inebriety is a disease that can be readily cured, and that it is not hereditary.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY. Containing a description of all the newspapers and periodicals published in the United States, the Dominion of Canada, and Newfoundland, and of the towns and cities in which they are published. Twenty-eighth year. 1,390 pp Cloth, $5.00. New York: George P. Rowell & Co. 1896.

The "American Newspaper Directory" for 1896, just issued, gives information about 20,630 American periodicals. Of these, 2,205 are dailies, 43 tri-weeklies, 394 semi-weeklies, 14,614 weeklies, 431 bi-weeklies and semi-monthlies, 2,723 monthlies, 58 bi-monthlies, and 162 quarterlies. With such opportunities available for reaching the public, why should any writer complain that he cannot get into print? Certainly, if any writer has difficulty in getting before the public, or desires to extend the market for his literary wares, he will find the "American Newspaper Directory" a valuable aid. Comparatively few of the publications catalogued, of course, pay for general contributions; but there are many papers and magazines among those that buy manuscripts that the average writer has never heard of. Their names, and addresses, and chief characteristics are given in the Directory's complete list of American publications.

The Directory is divided into five parts. Part I. is a gazetteer of the towns in which newspapers are published, giving the name of each town, its county, its population, its location on railroad or river, its leading occupations, and a complete catalogue of its periodicals, with names of editors and publishers. In Part II. the periodicals are re-catalogued under an alphabetical arrangement by counties. In Part III. is given a list of periodicals that have more than 5,000 circulation. The list includes from 1,000 to 1,500 periodicals. Part IV. includes a list of Sunday papers, and Part V. gives a list of class and trade journals. In this list, says the "Preface," there are "nearly 400 varieties, represented by anywhere from one, two, three up to several hundred papers." The Directory is revised from year to year, and while there are errors in it, on the whole its information is surprisingly accurate.

The Directory is intended primarily for advertisers, but, as has already been suggested, it may be of great practical use to writers. The address of any periodical published can be found in it. Examination of it will inform writers of the existence of publications previously not known to them, and the purchase of a sample copy, showing the character of a publication, may result in its addition to the writer's list of publications that buy manuscripts. *Among the trade and class journals*, especially, there are many opportunities for the sale of manuscripts, and writers will do well to study with care the lists of such publications in the Directory.

In addition to its present features the Directory ought to have a list of publications — not including newspapers — arranged alphabetically under titles, and giving the address of each. For instance, anyone who has heard of the *Midland Monthly*, but does not know where it is published, will have difficulty in finding it in the Directory under its present arrangement. In an alphabetical list the entry would be, "Midland Monthly, Des Moines, Iowa," and further information could be found under "Des Moines" in Part I. Such a list, omitting newspapers, would occupy only a few pages, and it would have great value.

ME AN' METHUSELAH, AND OTHER EPISODES. By Harriet Ford. 84 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Buffalo: The Peter Paul Book Co. 1895.

The author of the nine sketches that make up this volume is a graduate of the Boston School of Oratory and of the American Academy of Dramatic Art, and her "episodes" are adapted for dramatic reading. They were originally written for Miss Evelyne Hilliard, whose clever interpretation of them has led to their publication.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Frederic. — Harold Frederic spent five years on his story, "The Damnation of Theron Ware." He says, as quoted in the *Bookman:* "After I had got the people of my novel grouped together in my mind, I set myself the task of knowing everything they knew. As four of them happened to be specialists in different professions, the task has been tremendous. For instance, one of them is a biologist, who, among other things, experiments on Lubbock's and Darwin's lines. Although these pursuits are merely mentioned, I got up masses of stuff on bees and the cross-fertilization of plants. I had to teach myself all the details of a Methodist minister's work, obligations, and daily routine, and all the machinery of his church. In the case of Father Forbes, who is a good deal more of a pagan than a simple-minded Christian, and loves luxury and learning, I had to study the arts he loves as well as his theology. I have waded in Assyriology and Schopenhauer, pored over palimpsests and pottery, and in order to write understandingly about a musician who figures in the story, I

bored a professional friend to death to get technical, musical stuff."

Kipling. — While possessing a marvelous faculty for assimilating local color without apparent effort, Kipling neglected no chance and spared no labor in acquiring experience that might serve a literary purpose. Of the various races of India whom the ordinary Englishman lumps together as "natives," Kipling knew the quaintest details respecting habits, language, and distinctive ways of thought. No half-note in the wide gamut of native ideas and custom was unfamiliar to him: just as he had left no phase of white life in India unexplored. He knew the undercurrent of the soldiers' thoughts better than surgeon or chaplain. No father-confessor penetrated more deeply into the thoughts of fair but frail humanity than Kipling, when the frivolous society of Anglo-India formed the object of his inquiries. The "railway folk," that queer colony of white, half-white, and three-quarters black, seemed to have unburdened their souls to Kipling of all their grievances, their poor pride, and their hopes. Sometimes, taking a higher flight, Kipling has made Viceroys and Commanders-in-chief, Members of Council, and Secretaries to Government his theme, and the flashes of light that he has thrown upon the inner workings of the machinery of government in India are too truly colored to be aught but the light of knowledge reflected from the actual facts. It is this which is the strongest attribute of Kipling's mind: that it photographs every detail of passing scenes that can have any future utility for literary reference or allusion.

When I knew Kipling in India he was bubbling over with poetry, which his hard day's office work gave him no time to write. The efforts of the native police-band in the public gardens at Lahore to discourse English music would awaken, as we passed, some rhythm with accompanying words, in his mind, and he would be obviously ill at ease because he could not get within reach of pen and ink. Whether Kipling would have been much of a musician, I cannot say; but I know that all the poems he wrote during the years we worked together — many of the "Departmental Ditties," for instance, — were written not only *to* music, but *as* music. Kipling always conceived his verses as a tune, often a remarkably musical and, to me, novel tune. When he had got a tune into his head, the words and rhyme came as readily as when a singer vamps his own banjo accompaniment. — *E. Kay Robinson, in McClure's Magazine.*

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

To Clean Soiled Books. — Ink-stains may be removed from a book by applying with a camel's hair pencil a small quantity of oxalic acid, diluted with water, and then using blotting paper. Two applications will remove all traces of the ink. To remove grease spots, lay powdered pipe-clay each side of the spot and press with an iron as hot as the paper will bear without scorching. Sometimes grease spots may be removed from paper or cloth by laying a piece of blotting paper on them and then pressing the blotting paper with a hot iron. The heat melts the grease and the blotting paper absorbs it. E. M. L.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

Renewing Worn Manuscripts. — When a book manuscript has traveled for some time from publisher to publisher, — as book manuscripts, alas! occasionally do, — the three or four sheets at the beginning and the three or four sheets at the end generally show signs of wear. Foreseeing such a possibility, the author will do well when he has completed his manuscript to make one or more copies of these sheets, so that when the original sheets begin to betray the unhappy experiences of his story he can substitute fresh sheets that correspond in every way with the remainder of the manuscript. At the time of writing he has paper at hand that matches in size and color that which he has used in the manuscript, but a year or two afterward he may search in vain for such paper as he wants. N. W. M.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Making Tablet Glue and Mucilage. — Some of the readers of THE WRITER may be interested in these recipes for making tableting glue for putting up tablets of paper and for making mucilage, which are given in the *Scientific American*. *Tablet glue.* — For fifty pounds of

the best glue (dry) take nine pounds glycerine. Soak the glue for ten minutes and heat to solution and add the glycerine; if too thick, add water. Color with aniline. *Mucilage.*—A strong aqueous solution of reasonably pure dextrine (British gum) forms a most adhesive and cheap mucilage. Alcohol, or rather diluted wine spirit, is usually employed as the solvent where the mucilage is to be used for gumming envelopes, postage stamps, etc., in order to facilitate the drying, and acetic acid is added to increase the mobility of the fluid. The strong aqueous solution is more adhesive than that prepared with alcohol, for the reason that it contains a greater proportion of the gum. To prepare this, add an excess of powdered dextrine to boiling water, stir for a moment or two, allow to cool and settle, and strain the liquid through a fine cloth. The addition of a little powdered sugar increases the glossiness of the dried gum, without interfering greatly with its adhesiveness. The sugar should be dissolved in the water before the dextrine is added. I. N. F.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS AN HISTORIAN. W. P. Trent. *Forum* (28 c.) for July.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON. With portraits. Mary C. Francis. *Godey's* (13 c.) for July.

ON THE POETRY OF PLACE NAMES. Brander Matthews. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for July.

A FRENCH FRIEND OF BROWNING — JOSEPH MILSAND. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for July.

LETTERS OF D. G. ROSETTI. Edited by Dr. Birckbeck Hill. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for July.

SPECULATIONS OF A STORY TELLER. George W. Cable. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for July.

KIPLING IN INDIA. Illustrated. E. K. Robinson. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for July.

LONGFELLOW, WHITTIER, AND HOLMES. With portraits. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for July.

GENERAL CHARLES H. TAYLOR, OF THE BOSTON GLOBE. With portrait. E. J. Edwards. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for July.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF VENICE. Illustrated. Laurence Hutton. *Harper's* (38 c.) for July.

THE TEMPTATION OF AUTHORSHIP. Charles Dudley Warner. Editor's Study. *Harper's* (38 c.) for July.

THE ROSEWATERS AND THE "BEE" OF OMAHA. With portraits of Edward Rosewater and His Sons. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for July.

PROFESSOR W. O. ATWATER AND HIS WORK. With portrait. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for July.

HENRY BARNARD, THE NESTOR OF AMERICAN EDUCATION. With portrait. James L. Hughes. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for July.

THE GENIUS AND HIS ENVIRONMENT.—I. Professor J. Mark Baldwin. *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for July.

LITERARY PROPERTY. Emile Zola. *Bookman* (23 c.) for July.

H. C. BUNNER. With portrait. Laurence Hutton. *Bookman* (23 c.) for July.

E. C. STEDMAN. With portrait. *Bookman* (23 c.) for July.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN POETS. Hezekiah Butterworth. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for July.

H. C. BUNNER. With portrait. H. G. Paine. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for May 11.

NEWSPAPER REMINISCENCES. *Newspaper Maker* (13 c.) for May 14.

ROUNSEVILLE WILDMAN. With portrait. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for May 14.

P. F. COLLIER AND COLLIER'S WEEKLY. With portrait. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for May 28.

NEWSPAPERDOM'S SCRAPARIUM — FOR FILING CLIPPINGS. *Newspaperdom* (8 c.) for May 28.

A PROPHET OF FREEDOM (John G. Whittier). With portrait. B. O. Flower. *Arena* (28 c.) for June.

HISTORIC ANDOVER. Illustrated. Annie Sawyer Downs. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for June.

MRS. STOWE AT EIGHTY-FIVE. Illustrated. Richard Burton. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for June.

AGNES MARY FRANCES DARMESTETER. Arthur Symons. *Magazine of Poetry* (28 c.) for June.

CHARLES F. LUMMIS. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for June.

BERNARD EDWARD JOSEPH CAPES ("Bevis Cane"). Reprinted from *Chicago News* in *Current Literature* (28 c.) for June.

WINIFRED AGNES HALDANE. Reprinted from *Chicago News* in *Current Literature* (28 c.) for June.

HAVE THE PLOTS BEEN EXHAUSTED? *Current Literature* (28 c.) for June.

MRS. M. J. LAMB. With portrait. Franklin D. Telle. *Magazine of Poetry* (28 c.) for June.

WHAT IS THE BEST FORM FOR A TYPEWRITTEN LETTER? *Phonographic World* (8 c.) for June.

AMBROISE THOMAS. With portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for June 13.

CAPTAIN JOHN G. BOURKE, U. S. A. Barnet Phillips. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for June 20.

KATE FIELD. With portrait. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for June 13.

MIND TRAINING. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for June 20.

ENGLISH LETTER-WRITING IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Reprinted from *Edinburgh Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (18 c.) for June 6.

THOMAS HUGHES. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in *Littell's Living Age* (18 c.) for June 27.

LARRY CHITTENDEN ("the poet ranchman of Texas"). *Galveston News* for June 19.

NEWS AND NOTES.

"The Landlord at Lion's Head," a new novel by W. D. Howells, will be begun in the issue of *Harper's Weekly* dated July 4.

The title of Frederic J. Stimson's next novel will be "King Noanett."

The present owner of *Judy*, which, next to *Punch*, is the oldest comic paper in England, is Miss Gillian Debenham, who purchased it recently and intends to make a number of changes and improvements in it.

Hezekiah Butterworth has an appreciative article on "The South American Poets" in the July *Review of Reviews*. He succeeds in showing that the South American countries have recently produced much verse of striking beauty and power.

The title of Rudyard Kipling's new Gloucester novel will be "Captains Courageous." Its publication will begin in *McClure's Magazine* for November.

Ian Maclaren, J. M. Barrie, and Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll are going to visit the United States next fall.

The *Review of Reviews* for July has an interesting picture of the three distinguished brothers, Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D., editor of the *Outlook*, Rev. Edward Abbott, D. D., editor of the *Literary World*, and the late Austin Abbott, LL. D.

The *Missouri Editor*, which is about as bright a newspaper trade journal as any one could make, and which is heartily devoted to the interests of Missouri editors and publishers, established a complete printing office on the Mississippi steamer on which the Missouri Press Association made a trip to Memphis recently, and published a lively daily paper during the time of the excursion.

The article, "Advice from Nathaniel Hawthorne," by C. M. White, in THE WRITER for May, is reprinted in shorthand in the *Munson Phonographic News and Teacher* (New York) for July.

James Payn's successor as editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* is J. St. Loe Strachey.

"Gail Hamilton" (Miss Mary Abigail Dodge) is living in great seclusion at her home in Hamilton, Mass. Her health is very frail, and she sees but few even of her oldest friends; but she is able to read and write, and enjoy this life in her unusually serene waiting for the next.

Edward Everett Hale is about to retire from the editorship of the *Boston Commonwealth*. His successor has not been selected. The *Christian Register* announces that it has engaged Dr. Hale as a regular contributor. He will write each week a column entitled "Good News," dealing with the practical improvements which the Christian religion is making in the affairs of the world.

The *Red Letter* is a new Boston monthly, of which Richard Gorham Badger is the editor and E. B. Bird the art director. The publishers announce that it will contain only the best in literature and in art.

The *Lotus* (Kansas City, Mo.) has prospered so that it is able now to pay for contributions.

Poker Chips is a new monthly magazine, "Devoted to Stories of the Great American Game," which has been started in New York.

The *Capital* (Washington) — "Marshall Cushing's paper" — has been sold to Hobart Brooks, who will publish it hereafter as the *Washington Capital*. Mr. Cushing will be its editor.

Travel has been transferred from New York to Denver, and merged in the *Great West*. E. H. Talbot, late editor and proprietor of the *Railway Age* of Chicago, is president of the Great West Publishing and Printing Company. The first number of the *Great West* is that for July.

The *Waste Basket* (Detroit) has suspended publication.

The *Ladies' Every Saturday* (Philadelphia) has suspended publication.

The *Literary Olio* (Perkasie, Penn.) has suspended publication until fall, when it hopes to resume, with new management and enlarged resources.

Albert J. Kern, Jamaica, L. I., has charge of all manuscripts that were in the office of *Texas Siftings* when the paper suspended publication.

The liabilities of Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., are $107,000, and the nominal assets $138,000. The actual cash value of the assets is estimated at $40,000.

The Henry E. Bill Publishing Company, of Norwich, Conn., organized in 1845 with a capital stock of $75,000, has assigned.

F. Tennyson Neely, the publisher, has transferred his entire business from Chicago to New York, 114 Fifth avenue.

The *Bachelor of Arts* (New York) announces that none of the stories submitted in its prize competition were worthy of the prize, and renews its offer, extending the time to January 1, 1897.

The *New York Sunday World* offers a prize of $25 to the amateur photographer who this season makes the best photographic picture of a group of persons at a summer resort. The competition will continue until September 30. Each picture submitted must be accompanied by the name and address of the person taking it, the name of the place where the picture is taken, and the name or names of the persons shown in the picture. These names and addresses must be written on the proofs.

The *New York Sunday Herald* invites amateur photographers at summer resorts to send in any pictures they may take of interesting places or people, for reproduction. A large number will be used each Sunday, and those that are used will be paid for. Photographers should write their name and address on each picture sent.

Paul Bourget has won his case from Lemerre, the publisher, and henceforth French authors will have the power to have their publishers' books examined in order to see that they are not cheated out of their royalties. There was no pretence that M. Lemerre had not paid Bourget all that was due him, but he objected to having his books inspected. Paul Bourget will now go to Japan, in the track of Sir Edwin Arnold and Pierre Loti, and give us some more *impressions.*

"With the Trade," in *Lippincott's* for July, instances some of the unadvised efforts, requests, and woes of beginners in literature.

"The Reason Why, a Story of Fact and Fiction," by Ernest E. Russell, editor of *Public Opinion* (New York), will shortly be published. It is distinctively a "purpose" novel, and decidedly radical.

George W. Cable tells in the July *Atlantic* in a very attractive fashion — or pretends to tell — the secrets of the story-teller's art.

McClure's Magazine for July has a fine series of portraits of Longfellow, an article about Kipling by E. Kay Robinson, who was associated with him on a paper in India, a paper of recollections of Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and a sketch of General Charles H. Taylor, of the *Boston Globe.*

Mme. Blanc, the French critic, whose articles have long been published under the name Th. Bentzon, contributes to *Scribner's* for July a paper on "A French Friend of Browning — Joseph Milsand." He was a distinguished scholar, essayist, and poet, who died about ten years ago, and with him Browning maintained a close friendship for many years. In this paper are given a number of the entertaining letters which they exchanged, revealing a remarkable literary friendship as well as a beautiful personality.

The Magazine Number of the *Outlook* for June contains a sketch of Frances E. Willard by Lady Henry Somerset, and an article on Alexander Macmillan, accompanied by portraits and other pictures.

The *Home Magazine* (Binghamton) for July reprints Edward Everett Hale's story "The Man without a Country," and publishes with it an article by Dr. Hale, telling how it was written. Two portraits of Dr. Hale are given, one from his latest photograph and the other showing him as he was in 1863.

Mrs. Mary B. Claflin died at Whitinsville, Mass., June 13, aged seventy years.

Mrs. Adelaide C. Mitchell, of Brooklyn, ("Violet Etynge"), died at Ocean Grove, N. J., June 24, aged forty-two.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. IX. BOSTON, AUGUST, 1896. No. 8.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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INSPIRATION IN WRITING.

Scarcely anything connected with the art of writing has provoked more controversy than the question of the value of inspiration, so-called, as an aid in composition. The word inspiration is sometimes used to denote the operation of a force apparently independent of a person, yet working through him and accomplishing results beyond the ordinary power of the individual; but often it means simply a mood, or condition favorable for work. Plodding and regularity are opposed to inspiration, for they imply a disregard of conditions, whether favorable or unfavorable.

Imaginative writers, and particularly poets, have trusted more, and appear to have needed to trust more, to inspiration than other authors. We are not surprised at the capacity of an historian or an essayist to produce good results day after day, for an extended lengthy period, but we certainly should be to learn that a poet could do as much. Even Pope, whose poetry may be regarded as the next thing to prose, was a strong believer in inspiration. He would often call out for paper in the night time, so that he might record fleeting thoughts which would otherwise escape; and Hartley Coleridge believed that he made it a practice to set down in a book every line, half line, or lucky phrase that occurred to him, and either find or make a place for it when and where he could.

Francis Bacon thought that those ideas which come unsought are the most valuable, and, according to Aubrey, he was wont to have Mr. Thomas Hobbes "walk with him in his delicate groves when he did meditate, and when a notion darted into his head he was presently wont to write it down, and his lordship was wont to say that he did it better than any one else about him."

Mr. Hobbes himself recorded his own vagrant thoughts, and perhaps Lord Bacon's, by means of a pen and ink-horn, carried in the head of a cane, which was his constant companion.

"A man," says Sir Walter Scott, "must take himself as well as other people when in the humor. I doubt if men of method, who can lay aside or take up the pen just at the hours appointed, will ever be better than poor creatures." He himself, however, like Victor Hugo, was commonly so well supplied with matter that he could write at all times, and in all circumstances, and with wonderful facility.

We are told of Corneille that in his fits of inspiration he would often bandage his eyes, throw himself on a sofa, and dictate to his wife, who almost worshipped his genius. Thus he would pass whole days dictating to her his great

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tragedies, his wife scarcely venturing to speak, and almost afraid to breathe.

Another author who worked by paroxysms was Alexander Dumas, père, who would sometimes remain for days without touching a pen, and then would write forty-eight hours without stopping. M. Daudet has the same disposition. He will often write eighteen hours a day, for days together, and then leave off entirely for weeks and months.

Some writers, such as Thackeray and Nathaniel Hawthorne, could scarcely write at all unless in the mood for it. Emerson seldom had a regular flow of ideas, but watching his inspirations here and there, seized them, noted them down, and afterward combined them into a more or less harmonious whole.

It was the practice of Calvin to write in bed. "If he felt his facility of composition leaving him, he forthwith quitted his bed, gave up writing and composition, and went about his outdoor duties, for days, weeks, and months together; but as soon as he felt the inspiration in full power upon him again he went back to his bed, and his secretary set to work forthwith."

Leigh Hunt seemed to work night and day over his compositions, as did Walter Savage Landor. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Washington Irving, and many others were desultory. Dryden, Oliver Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, William Hazlett, and John Wilson seldom set to work until forced to write by the necessities of existence or the importunities of creditors. Robert Burns refused to work for money, believing that the thought of working for pay would destroy the spontaneity of his productions.

A modern writer, Mrs. Margaret Hungerford, better known as "The Duchess," as reported in a recent newspaper, gives the following interesting account of her methods of work: "As for me, I have to lie awake o' nights, longing and hoping for inspirations that ofttimes are slow to come. But when they do come, what a delight! All at once, in a flash, as it were, the whole story lies open before me, — a delicate diorama, vague here and there, but with a beginning and an end as clear as crystal. I can never tell when these inspirations may be coming; sometimes in the dark watches of the night, sometimes when I am driving through the crisp, sweet air; sometimes when I am at work in a crowded drawing room, a thought, rising from the book in hand, sends them with a rush to the surface, where they are seized, and brought to land, and carried home in triumph. After that the dressing of them is simple enough. . . . To make literary work a methodical thing is, I think, a mistake. To compel the brain to a task from which it may at the moment revolt is surely a straining of the mental powers both rash and cruel. . . . To force the mind is, in my opinion, bad business. What comes spontaneously is of untold value. It is always fresh, always the best of which the writer may be capable. These unsolicited outbursts of the mind are as the wild sprays sent heavenward at times by a calm and slumberous ocean, a promise of the power that reigns in the now quiet breast. Thus dreams are of value, and to dreams, those most spontaneous and unsought of all things, I owe much."

But for every writer who believes in inspiration another can be found who does not. Thus Southey wrote with great regularity, and usually had several works in hand at the same time, and could turn from one to the other without difficulty. Thomas Chalmers and Victor Hugo also were regular writers; and the marvelous George Sand wrote every day a given number of pages, a feat which Anthony Trollope also could perform. Balzac wrote regularly from midnight to midday.

There is also Emile Zola, who, according to an article in *McClure's Magazine*, says of himself: "I have always been very methodical. I don't believe in overwork, but I am a firm believer in regular work. At my house in Medan, in my study I have carved in letters of gold over my mantelpiece the words, '*Nulla dies sine linea*,' and this rule I have stuck to conscientiously all these years. My faith is that hard work, that is to say, regular work, is the first essential for the production of a book. I am no impressionist, and I don't believe in work rapidly dashed off."

Ruskin in his "Autobiography" says: "My literary work was always done as quietly and methodically as a piece of tapestry. I knew exactly what I had got to say, put the words firmly in their places like so many stitches,

hemmed the edges of chapters around with what seemed to me graceful flourishes, touched them finally with my cunningest points of color, and read the work to papa and mamma at breakfast next morning, as a girl shows her sampler."

Thomas Hardy and Walter Besant are just opposite to each other in their methods of work, for the former holds firmly to the theory of inspiration, and will write only when the composing fit is on him, while the latter works with great regularity, and throws off copy with marvelous ease.

The poet Will Carleton writes thus of himself: "I have no regular, stereotyped method of literary work, not being a believer in the mood theory, as some of our poets are. My principle is to work for a mood, rather than wait for one, — barring fatigue or pre-occupation, — and one time is the same to me as any other for work. I never find as much difficulty in transferring my thoughts to paper as I do in transferring my feelings into thoughts. Words are nothing but the vehicles of thought. I do not allow myself to be governed by any system."

F. Marion Crawford holds strong views on the methods of writing, as is shown in Bainton's "Art of Authorship." He believes that it is a great folly for a writer to rely upon inspiration, or even upon moods. "Ninety-nine-hundredths," he says, "of the best literary work is done by men who write to live, who know that they must write, whether the weather is fine or rainy, whether they like their breakfast or not, whether they are hot or cold, whether they are in love happily or unhappily with women or with themselves. Of course, a man who has lived by his pen for years finds out by experience the hours for working which suit him best; but a beginner should be methodical. He should go to his desk as any other workman goes to his work, after breakfast; rest and eat in the middle of the day; and work again in the afternoon. He should never begin by writing at night, unless he is obliged to do so. He will, of course, often sit at the table an hour or more without writing a word, but if he will only think conscientiously of what he meant to do, he will find the way to do it. The evening is the time to read, and the night is the time to sleep."

To be able to compose at all times and under all circumstances is certainly a most desirable accomplishment for a writer, since he may thus make use of many opportunities which he would lose if he depended on inspiration to quicken his mind and pen. To write regularly is only a carrying out of the most approved system of modern educational methods, which recognize the great value and force of habit in both physical and mental work. It is well, however, not to write too long at a time, but to spend much of the day in reading, observation, and recreation, lest there be a loss of freshness and originality. *E. E. Benton.*

PEORIA, Ill.

ON THE MECHANISM OF LITERATURE.

I.

A jewel in its rough, uncut state is still a jewel, and will be valued as such by all who know the worth of jewels, whether uncut or cut. The spirit, the meaning, of a piece of literary work is — or should be — in like manner judged by and for itself, apart from any crudities in its execution; but just as a jewel must be properly and carefully cut for us to appreciate to the full all its excellences, so must literary works

however valuable the thoughts they contain, be set before us in the best manner possible to have them fully appreciated. It is true much of the writing of the present day—and probably all ages have thought this true of their own age in particular—seems to have no other motive than the surrounding of pebbles with all possible embellishments,—in other words, the use of all the arts of writing for their own sake; but this is not literature worthy of the name. Now, more than ever before, we demand first of all sound ideas, spirit, life, in literary work. When these are present, however, it is possible to heighten their glory with the extra beauties of the things which go to make up a good style, and when these minor aids are employed our pleasure in the gems of thought is enhanced a hundredfold.

It will not do for even genius to disregard the claims and aids of writing's minor arts.

"Genius must be born and never can be taught,"

will always be as true as when Dryden first said it, in the sense that the gem of genius—to return to our simile—must be found before it can be used, and, without doubt, this is what he meant; but even genius needs to be taught how to handle its tools, or we shall hardly recognize it as genius. Indeed, does not half our best literature depend for its existence on the felicitous use of a hundred devices—length of sentences, punctuation, adaptation of style to subject, alliteration, and so on? To any student of literature, however, it is surprising to reflect how few writers seem to be skilled in the use of what may be called the mechanical arts of writing. If, as some one has said, "It is too late in the day for us to expect now that anything but a man's style will live,"—the field of ideas having been already harvested,—then we should study the arts that style must use. Be it far from me to suggest that we should imitate any style, however pure and great, without reasoning for ourselves; what I mean is that a study of the laws which rule the finest styles is not only our right, but our duty, if we ourselves would be gladly heard from, and that for the fruition of our latent abilities these laws must marry with our own individual thoughts. Adaptation is the rule, never *imitation.*

Let us consider some of the points which go to make up effective writing, and note some of the unnecessary and glaring errors which are too often allowed to appear in what might easily have been made good writing. The points I have selected for consideration out of the many that present themselves are these: Titles and The Beginning and Ending of Compositions.

II.

No least part of an author's difficulties is in selecting suitable titles for his work. The title must epitomize into the briefest possible compass, or suggest fully and completely, the chief *motif*, principal incident, or leading thought in the work itself; or, as may sometimes be done with still greater effect, it must be the exact opposite of the subject-matter itself. There is an apparent exception to this rule; *i. e.*, when a book—usually a novel—is with great fitness named after the chief character portrayed in it; but this instance properly falls under the first-named head above, the chief *motif*. There always is—or should be—some one predominant idea, around which the minor satellites of star fancies revolve, and up to which they lead, or there is some incident transcending in importance and furnishing the keynote for all the other incidents, and the title of the article should be either this leading idea in a condensed form, or include it by a reference to the result, the effect, the lesson taught by such idea or incident. Using the illustrations I think of first, the poem of Mrs. Browning entitled "The Cry of the Children" is an example of the first of these methods, and Grant Allen's "What's Bred in the Bone" is a good illustration of the second way of choosing a title. For the poem referred to, no title less direct and simple would have been so effective, and as the leading thought in Allen's novel is the endurable influence of heredity under all circumstances, he at the outset told the reader the subject and gave him a general hint of the treatment it would receive at his hands. When one has finished reading these works and thinks again of the titles, he feels no lack; the chief point was seized on and fully presented at the first.

Showy and startling titles should almost

invariably be discarded. Any straining after effect may attract at first appearance, but it will be quickly perceived, and the last state of the reader's mind toward that work will be worse than the first, whatsoever that was. Byron could have found a much more agreeable title for the drama he named "The Deformed Transformed." Such a play on words is in poor taste. On the other hand, Carlyle chose for one of his books the title of titles for that particular one when he called it "Sartor Resartus." Here the similarity in sound between the two words is just enough to be entirely pleasing; in Byron's title, the repetition of "—formed" is offensive. Barrie's "When a Man's Single" is a "catchy" title, on the other hand, but it seems weak when the story has been finished; and this draws attention to another rule, namely, that care should be taken that the title shall not be weak or insignificant when compared with the work itself. The reader will notice the incongruity sooner than if the author had erred on the opposite side. Who that has read Browning's "Ferishtah's Fancies" has not felt that the profound ideas and noble sentiments in that book are to a certain extent degraded by calling them "fancies"? It may be said that the author put his thoughts forward somewhat tentatively, perhaps, not wishing to speak authoritatively, or that he tried to be very modest; but even granting this for the sake of the argument, a more appropriate and dignified title could have been found. "Fancies" may be beautiful and delightful, but there is no connection between them and things profound, and this title of Browning's always reminds me of a mountebank dancing on the steps of a church.

I cannot help thinking Browning made another mistake in using such a very long title as "Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in Their Day." It was stated long ago by some one whose name I do not recall, that a title should not contain more than sixteen letters, and while it would be foolish to place any definite limit to such a variable quantity as the subject in hand, it may yet be said with truth that if one cannot here strike the "golden mean" of Confucius satisfactorily, he had better err by using too short a title than one too long. As a general thing, the delicate artistic perception of poets leads them to select short, emphatic titles. Of course, writers of prose, from whom we do not expect such condensation of thought nor such sharply-defined treatment as poets use, may have larger liberty and may choose such words and phrases for headlines as would be quite out of place over the same thoughts expressed in poetical form; yet we could learn in this thing also from our masters, the poets.

One point which should be obvious to any author is that no words or names of any kind should be used which are hard to pronounce. If such be used, they will influence and lessen the sale of the book. This may be doubted by some, who might say that if any one really wanted to purchase a book, he would do so regardless of such a trifle, but human nature is so peculiar a thing, that what I have said is true. People dislike so much to be caught tripping in the pronunciation of names, especially before strangers, that they will frequently go without what they desire, rather than risk a smile at their expense. This is not only my own belief, but that of booksellers also, who have assured me their experience proves the truth of the assertion. Any one who is at all successful in writing is expected to know the need of *trying*, at least, to look at his work from the reader's point of view; were this done oftener, in not only this but other things, fewer points would be left for the reader to find fault with. Probably Dr. George H. Hepworth thought he was doing quite a novel thing in entitling one of his books "!!!" All will readily agree that the title is a novel one, but is it also an acceptable title, speaking broadly? Dr. Hepworth is a thoughtful, sparkling, breezy writer, but I think most people will agree with me in saying that this title is an annoyance and a vexation of spirit to the reader, no matter how well it may suit the novel itself. How cumbersome it is to have to refer to the book as "that novel with three exclamation points for a title"! One reviewer wittily criticised it by quoting the title and then writing three interrogation points!

A literary friend by my side, a writer well known in the United States, suggests that I say a

word against the reprehensible idea some editors seem to hold, *i, e.*, that they are endowed with the right calmly to dethrone the king a writer has exalted over his work, and put in its place some wretched little usurper. Perish the thought! After the author has borne the infant in his brain for months, perhaps years, it may seriously be supposed that he can send it into the world with the most suitable appellation; wherefore let interlopers stand from under! I heartily agree with my friend in protesting against all such wicked editorial delusions.

To sum up: Choose short, explicit, comprehensive titles, and avoid those showy and demeaning. Pique curiosity if possible, but never at the expense of good taste. A good title may almost be said to win half the battle for success.

III.

Every literary composition has a logical sequence of its own, to which strict attention must be paid at the very beginning, and which demands special attention toward and at the close. The shorter the article, be it poem, or essay, or story, the more rigid is the application of this rule. In all things, first impressions are very lasting, and weak or vague conclusions are exasperating, and in literary work especially both beginnings and endings must be strong.

In so broad a field as literature, where there are so many and such varied growths, to lay down many laws applicable to each and every individual description of writing is impossible. Two or three general rules may be mentioned, however, all of which are being constantly violated by writers who should know better. In the first place, unless what is written depends for much of its force on the unfolding or sudden termination of a plot, — using the word in a very broad sense, — the opening sentences should give the reader a clear idea of what he may expect. Moreover, at this point no sub-tones — to use a musical term — are allowable: that is, the subject must be kept free from side issues. In the third place, the opening must be proportioned in length to the body of the work, or the writer will be in the position of the man who took a run of a mile in order to get a start for jumping over a stone wall.

The logical sequence referred to is essential *in both inductive* and deductive writing; each style demands the perfection of logical treatment for that style. Any lack of harmony between the commencement and the body of the work unsettles the reader's mind and prejudices him against the work. This statement by no means conflicts with the fact that we may often use what may be called the inverted method; *i. e.*, the use of an incident or argument, the point of which is exactly contrary to that which we desire to make. Too often a careless writer will so present at first some idea or incident which he wants to keep subordinate that we are led away from the point he is aiming at, and the writing is weakened by just so much as this is done. All roads in Italy lead to Rome, truly, but the traveler to Rome wants to get there without being obliged to traverse them all in turn. A few short by-paths may be so refreshing as to stimulate greatly interest in the Rome of the article; but such seductive jaunts must not delay the eager traveler very often, nor be extended long enough to produce weariness. At the beginning they must be avoided.

These remarks do not refer to the practice of opening a long article by consideration of little things. To detail trivialities enhances the after effects, when more weighty interests are involved, and in novels especially it is not only good art to begin as far back in the characters' histories as will serve to hint their futures, but it is something never ignored by good writers when they touch at all on the child-life of their characters. The point is, however, to avoid side-issues, and to use only those subjects which, no matter how apparently trifling they may be, shall still tend toward the ultimate purpose. Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm" is a model in this respect. The picture of Waldo lying awake at night listening to the tick of his father's watch, while thoughts of the destiny of mankind wring his poor little soul into agony, is a good, and at this place sufficient, clew to his feelings in mature life. That scene alone would have indicated the man, even if the author had not enlarged the thought by giving us more scenes from his early experiences. One or two incidents like this are of untold value in the after delineation of character. They are also enough to enable a writer to drop the thread of his

characters' lives till he chooses to take it up again. The foundation-stones have been laid, interest has been awakened, and the building of the story may now proceed. I would not affirm that this ought always to be done; too many strong novels have been written that plunge at once into the lives of mature men and women for me to risk such a statement: what I say is, that no matter where one begins, the prime object must be clearly indicated in the opening sentences.

Writing which depends for its interest on the unfolding of a plot — and remember that "plot" must here be used in a broad sense — must still catch the attention at first, be clear-cut, devoid of verbiage, and tend in one direction. It is not allowable to begin on a higher key than can be sustained through the entire piece; indeed, it is far better to avoid any approach to a possible descent, by avoiding the unusual and working up, for a time at least, gradually. If a plot is hinted at, great care is needed to keep from hinting too much. The experienced reader catches at a word.

For examples of the way in which poems should begin, Browning may be studied. His short poems almost invariably tell the whole tale in the first few lines, while in his longer ones interest, though aroused at once, is quickened more gradually. "The Flight of the Duchess," "The Lost Leader," "Waring," "Youth and Art," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," all present the subject fully in the very first sentence or two; "An Epistle," "Abt Vogler," "Cleon," poems which have a certain measure of plot in them, still catch the interest and tend in one direction; while Browning's longer works, "The Ring and the Book," for example, begin leisurely and unfold logically. Browning was an artist, and never failed to treat his subjects artistically.

In general, short sentences should be used in beginning any piece of literary work. Macaulay, Emerson, — whose general style, it is true, favors brief sentences, but who knew how as well as any one to frame a long and beautiful sentence, — Ruskin, — who cannot be accused of a partiality for laconisms, — all these know the value of opening their writings with at least one brief sentence, and this in both short and long compositions. It is not always an easy thing to do, especially as one ought to outline his subject at the same time; but of these two laws, that of brevity takes the precedence; the outline may come next.

The art of ending a piece of work ought to have a book written on it. Here only some of the plainest laws may be mentioned, and of these, perhaps that forbidding prolixity is the most commonly violated. In every piece of writing there is a climax, after which the most delicate treatment is necessary, provided anything further is to be said, which is by no means always the case. In almost all short poems and some long ones the last sentence or two, sometimes the last word, makes the climax, and closes the subject. But in dramatic poetry, in novels, and even in some essays, the mind must not be allowed to descend too rapidly from the height to which it was taken by the climax. Neither must this aftermath be prolonged till the reader is wearied. Yet many writers, novelists especially, drag out the thread of the story till the once-interested reader loathes the whole thing utterly. Interest dies out, because details are now too much insisted on, or moralizing is too freely indulged in, or — if the work is a novel — all the characters, small and great, must be duly haled up for inspection and disposed of for time and eternity. One novelist who never errs in this direction is "Ouida"; she knows just what to say and when to stop. Donald G. Mitchell, Edgar Allan Poe, Keats, Shelley, Joaquin Miller, all conclude their work gracefully, rounding up well, and leaving nothing to be desired. On the other hand, how much stronger the ending of Madame de Staël's "Corinne" would have been had she not written that last unnecessary, weakening paragraph! Some words were needed just there, it is true, to prevent abruptness, but she says nothing we care to know or could not have divined. George Eliot is very artistic; while some may think her prolix, it seems to me she says just enough to make the close consonant with her preceding style.

The old Greek dramatists never wrought readers — or hearers, rather, in this case — up to concert pitch and then left them there; be-

fore closing they released the strain. If Æschylus' "Prometheus Bound" seems an exception, it must be remembered that the play begins on the same high key, this fact justifying the close. Shakespeare is not found wanting here, any more than in other instinctive feelings. He takes off the wire edge of excitement produced in the reader or the hearer by the *dénouement*, by adding some few lines, or perhaps a speech, for that express purpose.

Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" has been laughed at and condemned by many good critics for the two last lines: —

> "And when they buried him the little port
> Had seldom seen a costlier funeral."

This, they say, is bathos, is a sheer anticlimax, and not calculated to impress us in the proper direction; they add that it is out of keeping with what the reader expects. But is this criticism just? We must recall the simple, homely character of the people with whom the poem deals, and consider what way they would take to honor the dead hero. Nothing so explains the mind of the simple and the poor as this. The poor are more generous, comparatively, than the rich, and the simple take the simplest ways to show this feeling. Simplicity was here needed in both acts and the writer's treatment of them, and naturalness must lie at the root of those acts. Had Tennyson made mention of orations, or the general pomp of a funeral appropriate to some higher walk of life, his ideas would have been most obviously out of place, as utterly unsuited to the characters of both the hero and his old associates. Neither would a reference to the mourners' mental attitude toward the dead have been so clearly indicative of their feelings as the unadorned statement of their acts. No; in the simple words with which this poem ends, the minds of the people are fully portrayed, and this to a degree not achievable by any other means. A deep truth is expressed — in homely language, if you will, but in language thoroughly in keeping with the rest of the poem.

In all classes of poems, and writings, and speeches, it gives the reader or hearer a great pleasure to find they close with some appropriate word. The hold on the reader's mind of the whole work is greatly increased by this means. I know a clergyman who invariably ends his sermons with some strong, suggestive, agreeable, or at least suitable word, and a more lasting impression is made on his hearers by this simple little act than one who has never thought of the point would imagine.

Mrs. Browning ends "Aurora Leigh" thus; "amethyst" is the last word of the poem, and that gem signifies peace. Shakespeare's dramas and short poems, almost without exception, close with some sentence which binds the entire writing together. Edwin Arnold leaves little to be desired, especially in his "Light of Asia," "Light of the World," and "He and She." (I want to say, in passing, that to my mind the sixteen lines, beginning "Peace beginning to be," repeated at intervals in "The Light of the World," and closing the poem, are by long odds the finest section in the book, and close in the most poetical and beautiful manner imaginable. Read the three last lines again: —

> "Souls that are gentle and still,
> Hear the music of this
> *Far-off, infinite bliss.*"

The onomatopæia in that last verse is excelled in no other line I know of, unless it be the third one in this stanza from Rossetti's "The Blessed Damosel": —

> "It was the ramparts of God's house
> That she was standing on;
> By God built over *the sheer depth*,
> The which is space begun."

In both verses the manner in which sense and sound are wedded is perfection itself.) Ruskin shows great appreciation of the value of the last word, as well as the last sentence. Whatever faults Walt Whitman may have, that of ending feebly or inappropriately cannot be laid to his charge.

In this respect, novels in particular are often exasperating in the extreme, closing with mention of some commonplace topic that takes the edge off our interest. "Monsieur Motte," by Grace King, closes weakly, the last three or four hundred words being superfluous, and if Thackeray had only condensed his last few hundred words of "The Newcomes" into one-quarter of the space, retaining, however, his allusion to the fable

with which he opens the book, and which is excellently well put in just there, all readers would have been better pleased, whether they realize it now or not. I think, also, Dickens might have somewhat condensed the last few paragraphs of "The Tale of Two Cities"; although they are beautifully written, their strength detracts from their force.

The final words, or at least the closing paragraphs, of an article must bind together the whole work in a style, brief, pungent, and devoid of verbiage. Reference to any leading thoughts near the beginning may be made with much effect, and will often prevent closing on too high a key. Pope says,—

"In every work regard the writer's end,"

and if the author has ended his work properly, the reader is much more apt to lay it down with the feeling that the entire writing is complete.

Charles P. Nettleton.

HAYWARDS, Calif.

KELTIC PERFERVOR.

The following resolutions were actually printed, in accordance with the final clause. Keltic fervor has rarely been carried to a higher degree. In several passages, notably where the committee soared — I will not say dropped — into poetry, the feeling overpowers the grammar and outsymbolizes the symbolists in obscurity of meaning; but as a whole it is a great work of heart. It is, as "Duke Theseus" hath it, "merry and tragical," or, in the words of Zola, "*navrante et comique.*" The resolutions are, as Longfellow says: —

"Written with little skill of phrase-craft,
Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope and yet of heart-break;
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the here and the hereafter."

Surely they deserve a wider publicity than that which they secured in the advertising columns of the suburban newspaper where they appeared. The names alone are changed in reprinting them. Why should not Humanity unite in mourning the loss of an honest girl?

"Ye that have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now": —

RESOLUTIONS

On the Death of Bridget Mulligan, from the Sacred Heart Parish.

Whereas, God by His unquestionable wisdom has seen fit to remove from our ranks our true and beloved friend, Bridget Mulligan.

Although unmeasurable is our grief, yet as gladly as we have accepted from the Omnific as willingly do we return to the Omnipotent.

Sustained and consoled by the thought that her pure and spotless life while here amongst us was such that it has earned for her the sweetest prize within the gift of heaven.

May her last sleep be calm and eternally peaceful, and we pray that ere this her soul has sank into oblivion of heavenly bliss.

May death be found to be that which is the dawn of true love.

Love is like the rose in June that blooms so sweet,
Like smiles upon the lip prompted by deceit;
Hearts that are warm to coldness turns,
And in our hearts its memory burns.
Love like life, like life will cease to be.
Why should we love when dies the love loved we,
And o'er its grave each day the sun will move,
Gladly we learn that God alone is love.

Be it resolved, That by her death the picnic committee of the Sacred Heart parish has lost a true and faithful worker, the Catholics of ———— a model member, her home a most lovable companion, and all humanity suffers the loss of an honest girl.

Be it further resolved, That we share the loss with her family and relatives in this their sad hour of bereavement.

Be it still further resolved, That these resolutions be published in the ———, and a copy sent to the family of the deceased.

PATRICK O'TOOLE,
ELIZA B. FLYNN,
MICHAEL MCGILLICUDDY,
Committee on Resolutions.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

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*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9 and 10),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. IX. AUGUST, 1896. NO. 8.

Pigeon-holes are a great convenience to writers, but no editor ought ever to have any. A writer can profitably use pigeon-holes for keeping notes, suggestions, memoranda of plots and incidents, stray facts that may be useful some day, uncompleted articles — and sometimes the longer he keeps completed articles in them, too, the better. No editor ought to be allowed to use pigeon-holes at all. Starting with a clear flat-top desk, an editor should do his best to keep it empty, and when, as is inevitable, the accumulation becomes so great that he cannot see the desk-cloth, he should devote a day or so to getting back to first principles by clearing out of the office, without further consideration, everything before him. "Letters left unanswered for thirty days," Chauncey *Depew said once,* "answer themselves." Manuscripts not accepted after the first reading might as well be sent back immediately, for they are practically rejected. Pigeon-holes for an editor are only incentives to procrastination. The pigeon-hole habit is one of the worst that any editor can have.

***

Some autograph letters offered for sale in New York a while ago have interest for writers who have not yet fortified their reputation, because they show that writers whose names are famous now were once in their position. For instance, in November, 1855, Thomas Bailey Aldrich wrote to R. W. Griswold to say: "I have been quite anxious to see you recently. You were kind enough to promise that 'Babie Bell' should have a place in your 'Poets' and as I have made one or two alterations in the Poem, I am desirous that you should have a corrected copy, *for your book* [words in parenthesis scratched out]. I send it herewith, and hope it is not too late. I do not know my dear Sir how I shall thank you for your kindness, it seems the more difficult, since I fear I do not deserve it. I am sincerely and respectfully yours, Thos. Bailey Aldrich." Mr. Aldrich in those days, it would seem, was not so particular about his punctuation as he is now about his poetry. In a second letter, written in January, 1856, he says: "I would ask if that part of the edition of the 'Poets,' in which you so kindly promised to include me, has been published. Such a notice from you would be of great help to me. If circumstances have prevented you from giving me a place in your book, I thank you sincerely for the intention. If at any time you should think of 'booking me for immortality' will you not write me that I may send you of my best?" It must be hard for the writer of these two letters to realize now that he was once in a position where a friendly notice from Mr. Griswold could do him so much good.

***

A letter from Helen Hunt to James T. Fields, written in September, 1870, shows that in those days, too, authors were expected sometimes to pay the cost of bringing out their books. "I have decided," she says, "to have the verses

printed in that way and on those terms, and to have a thousand copies. Stereotyping, printing, and binding, $550; $300 to be paid when the manuscript is put in the printer's hands, the balance when the work is ready for publication. One-half the retail price of every copy sold to be mine." It will be seen that Mr. Fields was more liberal in the matter of author's royalty than are some publishers of the present day.

***

Another of the letters offered for sale is from Nathaniel Hawthorne, who writes: "As regards the proposition for the twelve short tales, I shall not be able to accept it, because experience has taught me that the thought and trouble expended on that kind of production is vastly greater in proportion than what is required for a long story." In the same letter Hawthorne offers one short story for $100, and says: "And would not write another for the same price."

***

The *Washington Capital* is right in saying that a good many people are constantly saying "verbal," when "oral" is really what they mean.

***

Speaking of the impossibility of an editor's reading everything,—and so being proof against the wiles of plagiarists,—a magazine editor said plaintively the other day: "It's hard enough to have to read the *Universe* (his own magazine) through three or four times every month." Sure enough! And yet some writers envy editors! W. H. H.

QUERIES.

Is there any substantial reason why an article intended for magazine publication should not be submitted in duplicate to several magazines at the same time, the author, of course, notifying the editors of the respective magazines of this manner of submission, and leaving the acceptance open to all for a certain length of time? I will relate my experience with a certain article, which is of a somewhat seasonable nature. The article should appear in an August or September issue of a magazine, in order to be appropriate to the season. I submitted this article last December to a prominent magazine; it was retained by the editor thirty days and then returned to me with suggestions for several changes in it, and an invitation to re-submit the article after the changes had been made. I submitted the article again May 1, and June 1 I began making inquiries in regard to it. During June I received several replies to my inquiries, stating that the article was still under consideration. Not hearing further from the editor, I supposed that the article had been accepted, and would appear in an August or September number. Now, July 16, I receive the following brief note from the editor:—

DEAR SIR: I regret that, after several consultations, it has been decided to return the manuscript you have so kindly submitted. Thanking you for your courtesy, for sending your article for a second examination,

I am, yours sincerely, ———.

Now, I ask if this is fair treatment of a contribution. The editor, of course, was under no obligation to accept the article, but I called his attention a month ago to the fact that I desired an early decision, in view of the particular character of the article, so that in case he did not accept it I could submit it to some other magazine. He has kept it now until it is too late for publication this year. Why should I not have had the privilege of sending duplicate copies of the article last May to several magazines, with the understanding that the acceptance would be left open until June 1? L. M. S.

[The question asked at the beginning of the query is an interesting one, and in order to be able to answer it with authority, the editor of THE WRITER has asked a number of editors of leading magazines what the answer to it would be from their points of view. The replies received show that there is a diversity of opinion among editors on the subject, and that while a writer might safely adopt the plan proposed in dealing with some editors, in dealing with many others he would spoil his chance of selling his manuscript by doing so.

The managing editor of the *Forum* writes: "No; but complications might arise in the event of simultaneous acceptance by two or more editors."

An assistant of the editor of *Harper's* writes: "The editor of *Harper's Magazine* wishes me to say that no reply seems to him necessary to the query you enclose, since it certainly is within the right of any author to send as many copies of a manuscript to editors as he chooses, provided he informs them of what he is doing. In fact, he could, if he

chose, send his article or story as a circular."

The editor of *Lippincott's* writes: "There are obvious reasons against the duplicate plan proposed. What if several magazines accept the article at once? How many editors have time to bother with such a contingency, or would care to expose themselves to risk of it? A writer had better tackle one publication at a time with a single manuscript."

The editor of the *New England Magazine* writes: "I think this writer had just grounds of complaint. I see no impropriety in the submission of articles in duplicate in the manner he suggests; and there are cases where it would seem to me wise and sensible."

The editor and owner of the *Cosmopolitan* writes: "Not for one moment would an editor be willing to consider a manuscript without holding in his hand the implied option of purchase. He is constantly overworked, and has trouble to read the manuscripts submitted in good faith. To send an article to three editors at the same time would be equivalent to robbing two of them of the minutes or hours devoted to the consideration. And an editor's time is valuable, because, however many assistants he may have, the work of final selection falls on him alone. This makes him an overworked individual. The unavailable manuscripts are sent back promptly by his assistants. The clearly desirable manuscripts are equally promptly decided upon by him, but there is a class of doubtful manuscripts which stand a good chance of acceptance by being taken up a second or a third time. If an immediate decision were required, they would be sent back at once. Further consideration often finds a place that did not present itself in the first instance. The writer who prefers not to take these chances should tell the editor so frankly, and order his manuscript returned. The editor is always earnest, painstaking, and anxious to please those who favor him with their manuscripts."

The editor of *Godey's* writes: "To reply to your query from our standpoint, as you request, we should have no objection whatever to receiving manuscripts with such a notification as your correspondent suggests. In fact, in that *the contributor makes a frank* and honest confession, the arrangement is virtuous. To an editorial force that is kept very busy with multifarious duties, and cannot take time for calm deliberation on each article as it comes in, it would be soothing to the conscience to feel that indefinite delay would be no discourtesy. As for the point of view of the contributor (which you did not ask us to discuss), we fear there would be very little advantage over the present customary, though often heartrending, system. Should the manuscript prove a wonderfully fine thing, the author would be in the enviable position of having a number of publications bidding against each other. Should it not, the suggested plan would probably conduce to making the manuscript 'fall between' all the stools in the country. Whether any editor would be offended and prejudiced against a manuscript because other magazines were considered near enough the plane of his to receive an article at the same time and on the same terms, we cannot say. We have heard of people drest in a little brief authority who could assume that attitude, but we do not know any such editors. The average editor is a busy man, and he has a great deal of matter submitted from which to choose. He is hard to hurry, and often, when he can accept but a limited number of manuscripts from a large assortment, he lets very little things influence him. We think the principal objection to the plan under consideration is contained in our first paragraph."

The editor of the *Household* writes: "We see no reason why an article should not be submitted to several periodicals at the same time."

The editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* writes: "I should hardly deem it wise for an author to submit an article in duplicate to several magazines, for the reason that it might place the writer in an embarrassing position in case he received more than one acceptance of the manuscript. Nor do I think it is wise for an author to attempt to compel an editor to decide upon a manuscript within a given time; his absence, or his engagement with some special work, might prevent his attention to the matter within the time designated. Frankly, I do not see, in these days, why the submission

of articles in duplicate seems necessary. Magazines are better organized than ever, and manuscripts, as a rule, receive speedy attention. In occasional instances there may be reasons for holding a manuscript under consideration a longer time, but as a general thing, I do not think that authors have much tenable ground for any complaint as to the time taken by magazines of good standing in the reading of manuscripts, and reporting upon them."

The most practical objection to the plan proposed by "L. M. S." is the one pointed out by several editors; viz., that complications would arise in case several editors should simultaneously accept the manuscript. So far as delays are concerned, it would be wise for a writer, in case of a "timely" article, to suggest to his editor when he sends it that an early decision is essential, and, if the decision is postponed, to remind the editor by letters, frequent, but courteous, of the necessities of the case. —W. H. H.]

In your June issue you made a correction in the "Queries" column which I cannot understand. In reply to my criticism on your use of the phrase "try an experiment" you in turn correct me in saying "evident" for "most apparent." The Standard dictionary gives the two words as synonymous. Will you please point out my mistake more clearly? F. L. L.

[It is not safe to trust to dictionaries in matters of rhetoric. "Apparent" and "evident" should always be distinguished. What is apparent may or may not be as it seems; what is evident admits of no doubt. — W. H. H.]

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

To Distinguish Paragraphs in Type.— Every one in a newspaper composing room knows how hard it is to keep paragraphs from getting under the wrong headings — deaths under "Marriages," local under "Cable Flashes," political under "Fashion Notes," etc. If all paragraphs are set in the ordinary style, beginning with an em quad, in the haste of making up the forms such accidents are very likely to occur. To lessen the danger, it has long been the practice in newspaper offices to distinguish paragraphs in type by putting some arbitrary sign at the beginning of each — for instance, an em dash [—], a two-em dash [——], an en leader [..], two en leaders [....], or even a "fist" [☞]. Each of these signs is connected with some particular heading, so that the foreman, seeing a stray paragraph beginning with one of them, knows instantly where to put it in making-up, even if it has lost its "guide-line." Ordinarily the connection between signs and headings is arbitrary, and peculiar to each newspaper. The *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, however, exercises discrimination in at least one instance, and begins each paragraph under "Financial" with a dollar sign [$], preceded and followed by an en quad. W. H. H.

BOSTON, MASS.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

Bryan no more represents the Democratic party than Belzebub represents the cherubims and seraphims. — *New York Commercial Advertiser.*	Bryan no more represents the Democratic party than Beelzebub represents the cherubim and seraphim.
Poker Chips is a new monthly magazine "Devoted to Stories of the Great American Game," which has been started in New York. — THE WRITER for July.	*Poker Chips*, a new monthly magazine "Devoted to Stories of the Great American Game," has been started in New York.
Edward Ince got drunk on Monday afternoon and went to sleep in the house of Mrs. Elizabeth B. Grannis, President of the Social Purity League, where he was employed to do odd jobs, without any clothes on. — *N. Y. Sun.*	Edward Ince got drunk Monday afternoon and went to sleep, without any clothes on, in the house of Mrs. Elizabeth B. Grannis, President of the Social Purity League, by whom he was employed to do odd jobs.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE WHITE MR. LONGFELLOW. Illustrated. William Dean Howells. *Harper's* (38 c.) for August.

WANTED, A CRITIC — THE ACTIVITIES OF DR. HOLMES. Charles Dudley Warner. Editor's Study, *Harper's* (38 c.) for August.

DAYS WITH MRS. STOWE. Annie Fields. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

PRESENT CONDITIONS OF LITERARY PRODUCTION. Paul Shorey. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

POETIC RHYTHMS IN PROSE. Edward E. Hale, Jr. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

LETTERS OF D. G. ROSETTI. — IV. George Birkbeck Hill. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Julius H. Ward. *Forum* (28 c.) for August.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS AMONG OUR EARLY JOURNALISTS. With portrait of Joseph Dennie. S. Arthur Bent. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for August.

ROBERT BURTON AND "THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY." Edward W. Adams. Reprinted from *Gentleman's Magazine* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for August.

ALMANACS. Frank W. Crane. *Godey's* (13 c.) for August.

REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD. With portrait. Alice Severance. *Godey's* (13 c.) for August.

MR. GLADSTONE AT EIGHTY-SIX. With portraits. W. T. Stead. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for August.

REMINISCENCES OF LITERARY BOSTON. (Celia Thaxter, Lucy Larcom, Lydia Maria Child, Phillips Brooks). Illustrated. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for August.

WHITTIER — THE MAN. B. O. Flower. *Arena* (28 c.) for August.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF LITERATURE DEALING WITH THE LAND QUESTION. Thomas E. Will, A. M. *Arena* (28 c.) for August.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EUGENE FIELD. Illustrated by facsimiles. Martha Nelson Yenowine. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for August.

EUGENE FIELD. Illustrated. Mary J. Reid and Henrietta Dexter Field. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for August.

THE INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE. William H. Wassall. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for August.

TENNYSON'S WOMEN. Eugene Parsons. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for August.

JEAN PAUL FREDERICK RICHTER. Joseph Forrest. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for August.

ON THE TRAIL OF DON QUIXOTE. A. F. Jacacci. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for August.

SOME PROTOTYPES OF FAMOUS HEROINES. Charles Robinson. *Donahoe's Magazine* (28 c.) for August.

"IKE MARVEL" AT HOME. *Demorest's Magazine* (23 c.) for August.

THE GENIUS AND HIS ENVIRONMENT. — II. Professor J. Mark Baldwin. *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for August.

BLISS CARMAN. With portrait. Ina Russelle Warren. *Magazine of Poetry* (28 c.) for July.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. J. Henry Brown. *Magazine of Poetry* (28 c.) for July.

EBEN E. REXFORD. Professor J. L. Shaylor. *Magazine of Poetry* (28 c.) for July.

EDITORS. By a Contributor. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for July.

LEIGH HUNT. F. Warre Cornish. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for July.

THE GENESIS OF EXPRESSION: BEING THOUGHTS ON THE EVOLUTION OF LANGUAGE. Maurice L. Johnson. Reprinted from *Westminster Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for July.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. John R. Howard. *Outlook* Magazine Number (13 c.) for July.

DR. FRANCIS E. CLARK. Illustrated. J. W. Baer. *Outlook Magazine Number (13 c.) for July.*

DECADENCE OF MODERN RUSSIAN LITERATURE. A Russian. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for July.

WITH THE TRADE. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for July.

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNOR INTERVIEWED (on her work in journalism and her advice to beginners). Alice Severance. *Godey's* (13 c.) for July.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. Frederic Harrison. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Littell's Living Age* (18 c.) for July 18.

EDITORS. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (18 c.) for July 18.

THE NOVELS OF JOHN GALT. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in *Littell's Living Age* (18 c.) for July 25.

THE PERSONALITY OF MARGARET FULLER. Elsie Rhodes. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Littell's Living Age* (18 c.) for July 25.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Leslie Stephen. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (18 c.) for August 1.

THE HUMORS OF NEWSPAPER EDITING. John Pendleton. Reprinted from *Gentleman's Magazine* in *Littell's Living Age* (18 c.) for August 1.

NEWS AND NOTES.

John H. Boner has resigned his editorial position on the *Literary Digest*.

William George Jordan, editor of *Current Literature*, has resigned his position, and will devote himself to the completion of "Jordan's Guide to Poetry and Verse," an enterprise on which he has had a corps of assistants at work for some years. More than 125,000 slips have already been written, and the purpose of the work will be to make it possible to locate every poem and prose selection in more than one thousand anthologies published in England and America.

Dr. Eugene Coleman Savidge, author of "The American in Paris," will turn his European summer to account in gaining foreign perspective for his new work on the American Revolution.

When the executors of the will of Guy de Maupassant examined his library they found that nearly all of the modern books contained therein were presentation copies from the writers. In nearly every instance the leaves of the books were uncut.

John Ruskin's publisher says that since 1871 there has never been a loss on any of that author's works. For a good many years Ruskin received more than $25,000 annually in royalties.

Grant Allen, the novelist, is also a naturalist of no mean repute. He has been elected president of the Microscopic and Natural History Society, at Haslemere, in Surrey, England.

Walter Blackburn Harte is to take editorial charge of the *Lotus* (Kansas City), which after this will be issued monthly, instead of semi-monthly.

The inventory of the estate of Eugene Field includes an equity of $1,000 in his Buena Park home, $3,803 in royalties due from Charles Scribner's Sons, $6,503 worth of books and furniture, and $100 in cash. The furniture includes a Gladstone axe and a Jefferson Davis chair.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's estate is inventoried at $42,353.95.

Joseph Knight has resigned the presidency of the Joseph Knight Company, of Boston, and has joined the Philadelphia firm of Henry T. Coates & Co. The new president of the Boston firm is L. C. Page.

Lilian Whiting is in Florida, engaged upon a biography of Mrs. Browning.

Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs) has just returned from England. She brought with her an incomplete novel of English life, which will appear in book form next fall.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Barrie and Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll will sail from Liverpool for New York September 26.

Ian Maclaren will sail for America September 16.

The *Open Court* for August 6 will contain a remarkable portrait of Count Leon Tolstoi, as he appears in the peasant working costume of his ancestral estates at Toula, Russia. The portrait will accompany Count Tolstoi's sketch "Christianity and Patriotism."

"Some Prototypes of Famous Heroines," by Charles Robinson, in *Donahoe's Magazine* for August, traces some of the favorite characters in English fiction to their living models.

Mrs. Virginia Fraser Boyle, of Memphis, Tenn., has gained the prize of $100 for the best poem written for the opening of the Centennial Exposition of Tennessee.

The *New York Herald* offers two prizes, one of $200 and one of $100, for the best two letters from watering places in the United States. All letters used will be paid for at the usual column rates of the *Herald*. The letters should not exceed a column in length and should be full of newsy, gossipy, and social matter written in a sprightly vein. Descriptions of scenery should be avoided. The letters should be accompanied by the name of the writer and a pseudonym, and should be addressed to the *New York Herald*, Sunday department. The judges will announce their decision at the close of the season. No manuscripts can be returned. Whenever it is possible, writers should send photographs or drawings for illustrations.

Rudyard Kipling is building a house in a retired spot of Sussex, Eng.

With its August number the *Bostonian* changes its name to the *National Magazine*.

Life and Health is the new name of the *Dietetic Magazine*, issued by the Gazette Publishing Company, 1,218 Broadway, New York.

The *Scientific American* (New York) celebrated its fiftieth anniversary by the publication of a very handsome seventy-two-page special number, containing an exhaustive review of the development of science and the industrial arts in the United States during the past fifty years.

A new magazine, to be called the *International*, and to be printed in Chicago by the Union Quoin Company, beginning in August, will be devoted wholly to the publication of articles and stories translated into English from foreign languages.

What to Eat is the title of a new magazine published in Minneapolis, devoted to culinary and domestic matters. It is artistically printed and illustrated.

The *Hypnotic Magazine*, just started in Chicago, is "devoted to an investigation of the science of hypnotism, its uses and abuses, and its therapeutic possibilities.

The *Owl* is a new magazine of the *Black Cat* style, published in Boston.

Woman's Sunshine is a new monthly published in New York.

Town and Country is a new society weekly, published at Newport, which will give the society news of Newport, Narragansett Pier, and Jamestown in summer; and of Jacksonville and St. Augustine in winter.

Henry S. Smith, of Philadelphia, trading as the Historical Publishing Company, has made an assignment. The liabilities will reach $100,000; estimated assets, $300,000.

Eugene Field, the children's poet, is made the subject of two sympathetic articles in *St. Nicholas* for August, one by Mary J. Reid and Henrietta Dexter Field, the latter the wife of the poet's brother, and the other by Martha Nelson Yenowine. Both are full of pleasant anecdotes that illustrate the genial, sunny nature of the poet and his love for, and friendships with, children.

"Tennyson's Women," by Eugene Parsons, in the August *Chautauquan*, is an article of superior literary merit.

"Damon and Pythias Among Our Early Journalists" is the title which S. Arthur Bent, secretary of the Bostonian Society, gives to a valuable account, in the *New England Magazine* for August, of the little known but really remarkable literary work done in America a hundred years ago by Joseph Dennie and Royall Tyler.

The midsummer fiction number of the *Critic* (July 25) opens with an essay on "The Treatment of the Plot," by Miss Louise Stockton, of the Round Robin Reading Club, a sister of the noted story-writer.

Mrs. Stowe is the subject of the leading article in the *Critic* for July 4 — an appreciative study by James Herbert Morse, the poet. The essay was written years ago, when the famous author of "Uncle Tom" lay at the point of death.

Professor Paul Shorey, of Chicago University, discusses in the August number of the *Atlantic Monthly* the present anomalous and interesting condition of literary production: why we have no great poets anywhere in the world at present; and what the future of literary production is likely to be. The same number contains an appreciative review of Eugene Field's *career and work.*

In *Harper's Round Table* for July 28, Barnet Phillips contributes an article on William Hamilton Gibson, under the title of "A Naturalist's Boyhood."

Mr. Howells, in the opening paper of the August *Harper's*, gives his personal recollections of "The White Mr. Longfellow," who, in Mr. Howells' opinion, was the greatest of the Boston group of literary men. Charles Dudley Warner, in The Editor's Study, discusses the critic as a necessary friend to authors, and also the activities of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps contributes to the August number of *McClure's Magazine* some reminiscences of literary Boston, drawing especially on her acquaintance with Celia Thaxter, Lucy Larcom, Lydia Maria Child, and Phillips Brooks.

Dr. C. Hanford Henderson discusses "The Aim of Modern Education" in the August *Popular Science Monthly*, taking the ground that education should prepare for fullness and integrity of living, that the process should utilize the natural desires and activities of the child, and should be conducted by men and women who live the full life for which they are expected to prepare their pupils.

Harriet Beecher Stowe died at Hartford, Conn., July 1, aged eighty-four.

Charles Howard Johnson died in New York, July 3, aged thirty-two.

Anson D. F. Randolph died at Westhampton, L. I., July 6, aged seventy-six.

Ernst Curtius died in Berlin, July 11, aged eighty-one.

Benjamin W. Ball died at Rochester, N. H., July 13, aged seventy-three.

William Hamilton Gibson died at Washington, Conn., July 16, aged forty-five.

James Emerson died at Willimansett, Mass., July 16, aged seventy-three.

Charles Dickens, the younger, died at Kensington, July 20, aged fifty-nine.

Joseph Wesley Harper died in New York, July 21, aged sixty-six.

"Count" Zubof ("Robert Appleton") committed suicide in New York, July 29.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. IX. BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1896. No. 9.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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EMILY LADY TENNYSON.

Lady Tennyson, whose death occurred August 10, was a woman of large culture and unusual force of character. For more than forty years she graced and honored the home of England's great poet-laureate. She was an invalid the greater part of her life, and physical weakness made her shrink from social intercourse. She, no doubt, intensified her husband's natural aversion to publicity, but she was a companion to him in the fullest sense of the term, entering sympathetically into his plans and contributing no little to his literary success. After the death of the poet, in October, 1892, she materially aided Hallam Tennyson in writing the life of his father, supplying from memory much important information relating to the poet's life and writings.

Emily Sarah Sellwood was born in Berkshire, July 9, 1813. About this time her father removed to Horncastle, Lincolnshire, where he followed the legal profession and was a highly respected man. Her mother, a sister of Sir John Franklin, the arctic explorer, died in 1816, leaving three daughters. Her youngest sister, Louisa, married Charles Tennyson Turner, the poet's older brother, who became vicar of Grasby, and is known as the author of several volumes of verse. It is likely that Alfred Tennyson met her in childhood, for the Tennyson children often drove across the country to Horncastle, only a few miles from Somersby. She has been described as "a singularly charming girl," and Alfred's attachment for her is nothing surprising. Mr. Sellwood was exceedingly devoted to his motherless girls, and gave them a thorough education. The marriage of Emily to the young poet was postponed many years through the advice of her father, who thought they should have something more substantial than the young man's output of poetry to live upon. This objection being removed, they were married June 13, 1850, and settled down at Twickenham.

Carlyle, meeting the laureate in September, 1850, was much pleased with "his new wife": "Mrs Tennyson lights up bright glittering blue eyes when you speak to her; has wit; has sense; and were it not that she seems so very delicate in health, I should augur really well of Tennyson's adventure."

The Tennysons visited Italy in 1851, and vivid memories of their travels are recalled in "The Daisy," a charming poem addressed to Mrs. Tennyson. It was written in Edinburgh two years later, and was suggested by the finding

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of a daisy in a book — the flower having been plucked on the Splügen and placed by her between the leaves of a little volume as a memento of their Italian journey. The poet's fancy was stirred, and revived the delicious hours

> "In lands of palm and southern pine;
> In lands of palm, of orange-blossom,
> Of olive, aloe, and maize, and vine."

In the autumn of 1853, the Tennysons left Twickenham (where Hallam, the present Lord Tennyson, was born, in 1852) and removed to Farringford, near Freshwater, on the Isle of Wight. Here was born (March 16, 1854) Lionel Tennyson, who died on the homeward voyage from India, April 20, 1886. Bayard Taylor, while on a visit in 1857, thought the Farringford household a "delightful family circle." "His wife," he writes in a letter to Mr. Boker, "is one of the best women I ever met with, and his two little boys, Hallam and Lionel, are real cherubs of children."

Anne Gilchrist, who met the Tennysons when they were seeking a new residence and looked at several places in Surrey and Sussex, thus speaks of Mrs. Tennyson in 1866: "A sweet, graceful woman, with singularly winning, gentle manners, but she looks *painfully* fragile and wan." The laureate finally bought the Green Hill estate in Sussex in 1867, and built Aldworth, which became their summer home after 1868.

Another pictures Lady Tennyson in later years, paying her a just meed of praise: "Those who were privileged to visit the Tennyson family at either Aldworth or in their Isle of Wight home were always immensely impressed by the mistress of the household. Although she had been for years a complete invalid, her mental power was of such a high order, that from her couch she managed everything and everybody around her, including husband, sons, and daughters-in-law. When any act of cruelty or injustice was mentioned in her presence, she would half rise from her sofa, and with gleaming eyes and clinched hands express her abhorrence of what she had just heard."

It may be truthfully said of Lady Tennyson, that she fully satisfied her distinguished poet-husband's lofty ideal of womanhood. It was his good fortune to have blessed home influences in boyhood, in manhood, and in old age. Next to a beloved mother, his wife was the woman who sustained and inspired him most. There was no lack of fidelity and consideration on either side. The poet lovingly bore testimony in several poems to her loyalty and worth. What sort of helpmeet she was he gratefully portrayed in the "Dedication" — an exquisitely tender tribute that appeared in the "Enoch Arden" volume (1864): —

> "Dear, near and true — no truer Time himself
> Can prove you, tho' he make you evermore
> Dearer and nearer, as the rapid of life
> Shoots to the fall — take this, and pray that he
> Who wrote it, honoring your sweet faith in him,
> May trust himself."

There are instances in Tennyson's works of women married, but not mated. Certainly not of these is Edith (another name doubtless for Lady Tennyson), who is so generously praised in "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After": —

> "Gone with whom for forty years my life in golden sequence ran,
> She with all the charm of woman, she with all the breadth of man,
>
> Strong in will and rich in wisdom, Edith, yet so lowly-sweet,
> Woman to her inmost heart, and woman to her tender feet."

Most touchingly did the aged singer refer to his wife in the opening lines of his posthumous book of poems (1892): —

> "There on the top of the down,
> The wild heather round me and over me June's high blue,
> When I looked at the bracken so bright and the heather so brown,
> I thought to myself I would offer this book to you,
> This and my love together,
> To you that are seventy-seven,
> With a faith as clear as the heights of the June blue heaven,
> And a fancy as summer-new
> As the green of the bracken amid the gloom of the heather."

One who visited the laureate some years before his death called Mrs. Tennyson his "guardian angel, the sweetest and tenderest." One service in particular she rendered which was highly appreciated by her husband. He disliked to write letters, while she excelled in the epistolary art. Mrs. Gilchrist, who had much correspondence with her in 1866-7, tells of receiving "such kind little notes from her." For many years the wife voluntarily assumed the heavy burden of reading and answering the piles of letters that poured in upon the poet,

and thus saved him many precious hours for reading and composition. Later, Hallam Tennyson, who watched over his father with a thoughtful solicitude, was the poet's secretary and constant companion. "To his wife's perpetual and brooding love and care of him," says Mr. Knowles in the *Nineteenth Century* (January, 1893), "and afterward to his son's equal and measureless devotion, the world owes, under Providence, many years of Tennyson's prolonged life and many of his immortal poems."

Lady Tennyson possessed a talent for music, and composed airs for many of Tennyson's songs. Her literary gifts, too, were of no mean order. A woman of deeply religious nature, she occasionally wrote hymns, breathing a spirit of earnest piety and reverent devotion. The following stanzas she wrote for a "Morning Hymn" for boys in the Gordon Home, an institution in which Lord Tennyson felt a warm interest: —

"Thy servants pray, O hear us, Lord!
Be thou our shield, be Thou our sword,
Be Thou our guard against all sin,
From foes without, from foes within.

"O make us loving brothers all,
Forgetting self at duty's call:
Bless Thou the guardians of our land,
And keep our dear ones in Thy hand."

CHICAGO, Ill. *Eugene Parsons.*

WRITING FOR DAILY NEWSPAPERS.

Besides its editorial staff and its regular news purveyors, every daily paper has a great many stated and occasional contributors.

At first sight it would seem that this field should be a very good one, especially for versatile writers. Often it proves to be so, but sometimes the occasional contributor is only a loser by the attempt to work for the dailies.

Several years ago a gentleman residing in France, an expert in matters of art, sent letters on art and architectural subjects to two of the best of the New York daily newspapers. All of them were printed, and they were well received by the public, but no money was sent to the writer, and no notice was taken of repeated requests for a settlement. Some months later he applied in person, and after tedious delays was able to collect the money due him. Subsequent offers were made by both papers for a continuance of the correspondence, but they were declined.

A lady residing in New York city, being personally known as a useful writer to the managing editor of another prominent New York daily, was requested by him to write upon certain topics for his Sunday issues. The prices agreed upon were very good. The trouble came in the loss of many manuscripts and in difficulty in getting the money for those which were printed. This writer also came to the conclusion that "writing for the dailies" was too troublesome, in proportion to the returns received.

A third person has lately had a similar experience. The conductor of the "Woman's Page" of a morning paper applied to a capable writer to supply a certain amount of "stuff!" Besides the writing, a part of this work required the spending of three whole days' time, and more than two dollars in cash, in collecting the desired information. In all, about five columns were furnished, on eleven different topics. All the matter was printed, and more of the same kind is desired; but it is doubtful if it will be supplied by the same person.

The matter was, of course, not all intended for one issue. For four weeks the contributor was compelled to scan closely the columns of the voluminous daily to discover her own work under its disguises of exaggerated head-lines. None of it was signed, the rule of this paper, as of most dailies, being that no names of con-

tributors shall appear in its columns, save those which are already so well known that they have a money value, aside from the quality of the material to which they are attached.

In the end, this contributor received a check for $5.71 for her work. Many others tell similar tales.

The reason for this unsatisfactory condition of things is undoubtedly to be found in the high pressure at which everything connected with the work of a newspaper office is necessarily done.

Those who are so regularly employed that they are constantly on hand, like the workers in any other large business place, are ready to take any work that may be assigned them, know when it appears, and when, where, and how to collect for it. Here the occasional contributor is at a disadvantage. Payments for work done during the week are supposed to be made from a certain desk on a certain day in each week. If the contributor knows this (often he has not an easy task to find it out), and is on hand to take his place in the waiting queue, he will, after two or three hours of patient standing, receive the amount of his claim. At the present date matters (with reputable papers) are in better shape for out-of-town correspondents than at the time when the person mentioned in the first instance sent his letters from France. Now, a writer who resides at a distance fares rather better than one who lives near by, for he will probably get his check about the first of each month for the preceding month. But, if he resides in the city, he need not expect that a check will be sent to him, unless by special arrangement. Even if he presents himself in person more than two weeks after the end of the month during which his work appeared, he will very likely be told that the accounts for that month have been closed, and will not be opened for any one.

It is this difficulty in getting the money for one's work which deters nearly all, save those who regard themselves as regular "press-workers," from attempting to contribute to the daily papers. It is true that the work of some of the best of living writers frequently appears in newspapers; but it is also true that literary reputations are seldom made there.

To succeed as a writer for daily newspapers one needs, first of all, the wiry toughness of constitution and insensibility to fatigue which characterize the Texas broncho, and as absolute a delight in merely physical work as in mental labor. Then, if the writer devotes himself to his chosen profession, and if he is possessed of unlimited pluck and perseverance, his prospects are good; but for the "occasional contributor" the daily press offers few opportunities.

NEW YORK, N. Y. *Helen Evertson Smith.*

EDITORIAL PERSONALITIES.

Editors, reporters, and correspondents will do well to avoid personalities — uncalled-for personalities in print. Too personal journalism is distasteful to cultivated readers. Years ago fights with the pen between editors of rival papers helped sell papers. Back in the 'thirties the *New York Sun* and the *New York Herald* editors gained thousands of readers because of a personal bitterness between these editors, which was ventilated in print. To-day the reading public cares but little for fights between rival editors. Mr. Dana's son, of the *New York Sun*, in the absence of his father, recently tried to pick a personal quarrel with the *New York Tribune* by reviving an exploded calumny concerning Mr. Reid. Fifteen years ago Paul Dana would have received a caustic rebuke from the *Tribune*. As it is, Mr. Reid appreciates the youth of Paul and the lack of interest by the public in the personal affairs of the

Tribune and the *Sun*, so he replied to young Mr. Dana unconcernedly, proving conclusively the young man's error and impetuosity, and there the matter dropped. The veteran journalist, with no little kindliness of spirit, thus taught the younger generation of observing editors a useful lesson.

An over-readiness to print caustic personal criticism betokens a narrowness of perception, unless such criticism is obviously demanded for the public good. A boodling public official should be dubbed so in print in the plainest kind of English; but hearsay comment or criticism about the private affairs of citizens is too frequently thrust before readers, and subserves no public good whatever. On the contrary, it not infrequently does harm. Young correspondents are prone to write unnecessary personalities. They also usurp editorial functions oftentimes, by expressing opinions in their news reports. From a strict professional point of view, the best news correspondent carefully eschews editorial writing, and so is likely to abstain from unnecessary or harmful personalities. But news reports that include an almost impertinent inquisitiveness into private personal affairs are repellant alike to self-respecting editors and reporters and to decent-minded readers. A larger avoidance of personalities, by both editors and reporters, in the journals of the nation, will help strengthen the press in the minds of the majority of intelligent newspaper readers.

SAN DIEGO, Calif. *Moses Y. Beach.*

EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.*

XIV. — BY THE EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN JEWESS.

The *American Jewess* is decidedly an important organ. It has no rival. It is the only publication in the world for Jewish *women* — a literary, religious, and social organ to connect the sisters dwelling in every part of this country. In addition to this, we attempt to convey to the Jewesses the lofty aims and achievements of non-Jewish women who unceasingly devote their energies to advance the general conditions of humanity. We demand religious suffrage in the synagogue and social equality in the world. To gain the latter, we are desirous that the *American Jewess* be read by the women of other creeds, so that they may be convinced that our aims and aspiration are the same as theirs, and that we participate in all questions pulsating and throbbing in the national and social world of America. Caste and class in this country are institutions created by women for women, mostly, and it is only through women that these distinctions, so inimical to the spirit of a Republic, can be abolished. The Jewesses of America, born on the same soil, educated in the same schools, reared in the same moral and ethical atmosphere of this free country, profiting by the same exhor-

* This series of "Editorial Talks with Contributors," written by the editors of the leading American periodicals, and telling what they want and do not want in the way of manuscripts, was begun in THE WRITER for September, 1895, and will be continued. The article in the September WRITER was by William Hayes Ward, superintending editor of the *Independent*. The article for October was by Robert E. Bonner, editor of the *New York Ledger*. The article for November was by Robert D. Townsend, managing editor of the *Outlook*. The articles for December were by B. Arkell, editor of *Leslie's Weekly*, and Rounseville Wildman, editor of the *Overland Monthly*. The articles for January were by Joseph Newton Hallock, editor of the *Christian Work*, and Edwin D. Mead, editor of the *New England Magazine*. The article for February was by Robert M. Offord, managing editor of the *New York Observer*. The article for March was by Nella I. Daggett, editor of the *Home*. The articles for April were by Frank Lee Farrell, editor of *Frank Leslie's Pleasant Hours*, Henry Tyrrell, editor of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, and the Editor of *Godey's*. The article for June was by Amos. R. Wells, managing editor of the *Golden Rule*. The article next month will be by the Editors of the *Youth's Companion*.

tations of press and platform, are in all respects fully equipped to fall in line with their Christian sisters, and grasp and work for the realizations of noble truths.

We therefore invite writers of all classes and all creeds to send us contributions on subjects interesting to womanhood in general and in particular to the women to whom the magazine is devoted. Sketches of prominent Jewish women of ancient and modern times, with portraits for illustrations, are especially desirable. Fiction dealing with Jewish topics and Jewish life is preferable, but we accept short, crisp, lively little stories of a general character, of from 2,000 to 3,000 words. Just now we want a good serial story, if it is not too high-priced. It should have an interesting plot, but must not smack in the least of the sensational or immoral. Our magazine enters the homes of the best Jewish families in the land and is read by young and old.

We also want articles on woman as a bread-winner and original reasons that lead to her becoming such, the pros and cons about self-supporting women, the influence her new conditions have on herself, home, business, and the social world.

Our contributors may be men or women. Short articles are preferable — 1,000 words is about all we care to have on those subjects. Therefore, every word must be telling and to the point, as we do not care to pay for words which convey no more than if they had remained unsaid.

What we accept we regard as our own, and we reserve the privilege of adding to or taking from it, and of publishing it at a time suitable to us. We pay on acceptance, and prefer to have the author make his own price, as it saves us time not to have to read anything which we regard as beyond our means.

We return manuscript, if return postage is sent. Therefore, it is to the advantage of the author to send us only the best, something which will help to make the magazine an intellectual power.

We must not omit to say that the *American Jewess* aims to bring out new literary talent, and if young writers show capability, we encourage them to continue, by correcting, arranging, and printing their articles, and advising the inexperienced by letter how best to improve their talent. Of course, for such manuscripts we do not pay, but it may be worth knowing that we have already paved the way for many beginners, and have started them on the road to success.

NEW YORK, N. Y. *Rosa Sonneschein.*

BAD ENGLISH FROM GOOD WRITERS.

A person prone to trip discovers a sort of petty, malicious, but quite explicable, pleasure in witnessing the blunders of his superiors. I shall never forget my delight (as a boy) when a very critical, punctilious lady, who had often given me the gratuitous benefit of her observations on table manners, upset a plate of beans into her lap. So one who mixes "who's" and "which's," and finds "shall's" and "will's" beyond his comprehension, and makes mistakes in compounding sentences may find a kindred glow of pleasure in the following examples from famous writers: —

George Eliot says in "Felix Holt": "She disentangled her foot from her netting and wound it up."

Sir Walter Scott in the twenty-second chapter of "Ivanhoe" wrote: "This formidable baron was clad in a leathern doublet, fitted close to his body, which was frayed and soiled with the stains of his armor"; and again in a note to "Ivanhoe" he thus expressed himself

gracefully: "A *tulchan* is a calf's skin stuffed and placed before a cow *who* has *its* calf to induce the animal to part with *her* milk."

Washington Irving wrote in the "Alhambra": "They attend all fêtes and dancings in Granada and its vicinity, light bon-fires on the hills on St. John's eve, and dance away the moonlight nights on the harvest home of a small field within the precincts of the fortress, which yield a few bushels of wheat."

A well-known translator made this amusing complication: "'Quite a fight goin' on,' conversationally drawled the soldier with the chicken whose trouser's leg was half gone."

But Thackeray, more frequently than any other writer of note, fell into such inaccuracies of style. Here are two or three examples from "Vanity Fair": —

"I hope it was that he wanted to see Amelia, and be reconciled *before he left the world to the dear and faithful wife of his son;* it was most likely that; for his will showed that the hatred which he had so long cherished had gone out of his heart."

"How many a time had he longed for that moment, and *thought of her far away under hot winds and in weary marches*, gentle and happy, kindly ministering to the wants of old age, and decorating poverty with sweet submission—as he saw her now."

"Sir Pitt Crawley was a philosopher with a taste for what is called low life. His first marriage with the daughter of the noble Binkie had been made under the auspices of his parents; and as he often told Lady Crawley in her life-time she was such a confounded quarrelsome high-bred jade that when she died he was hanged if he would ever take another of her sort, at her ladyship's demise he kept his promise, and selected for a second wife Miss Rose Dawson, daughter of Mr. John Thomas Dawson, ironmonger, of Mudbury."

"Sir Pitt did not care, as he said, a brass farden for any one of them. He had his pretty Rose, and what more need a man require than to please himself? So he used to get drunk every night: to beat his pretty Rose sometimes: to leave her in Hampshire when he went to London for the parliamentary session, without a single friend in the wide world."

"At Eton he was called Miss Crawley; and there, I am sorry to say, his younger brother Rawdon used to lick him violently."

"Neither of the sisters *were* very much displeased."

"He had his top boots in his room in which he used to hunt in the holidays."

"Captain Dobbin arrived at Madras in a high fever. His servants who accompanied him, brought him to the house of the friend with whom he had resolved to stay *until his departure for Europe in a state of delirium:* and it was thought for many, many days that he would never travel farther than the burying-ground of the church of St. George's, where the troops should fire a salvo over his grave, and where many a gallant officer lies far away from his home."

"Both the noble couple looked rather younger than in the eventful year '15, when Jos remembered to have seen them at Brussels."

In the Routledge edition of "History of a Crime" occur some amusing lapses. "*Etagère de bassesses*" is translated by "a dinner wagon of basenesses"; "*une defense de rien imprimer, signer Nusse*" by "an order prohibiting the printing of any article signed 'Nusse'"; "*On leur criait: La crosse en l'air!*" by "They cried, 'Throw up your butt ends in the air'"! "*A partir de l'embarcadère*" by "Beginning at the terminus"; "*Napoléon III., comme empereur, avait droit au tonnerre, mais pour lui le tonnerre a été infamant; il a été foudroyé par derrière,*" by "Napoleon III., as an emperor, had a right to thunder, but for this man the thunder was ignominious—he was thunderstruck in the back."

Even Ruskin sometimes sins. Here are several choice examples from one who has been called the greatest master of English prose: —

"I never intended to have republished this book."

"I could have wished to have given more examples."

"Was most easily to be attained."

"There is no action so slight *nor* so mean."

"It means the most total destruction which a building can suffer."

Ruskin almost invariably uses "farther" when he should have used "further."

The funniest exemplification of the tendency to torture the English language, however, is to be found in the report of the committee appointed to visit the literature classes of Harvard university. That report bitterly assailed the teaching of English, but it was itself full of solecisms and awkward constructions.

When the great ones fail there is consolation for the minor lights.

BOSTON, MASS. *Nathan Haskell Dole.*

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publisher.

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*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9 and 10),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. IX. SEPTEMBER, 1896. NO. 9.

"The discussion in the August WRITER on duplicate offering of manuscripts was a genuine and important service to all of us," writes a subscriber for THE WRITER. In addition to the letters printed last month, the following letter from the editor of the *Century* has been received: "In answer to your letter asking whether there is 'any substantial reason why an article intended for magazine publication should not be submitted in duplicate to several magazines at the same time,' etc., I would say that there may be cases in which this would not be objectionable, but, as a rule, the custom would doubtless be annoying. It might lead to misunderstandings, not only between the author and the publisher, but between the different magazines. It is true that there are some unwarrantable delays in returning articles, but these are apt to come from the very desire to be thorough and careful in the treatment of manuscripts. No author is greatly complimented at a too prompt decision, and sometimes an article is passed from hand to hand to get the judgments upon it from different points of view. I know that in the *Century* office we are constantly trying to arrive more quickly at decisions."

***

Writers who don't know how to punctuate correctly, and who are too lazy to learn, may be interested in the advice given by a woman writing on the subject of the comma, whose rule is: —

When in doubt,
Leave it out.

"for," says she, "if it be omitted, you may be supposed to have forgotten to put it in, but if you insert it where it is not needed, it is evident you knew no better."

***

Persistency is an important qualification for the attainment of literary success. In the first place, the writer must be persistent in order to complete his manuscript, and then he must be persistent again in order to secure its publication. Rarely does a writer without a regular market sell a manuscript to the first editor to whom he offers it. Sometimes many editors must be approached in turn before the manuscript is sold, and this is true even in the case of writers who are tolerably well known to fame. R. D. Blackmore offered the manuscript of "Lorna Doone" to nineteen publishers before he found one who would bring it out. A writer in the *Literary World* says that the author of a particularly fine poem which appeared recently in one of the leading magazines confessed to him: "That poem was returned to me by sixteen editors, and I had made up my mind that if the seventeenth rejected it, I would tear it up." These are only typical cases; scores of others might be cited. "Vanity Fair," "Sartor Resartus," "Evelina," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for instance, were all refused many times before they were offered to the publishers who finally gave them to the world. The moral is that the writer who has produced something that he feels reasonably sure is

good should persist in offering it to editors until it finds a place somewhere. If his judgment ordinarily is sound, it will not be at fault so far as his manuscript is concerned, and if he persists long enough, eventually the wanderer will find a resting-place — let us hope, only temporary — in some editor's "Accepted" pigeon-hole.

***

The *San Francisco. Argonaut* received a manuscript a while ago accompanied by the following queer letter: —

"I inclose you manuscript of '—— —— ——,' which I commend to your favorable consideration. If you like it, you may accept on any of the following conditions: You may pay me *at your current rates.* If you do not care to pay for it, you are *welcome to it for nothing.* If that is asking too much, you may *draw on me for five dollars to pay the printer for setting up the type,* if you will publish it in the *Argonaut.*"

It would seem at first sight as if this must cover the ground, but unhappily the *Argonaut* was unable to accept any of the offers, or the manuscript either, and it was returned with thanks.

***

The poet is distinguished from his fellow-men, not alone by the sublimity of his thought, but by his peculiar merit of felicitous expression. An illustration of this is offered by an incident of a Phi Beta Kappa dinner at Harvard, which is related by a writer in the *American University Magazine.* "Dr. Holmes was called upon," says the narrator, "and read that touching poem of college days, one of the most beautiful things which ever fell from his pen: —

'When you and I were Joe and Bill.'

As he finished, a gentleman who sat next to me exclaimed, with glistening eyes: 'What a poem! It's between a laugh and a cry!' The applause which followed the lines had hardly ceased when Professor Lowell, rising, said: 'After hearing those charming verses, just between a smile and a tear ——'. 'There,' said my friend, 'you have an example of his magical art of putting things.'"

***

The *Chap-Book* notes a surprising dearth of literary essays. "Editors have so long wanted fiction rather than criticism," it says, "that now an editor who wants something besides stories cannot get it. . . . In the gathering of material for the *Chap-Book* nothing is more difficult to secure than the essay. Nothing is offered in smaller quantity nor of so low an average quality. This in spite of the fact that editorial exigencies would induce one to be extraordinarily appreciative." It is to be feared that now that the editor of the *Chap-Book* has given voice to his yearning he may be overwhelmed by an avalanche of literary essays. It is not certain, however, that he will get the kind he wants. Literary essays are the easiest things in the world to write, but, as the *Chap-Book* editor hints later on, there are differences in quality among them. The fact is that good literary essays are always in demand; so are good poems on "Spring," but to be acceptable they must be very good indeed — better even than the poetry that is printed in the *Chap-Book.*

***

Apropos of the interesting article on "Poetic Rhythms in Prose" by Edward Everett Hale, Jr., in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, is an odd "correction" which the *Macon Telegraph* published in 1886. The *Telegraph* said: —

"In yesterday's article on Paul Hayne, telegraphed from Augusta, a curious error occurred. These lines were ascribed to Mr. Hayne: —

"'His smile is the fathomless beam of the starshine's sacred light.
When the summer of the Southland dreams in the lap of the holy night;
When his spirit winged its flight it was through the starsh ne's sacred light,
In the midst of summer and in the lap of the holy night.'

"The last two lines were the prose comment of our correspondent, but, happening to fall into the metre of the poem quoted, were added as part of the verse."

***

The worst kind of a "purpose-novel" is one written only for the purpose of making money.

W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

The article, "Do Reporters Need Shorthand," in THE WRITER for July suggested to

me the question: What chances for employment by a newspaper has a young man who is well versed in both stenography and telegraphy — whose practical experience in both branches extends over a period of eleven years? It has occurred to me that a man should stand a good chance of such employment who is capable of "taking" a speech in shorthand and transmitting it over the wire directly from his notes, thus saving much valuable time, especially if, combined with this, he has the ability to write fairly well and readily, a constitution especially adapted for "knock-about" work, and a predisposition to take active interest in the work. What is your opinion? A.

[Ability to write shorthand and to send matter by telegraph from shorthand notes would undoubtedly help a man to get a position as a reporter. Not all of the reports of speeches that appear in newspapers under a "special" line are taken in shorthand and sent by telegraph, however. Sometimes the type is set from the speaker's manuscript, secured beforehand, and the proof is read by him before the speech is delivered. Sometimes a speaker has been known to have a reporter come to his office the afternoon before the eventful night and to deliver his speech there to an audience of one — said audience being expected to have a proof of the address ready for the orator sharp at 5 P. M. There are times, however, when speeches are reported in shorthand as they are delivered, and sent by telegraph afterward, and of course a man who could take the speech in shorthand and afterward telegraph it without taking the time required for writing it out in longhand would be a valuable man on a daily newspaper. His ability to send news by telegraph would be useful also on other occasions. Not infrequently a reporter with a long story to send in over the wire finds himself in a little country office where a startled girl, used only to sending semi-weekly ten-word despatches, looks with wild eyes at his bunch of copy and says: "Mercy! It would take me a week to telegraph all that!" — and the unhappy reporter realizes that she tells the truth. In such a case, if he could sit down at the key and tell his own story over the wire, perhaps without even writing it, he could accomplish what would be otherwise impossible. It probably would not pay the average reporter to learn telegraphy, but a reporter who knows telegraphy sometimes has a distinct advantage over the reporter who does not. — W. H. H.]

I have a mahogany desk which has been varnished and has ink spots on it. By what means can I get the varnish and ink off, in order to rub on an oil finish? R. T.

[The ink spots can be washed off with water and the varnish with alcohol. — W. H. H.]

Is it correct to sign letters "Yours truly," using the small "t," or is the proper form "Yours Truly"? O. P.

[The editor of THE WRITER prefers "Yours truly," with a small "t"; but there is no invariable rule covering the case. — W. H. H.]

Can you recommend a work that treats of the "mechanical" part of literary composition? I mean one of the character of Charles P. Nettleton's article, "On the Mechanism of Literature," in the August WRITER. H. J.

[The best book of the kind available is Newcomer's "Practical Course in English Composition," which the publishers of THE WRITER will send postpaid on receipt of $1.00. — W. H. H.]

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

Apropos to the death of Mrs. Stowe, it has been currently stated that, after the Bible, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has had the largest circulation of any book ever published. — *Collier's Weekly.*	Apropos of the death of Mrs. Stowe, it has been currently said that, excepting the Bible, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has had a larger circulation than any other book ever published.
Took an Hospital.—*New York Herald Headline.*	Took a Hospital.
Before his death the deceased said: "I upset a naphtha lamp with my shoulder which was hanging above my head as I was getting up."—*London Daily News.*	The man said shortly before he died: "I upset with my shoulder, as I was getting up, a naphtha lamp which was hanging above my head."
The price of lemons have gone down to 25 cents a dozen. — *Boston Globe.*	The price of lemons has gone down to 25 cents a dozen.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Boyle. — Virginia Frazer Boyle, the writer of the Tennessee Centennial poem, is a typical Southern woman. She lives such a quiet and simple life that her own townspeople know

little about her. She is fortunate in her home life and remains unspoiled, though favored with beauty, wealth, and position. In the early '80's some fugitive verses from her pen appeared; in 1885 the Harper party made a tour of the South, and Mrs. Boyle met Charles Dudley Warner. Soon afterward a dialect poem, written by Mrs. Boyle, appeared in the *Monthly*. Since then her poems have appeared from time to time in many of the standard magazines. She received a prize of $100 for the centennial poem, which was chosen from 147 submitted. — *St. Louis Republic.*

Dickens. — Dickens was his books incarnated, with their quaint expressions, their shrewd observation, their vivid imagination, their humor, and their pathos. He talked just as he wrote. His after-dinner speeches were literature. To spend a day with Dickens was like having a new book by Dickens all to yourself.

Gad's Hill was an ideal home. Everybody has seen a glimpse of the library in Fildes' touching picture, "The Vacant Chair," but the pathos of the picture is destroyed by the fact that Dickens never wrote there, except to scribble a hasty note. He said: "Fancy writing in a library with all those books glaring down at you and saying, 'What! Another?'" His work was done in his bedroom or in the *chalet* across the road. This *chalet* was a ready-made house exhibited at the Paris Exposition. Fechter bought it to surprise Dickens, and it was delivered in sections, each section numbered so that it could be easily put together.

During my visits Dickens was not at work upon a novel, but he shut himself in Fechter's *chalet* from 11 A. M. to 3 P. M. almost every day. This was another part of his methodical system. If he felt in the mood, he would write an "Uncommercial Traveler" article; if not, he would answer letters, read *All the Year Round* proofs, jot down ideas, fill up the time with some sort of literary labor. This, he told me, was his self-discipline. The one room in the *chalet* was sparsely furnished, and had windows on all sides commanding quiet, pleasant views of fields and plantations. He seldom talked of his books, but one rainy day he showed me the bound manuscript of one of them, and told me his method of planning a story. Having selected a subject, he would write down the name of the hero and surround it with queries: "Shall he be rich? Parents or guardians? Defrauded of his property? An early love?" and so on with the other characters as they occurred to him. He always used blue ink, and so did Yates and Halliday, and the other writers of what was then "the Dickens school." They all called him "Chief," and he liked the title.

"Do you enjoy your books as much as your readers do?" I inquired — a foolish, admiring question that had probably been asked a thousand times.

"Certainly!" he replied; "why not? Do you suppose that I am less appreciative of humor and pathos than other people? I have the first laugh and the first cry."

But I never heard Dickens refer in conversation to any of the characters that he had created. He never said, "That is like old 'Pecksniff,'" or, "As 'Sam Weller' would have remarked," and if anybody made such references in his presence, he would smile and change the subject. The only exceptions were when he tried the effect of his readings of his stories upon his family party before appearing in public, and then "Nancy Sykes" seemed to be his favorite character.

Of the making of new books during our walks there was no end. Everything suggested "copy" to Dickens, either as author or editor. He was a persistent pedestrian, having acquired the habit of prowling around London at night when he was suffering from insomnia. Lord Darnley's residence was near "Gad's Hill," and Dickens had free license to walk and drive through the spacious park and show his friends the ancient house. One afternoon we inspected the picture gallery. A long line of family portraits extended back to the Crusaders. Among the Court ladies, the grim warriors and stern judges, a golden-haired boy stood out as if painted with sunshine. A noise attracted our attention to the other end of the room, and there was a boy the exact duplicate of the picture, the likeness having been reproduced after many generations.

"That will make a good story," said Dickens, as we strolled through the park. "Take the boy of the picture and put him through his adventures in the olden times. First volume. Then take the modern boy, identical with his ancestor in appearance, mind, tastes, and morals, and describe his adventures in our times, and show how environment affects the same type of man. I must talk this over with Charles Reade; he would do it gloriously."

"Gad's Hill" was a merry house. When everything else failed, the library was an unending amusement. The room was lined with books from floor to ceiling, even the backs of the doors being bookcases; but the books on the doors and along the floor were bogus. Dummy backs had been lettered with titles and pasted on the glass, and the titles had been selected by such wits as Dickens, Yates, the Collins brothers, Albert Smith, and Mark Lemon, of *Punch*. We used to sit on the floor to study this mock library and roll over with delight at some clever satire. I remember "The Virtues of Our Ancestors," a volume so thin that the title had to be printed lengthwise; "Five Minutes in India, by a British Tourist," in two volumes as large as an unabridged dictionary; "Lives of the Poets," a mere pamphlet; "Eggs on Bacon" to match "Coke on Littleton"; "Statues Erected to the Duke of Wellington," fifteen portly volumes, and there were dozens of other quips and cranks. A catalogue of these bogus books should have been preserved, but nobody thought of writing it out, nobody realized that Dickens would ever die.—*Stephen Fiske, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

Mathers.—Helen Mathers wrote her novel, "Comin' Thro' the Rye," in a bit of pique. Her father, who was a strict disciplinarian, denied her some cherished wish, and she paid him off by depicting the family martinet in her book. She was greatly surprised when her novel was accepted by the publishers, and went about in an agony of fear lest her father should discover the author.—*Great Thoughts.*

Ruskin.—Mr. Ruskin, who has lately been staying at a hotel at the head of one of the lakes, has now returned to Brantwood. The veteran author takes no exercise beyond daily walks, in which he is attended by his valet. The only occasions on which he shows any agility are when the sight of a stranger coming along the road impels him to get over a hedge in dread of being interviewed. Mr. Ruskin's favorite recreation is chess, to which it is his custom to devote his evenings. A partiality for chess is also, I believe, one of the characteristics of George Meredith.—*London Mail.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE ROYAL NATURAL HISTORY. Edited by Richard Lydekker, B. A., F. R. S., F. Z. S. Parts XX—XXXI. Each, 96 pp. Paper, 50 cents each. New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 1896.

The publication of five parts more will complete Warne's "Royal Natural History," thirty-one parts having been already issued. The work is a valuable one, and both naturalists and amateurs will find it helpful, interesting, and instructive. It gives the facts of natural history in popular form, all its information being based upon the latest scientific knowledge. The illustrations, including both colored plates and black-and-white pictures, are of more than ordinary excellence, and typography and paper are all that could be desired. Part XX., devoted to birds, continues the Picarians, and treats of the owls and ospreys, and the diurnal birds of prey. Part XXI. continues the diurnal birds of prey. Part XXII. takes up the order Herodiones, with the herons, storks, and ibises, and commences the order Columbae, with the pigeons and sand-grouse, turtle-doves, etc. Part XXIII. completes the article on pigeons and sand-grouse, and takes up the game birds, beginning with the grouse and ptarmigan, and continuing with the Rail Tribe and the Plover Group. Part XXIV. continues the Plover Group, and takes up the tube-nosed birds, the divers, flightless birds, and the extinct birds. Part XXV. begins Volume V., commencing the Reptiles, and treating of the land tortoises and crocodiles. Part XXVI. completes the tortoises, and treats of the Scaled Reptiles. This part commences the Snakes, treating first of the pythons and boas. Part XXVII. continues the Snakes, and commences the Amphibians, with the frogs, toads, etc. Part XXVIII. opens with a chapter on the newts and salamanders, and commences the Fishes. Part XXIX. continues the Fishes, and the subject is completed in Part XXX. Part XXXI. commences Volume VI., with the Invertebrate Animals, taking up ants, wasps, bees, flies, and fleas. Then follow the Lepidoptera, butterflies and moths. Each part has

many illustrations, including two full-page plates. Every lover of nature should own a copy of the work.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

[Under this heading it is intended to describe any handy little contrivance that may be of use in any way to literary workers. Facts about home-made devices particularly are desired. Paid descriptions of patented articles will not be printed here on any terms; but this shall not hinder any one from letting others know gratuitously about any invention that is of more than ordinary value to literary workers. Readers of THE WRITER are urged to tell for the benefit of other readers what little schemes they may have devised or used to make their work easier or better. By a free exchange of personal experiences every one will be helped, and, no matter how simple a useful idea is, it is an advantage that every one should know about it. Generally, the simpler the device, the greater is its value.]

Paste That Will Keep. — I have a recipe for paste that will keep for any length of time — provided you don't use it. The ingredients — one pound wheat flour, one quart water, four fluid drachms nitric acid, forty grains boric acid, twenty minims oil of cloves — cost about fifteen cents, and will make paste enough to fill a four-pound jar. Here are the "directions": Mix the flour, boric acid, and water, then strain the mixture; add the nitric acid; apply heat, with constant stirring until the mixture thickens; when it is nearly cold add the oil of cloves. This paste will have a pleasant smell, will not attract flies, etc., and can be used to the last. It will maintain a thick consistency, and can be repeatedly thinned (if desired) by adding water. S. F. D.

SAN FRANCISCO, Calif.

To Remove Ink Stains from the Fingers. — A simple way of removing ink stains from the fingers is to rub vaseline well into the skin at the stained parts, and then rub off with a piece of soft paper before applying soap. In this way the hands may be washed perfectly clean. A. K.

SAN FRANCISCO, Calif.

To Trace Designs or Pictures. — Sometimes a writer desires to trace a design, map, plan, or picture, and has no tracing paper at hand. In such a case ordinary white paper may be made transparent by rubbing it lightly with benzine. The tracing can then be easily made, and the benzine on evaporating leaves the paper opaque as before. L. G.

CHICAGO, Ill.

Recipe for Red Ink. — To make red ink, take an ounce phial, put into it a teaspoonful of aqua ammonia, a piece of gum arabic the size of two peas, and six grains of carmine. Fill up with soft water, and the ink is soon ready for use. S. F.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

CARDINAL MANNING AND HIS BIOGRAPHER. Rev. J. T. Smith. *Forum* (28 c.) for September.

WHITTIER — A MODERN APOSTLE OF LOFTY SPIRITUALITY. B. O. Flower. *Arena* (28 c.) for September.

TALKS WITH TENNYSON. Wilfred Ward. Reprinted from *New Review* in *Electic* (48 c.) for September.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Leslie Stephen. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Electic* (48 c.) for September.

EMILE ZOLA. Illustrated. The *Parisian* (18 c.) for September.

NORA PERRY. Reprinted from *Boston Herald* in *Current Literature* (28 c.) for September.

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. Curtis Brown. Reprinted from *New York Press* in *Current Literature* (28 c.) for September.

THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY. E. A. Hempstead. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for September.

ON CONVERSATION — II. J. P. Mahaffy. *Chautauquan* (28 c.) for September.

HENRY JAMES. With portrait. Annie Macdonell. *Bookman* (23 c.) for September.

TEACHING THE SPIRIT OF LITERATURE. W. P. Trent. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

THE STORY OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN." Charles Dudley Warner. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Illustrated. Richard Burton. *Century* (28 c.) for September.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Illustrated. George Willis Cooke. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for September.

H. C. BUNNER. Brander Matthews. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for September.

ON THE TRAIL OF DON QUIXOTE. Illustrated. August F. Jaccaci. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for September.

CULTURE AND BYRON. The Point of View. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for September.

HOW TO CONDUCT A LOCAL NEWSPAPER. John A. Cockerell. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for September.

HEROINES, PAST AND PRESENT. Nina R. Allen. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for September.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY. Mrs. Lew Wallace. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for September.

STORIES OF SOME POPULAR SONGS. With portraits of Samuel Minturn Peck, Hattie Tyng Griswold, and Eben E. Rexford. Ella A. Giles. *Demorest's* (23 c.) for September.

THE PERSONAL SIDE OF DICKENS. Illustrated. Stephen Fiske. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for September.

THREE WRITERS OF THE SOUTH. With portraits. Mrs. Elizabeth W. Bellamy (by Orline Cates); Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart (by Clara R. Jenison); Miss Grace King (by Julie K. Wetherill). *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for September.

WHITTIER'S UNPUBLISHED VERSE. — I. Mildred Beardslee. *Pittsburg Monthly* (8 c.) for September.

THREE MINOR GRAPHIC HUMORISTS. (Lover, Forrester, and Onwhyn). Illustrated. George Somes Layard. *Magazine of Art* (38 c.) for September.

H. G. WELLS. "Picaroon." *Chap-Book* (13 c.) for September 1.

DR. MARK TRAFTON. With portrait. *Zion's Herald* (Boston) for July 29.

CHARLES J. O'MALLEY. With portrait. Henry Coyle. *Orphan's Bouquet* (Boston) for July 30.

CHARLES DICKENS AND HIS WORK. J. Herbert Ashbourne. *Collier's Weekly* (13 c.) for July 30.

LEOPOLD VON RANKE. Edward Gaylord Bourne. *Sewanee Review* (78 c.) for August.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. B. W. Wells. *Sewanee Review* (78 c.) for August.

HELEN M. WINSLOW. With portrait. *Home Monthly* (13 c.) for August.

JANE AUSTEN. Henry W. Rolfe. *Citizen* (Philadelphia) for August.

INA D. COOLBRITH. With portrait. *Hesperian* (St. Louis) for August.

THE WRITING OF "THE RAVEN." Frances Aymar Mathews. *Bachelor of Arts* (28 c.) for August-September.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE. *Collier's Weekly* (13 c.) for August 6.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY. Rev. A. W. Armstrong. *Northwestern Christian Advocate* (Chicago) for August 12.

TALKS WITH TENNYSON. Wilfrid Ward. Reprinted from *New Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (18 c.) for August 8.

VERLAINE. Augustus Manson. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Littell's Living Age* (18 c.) for August 22.

LONGFELLOW'S PORTLAND. Illustrated. Lillian Leslie Johnson. *Illustrated American* (13 c.) for August 15.

IDA M. TARBELL. With portrait. Arthur Henry. *Leslie's Weekly* (13 c.) for August 27.

JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER. Margaret E. Sangster. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for August 1.

"THEO. BENTZON" — MADAME TH. BLANC. Grace King. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for August 8.

JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER. With portrait. H. M. Alden. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for August 1.

THE RT. REV. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, LL.D. With portrait. George S. Mallory. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for August 1.

MAURUS JÓKAI. Marrion Wilcox. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for August 8.

FREDERICK WILLIAM NICHOLLS CROUCH. With portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for August 29.

INTERVIEW WITH CHARLES A. DANA. With portrait. *Newspaperdom* (8 c.) for August 20.

INTERVIEW WITH MARSHALL CUSHING. With portrait. *Newspaperdom* (8 c.) for August 27.

F. TENNYSON NEELY. Portrait. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for August 6.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENTS OF AMERICAN DAILIES. With portraits of Ballard Smith, Arthur Warren, Isaac N. Ford, Annie Morton Lane, Julian Ralph, Horace Townsend, Harold Frederic, John Beaufry Lane, and Harry R. Chamberlain. Reprinted from *Strand Magazine* in *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for August 20.

MRS. EMMA SHIELDS-CARLETON. With portrait. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for August 20.

SIR GEORGE NEWNES. With portrait. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for August 27.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Rudyard Kipling has closed his residence at Brattleboro, Vt., and has sailed for England, where he will make his home for an indefinite period.

Hector Malot is going to make himself disagreeable by publishing in his autobiography a key to his romances, all of which, he declares, he took from actual events.

William T. Adams, known and beloved by every American boy for forty years past as "Oliver Optic," celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday at his home in Dorchester, Mass., July 31. His first book, "The Boat Club," appeared in 1855, and since then there have been sold nearly 1,100,000 copies of his books.

The Western Editorial Federation, composed of editors of Western country papers, will meet in Denver, September 14–17.

The next convention of the National Editorial Association will be held in Galveston, Texas, February 17, 1897. A side trip to the city of Mexico will be one of the features.

F. G. Kenyon is editing a collection of Mrs. Browning's correspondence, and will be pleased if any one having letters from Mrs. Browning will communicate with him in care of Smith, Elder, & Co., London.

Any persons who have letters of Mrs. Stowe are requested to send them to Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., at 4 Park street, Boston, for use in the preparation of "Life and Letters of Mrs. Stowe." They will be carefully returned after copies are made of those which are found to be available.

Max Pemberton has been made the editor of *Cassell's Family Magazine*.

G. Mercer Adam has succeeded Dr. Edward C. Towne as editor of *Self Culture* (Chicago).

S. C. Griggs, the oldest book publisher in Chicago, has retired, and the business of S. C. Griggs & Co. has been sold to Scott, Farman, & Co.

The *New Bohemian* (Cincinnati) is dead.

The *Proof Sheet* (Chicago) has ceased publication. Henry R. Boss, the editor, will hereafter conduct a department devoted to proofreaders and proofreading in the *National Printer-Journalist* (Chicago).

Among publications recently reported dead are *Vanity*, the *Gothamite*, and the *Cambridge Magazine*.

J. Van Vechten Waring has bought the *Waterbury*, and it will be published hereafter in New York.

Lloyd Brice having sold the *North American Review* and retired from all connection with it, the September number is issued by the North American Review Publishing Company. David A. Monroe, who is the new editor, president, and treasurer, was for a number of years connected with the literary department of Harper & Brothers. He became general manager of the *Review* in May, 1889.

The *Illustrator* (Atlanta) has made a change to an octavo form, which is a great improvement. "No. 3 and 4" is dated June-July. No. 5, the next issue, will be dated September. The publishers say: "Owing to changes in the mechanical make-up of the magazine, as well as its editorial staff, the June issue was delayed so it had to be incorporated into the July number, as a Double Mid-Summer Number, but hereafter its date of issue will be the first of each month."

Littell's Living Age (Boston) will have hereafter a monthly supplement, which will contain readings from American magazines, readings from new books, and also a list of books of the month. It will also print translations from the French, German, Spanish, and Italian reviews and magazines.

Le Petit Journal de Réfusés is a new quarterly published in San Francisco—the latest addition to the list of freak magazines.

The *Favorite* (West Springfield, Mass.) is a new magazine for school children in the primary grades, containing short, simple stories relating to the regular schoolroom work in nature study and literature.

The first number of the *Magazine of Americana* is announced by George Watkins, of Indianapolis, for publication in October. The design of this new quarterly will be to place before collectors, booksellers, and librarians a complete register of new books, published in this country and abroad, relating to the antiquities, history, and geography of America, the West Indies, and the South Sea.

Success is the name of a new "magazine of progress and self-help" to be published monthly in Boston, with Dr. O. S. Marden as editor. The prospectus says: "The keynote of the magazine will be to inspire, encourage, and stimulate to higher purposes all who are anxious to add to their knowledge and culture and to make the most of themselves and their opportunities."

The Morse-Broughton Company (New York) announces that the first number of *Le Charme*, a new Paris fashion journal, will appear about September 15. It will contain eight colored plates and sixteen pages of black and white designs, and will be in all respects the finest low-priced magazine published in Paris.

The *Pathfinder*, Washington, D. C., offers fourteen prizes—one each of $50, $25, $15, and $10, and ten of $5 each—for the best stories, containing not more than 3,500 words, submitted before November 1.

The *Woman's World and Jenness-Miller Monthly* (New York) offers two prizes of $30 and $20 for the six best amateur photographs submitted for publication before November 1. The first prize will be paid for the best three photographs judged on all-round artistic merits. The second prize will be awarded to the photographers whose three pictures published in the magazine please the greatest number of subscribers, each one of whom is entitled to vote. The only conditions are that competitors shall send at least three photographs, mailed flat and well protected, and that the pictures shall not have been previously published.

A London newspaper, the *Family Circle*, has just offered a prize of $25,000, with $5,000 additional to be given to a certain London hospital.

President Octave Chanute of the American Society of Civil Engineers has offered a special prize of $100 for the best monograph on the kite, giving a full theory of its mechanics and stability, with quantitative computations appended.

A premium of $100 is offered by the New Hampshire Medical Society for "the best original essay on some medical topic," containing from 4,000 to 10,000 words, and submitted to the trustees by April 1, 1897.

Artists who desire full information as to the conditions of the competition for the Carnegie prizes of $5,000 and $3,000 offered in connection with the November exhibition in Pittsburg may address John W. Beatty, director of fine arts, Carnegie Library, Pittsburg, Penn.

The New York *Sunday World* will give $500 for the the best campaign song submitted by October 1. The song may be dedicated to any party — Republican, Free-Silver Democracy, Sound-Money Democracy, Populist, Socialist-Labor, or Prohibitionist. Manuscripts should be addressed: "Campaign Song Editor, the *Sunday World*, New York."

The prizes offered by the *New York Herald* for the best summer resort letters submitted this season have been awarded as follows: First prize, $200, to Miss M. E. Wardwell, Sunset Lawn, Newport, R. I.; second prize, $100, to Miss Lucy Cleveland, No. 43 Lafayette place, New York city. The letters which won the prizes were "Gaiety of Newport," published August 23, and "Whale to Windward," published August 30.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson is about to leave Norway to take up his permanent residence in Germany.

In the *Century* for September Richard Burton gives an account of the life of Harriet Beecher Stowe, which is illustrated by several portraits, including the frontispiece, from a daguerreotype taken in 1852, and a facsimile of the original manuscript of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The essay on H. C. Bunner by Brander Matthews in *Scribner's* for September gives not only an insight into Bunner's winning personality, but fully and sympathetically reveals his literary ideals and the measure of their accomplishment.

At the recent exposition of the Salon National de la Mode, held in Paris, a diploma and silver medal were awarded to *Toilettes*, New York, in recognition of its artistic beauty as a book and unsurpassed merits as a fashion magazine.

The article on Harriet Beecher Stowe, by Rev. George Willis Cooke, in the *New England Magazine* for September, is a careful and sympathetic study of Mrs. Stowe's literary work and of her character as a woman. It is illustrated by portraits of Mrs. Stowe at various periods, and pictures of her successive homes and the places most intimately associated with her life.

In the *Arena* for September Mr. Flower contributes the closing paper of his admirable series on Whittier, entitled "Whittier: A Modern Apostle of Lofty Spirituality."

Brummer's "Lexicon of German Authors" contains about 5,000 names. The seniors of the German literary world are Victor von Strauss, more than eighty years old; Julius Bacher, eighty-six; Franziska von Hohenhaufen, eighty-four; Ludwig Lenz, eighty-three; Adolph Katsch, eighty-three; Philipp Galen, eighty-three. In the division of "Young German Authors" the oldest is Sudermann, who was born in 1857.

More than 200 portraits of authors add interest to the pages of the new catalogue — or "descriptive list" — just issued by Harper & Brothers.

Emily Lady Tennyson, widow of the poet, died at Aldworth, August 10, aged eighty-three.

Charles Lotin Hildreth died in New York, August 12, aged forty years.

Mary Abigail Dodge ("Gail Hamilton") died at Hamilton, Mass., August 17, aged sixty-six.

Frederick Nicholls Crouch died at Portland, August 18, aged eighty-eight.

C. S. Reinhart died in New York, August 30, aged fifty-two.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. IX. BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1896. No. 10.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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HOW JOSEPH WAS PITTED.

It is night. The literary editor of the *Bugle* and his friend are hurrying through the gloom to the office. As they enter, a row of books, "red, golden, and brown," such as autumn leaves, confront them.

"How many?" groaned the friend.

"A baker's dozen."

"But we must go to the candy-pull, and now it is seven sharp. How many times does thirteen go in sixty?"

"Five. We'll use the thirteenth as they did Joseph."

"How was that?"

"Pitted him; put him in a pit, you know."

"I never thought of that as pity before."

"But time passes. If I get through with the reviewing in an hour, I can go to the candy-pull. If not, not."

"Two knots make a suit."

"Of or for?"

"For bigamy, stupid. Well, hie thee to work."

"Work to my high, you mean" (mounting a plain office stool). "You read and I will write."

His friend grunts approval.

"Quiet tale! Donkey's tail! Shows his bray in the first chapter."

"Really?"

"Yes; all 'says he' and 'says she,' 'sweetheart,' and curls."

"Enough. (Writes.) '"A Quiet Tale," by Eugene Silsby, published by Messrs. Hit or Miss, is a sentimental, mawkish effort that does the author no credit. There are evidences, however, that the author is capable of better work, and it is to be hoped that he will spare the reading public further efforts until he can command more leisure, or brains.' How's that?"

"Good. Here's another of the same sort, but I wouldn't be quite so hard with him."

"All right. Ought to be discriminating, you know. (Writes.) 'A fine story of the quiet, nobler order, which marks a distinctive portion of our literature as realistic, and which some critics rate as higher than the idealistic, inasmuch as idealism relates to the elevation of the "remnant," according to Matthew Arnold, while realism points to the universal "whole."' Too obscure?"

"No, I guess not. I suppose you know what you mean."

"I don't know that I do. Perhaps I'd better mention name of book. What is it, and what's it about?"

"'A Woman's Will,' and it's about that."

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"Hanged if I've made it strong enough, then."

"Yes, you have. The strength is all in the title."

"Dishwater?"

"No, water."

"All right. What comes next?"

"'A Lovely Orphan,' published by Luck & Chance."

"That orphan must be killed. Here, let me take the book. I thought so. All gush. Knew it by the title. 'Come to my arms, poor, tired darling.' 'I will,' she cried, rushing to his embrace. 'O the blessed security, dearest.' Oh, death isn't half bad enough."

"Oh, well, let it alone. That is worse than death to the aspiring author."

"All right. I'll just mention title and publisher. That makes three. What time?"

"Quarter past. Here's 'Murphy's Grit: A Story for Boys.' Good name. Author, Silas Humphrey."

"Clear sailing, then. Silas has written a dozen books just alike, except names and style of adventure. Sea or land, that one?"

"Land."

"E-h'm! (Writes.) 'In "Murphy's Grit," issued by the house of Stick & Stock, Mr. Silas Humphrey has scored another triumph. This hero's adventures by land are fully as interesting as his seafaring stories. All are inimitable. Every boy should have it in his library. Every boy of larger growth should dip into it, if only to remind him of the time, not far back in the past, perhaps, when he too loved to read books of adventure like "Murphy's Grit."' Another juvenile there?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll just use the same notice, transform sentences, change title, you know, and all that."

"But it's by a new author."

"Silent contempt, then. Treat that as I did 'The Lovely Orphan.' Pass along the next."

"'The Mystery of Piping Corner.'"

"Good title. Run it through. Here, let me take it. Good headings to the chapters. Neat poetry, too, though that's gone by. Some one steals a horse; no, a purse, and escapes on the horse. *No, by Jove! It's* a murder, or is it all three? What'll we do? It will take an hour to unravel the mystery. It takes the detective the whole 412 pages."

"Say, the mystery is perfectly obvious from the outset, and the detective spends his time in eluding the clew which the reader discerns at once."

"Good. That looks as if we had read it all through and were particularly acute. Nothing tells like a little mild sarcasm."

"Four more," groaned the friend. "A book by Miss Arvilla Holmes, called 'Queer.' (Opens at random and reads.) 'Was it or was it not? She could not tell. She lay night after night pondering the question, whether it was true or the reverse, whether she had been mistaken all these weary years of waiting, or whether the truth had lain close beside her, unrecognized as such.'"

"Hold up! Don't read any more 'Queer.' I give it up. Oh, say, I'll call it 'a fine analytical tale.' That will please Arvilla, and save us from any more of it. Next."

"'3 and 6.'"

"Nine," answered the editor, promptly.

"No, four," said the friend, severely. "The candy-pull won't wait for poor jokes. This story is by Miss Cartright, the popular author, and is all right in every particular. Issued by Standard & True."

"Well, I'm glad, for one day when I hadn't much to do, I wrote a review for her next work. Here it is, 'thrilling, intense, fine plot.' I'll fit in the title, '7 by 9'; no, '3 and 6.' There you are. Next!"

"'Martha of the Mill.'"

"Country tale?"

"Yes."

"Read a line or two."

"'Hist,' said the villain.

"'Ha!' cried his fellow outlaw."

"Translation?"

"Yes."

"That accounts. Would you say it was well or execrably done?"

"Oh, either. We've got to hurry up."

"All right. I'll call it excellent. I tell you writers ought to be encouraged once in a while."

"Here's the next — 'All but One.' Give it a

good review, we've got so near through."

"What time?"

"Quarter of."

"How many more?"

"Three."

"Titles?"

"'Sam's Choice,' Mabel Colliston, author, Sunlight Series; 'Life's Riddle,' Mrs. Stone, author, Slick, Slack, & Co., publishers."

"Well, I'll doctor up the review of 'Queer' for 'Life's Riddle.' These riddles ain't so bad, after all, when you get used to 'em; and 'Sam's Choice.' Let's see. 'Excellent descriptive title. Miss Colliston shows a practiced hand, ready wit, light touch, all that go to the make-up of a successful story-teller.' There! she can't find fault with that."

Then the editor springs from his chair, seizes the last book, and tosses it behind the others.

"That's Joseph," he cries, "and he's pitted. Now for the candy-pull."

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT. *Mary R. P. Hatch.*

EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.*

XV.—BY THE EDITORS OF THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Many of the fourteen thousand manuscripts that are offered every year to the *Youth's Companion* would be sent elsewhere if the authors clearly understood its scope. It has a "Children's Page," which is open to short sketches and jingles likely to interest the very little folk; but the *Companion* is not a children's paper.

To say that it is a family paper does not make the case quite clear. The *Companion's* conception of the family must be added. Briefly, then, it may be said that the editor assumes that American young people between the ages of fourteen and twenty are intelligent beings; that they have read and reflected, and that they do not need to be "written down to." He assumes, further, that these young people and their parents have many interests and pursuits in common.

He does not claim that every *Companion* "feature" is equally attractive to young and old. He does believe, however, that subjects are so presented that a clever lad may grasp the author's meaning, while the father of that lad learns something from the exposition. And as for stories, experience has shown that upon them there is no "age limit"—that nobody cares whether the hero is twenty years old or forty, provided his experiences are worth relating.

Doubtless the idea that the *Companion* is a children's paper survives from the days of Nathaniel Willis. So, surely, does another misconception,—that it is a religious paper. Religious it is, but not after the manner of early, unprogressive times. It profoundly believes in "the faith that makes faithful," and the creed that translates itself into character. But as

* This series of "Editorial Talks with Contributors," written by the editors of the leading American periodicals, and telling what they want and do not want in the way of manuscripts, was begun in THE WRITER for September, 1895, and will be continued. The article in the September WRITER was by William Hayes Ward, superintending editor of the *Independent*. The article for October was by Robert E. Bonner, editor of the *New York Ledger*. The article for November was by Robert D. Townsend, managing editor of the *Outlook*. The articles for December were by B. Arkell, editor of *Leslie's Weekly*, and Rounseville Wildman, editor of the *Overland Monthly*. The articles for January were by Joseph Newton Hallock, editor of the *Christian Work*, and Edwin D. Mead, editor of the *New England Magazine*. The article for February was by Robert M. Offord, managing editor of the *New York Observer*. The article for March was by Nella I. Daggett, editor of the *Home*. The articles for April were by Frank Lee Farnell, editor of *Frank Leslie's Pleasant Hours*, Henry Tyrrell, editor of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, and the Editor of *Godey's*. The article for June was by Amos. R. Wells, managing editor of the *Golden Rule*. The article for September was by Rosa Sonneschein, editor of the *American Jewess*.

church monopolizes these; and so, shunning everything in prose or verse that might tend to misunderstanding, the *Companion* aims in its own way to do its own duty — to broaden, sweeten, and uplift the life of every day.

In such an effort, fiction may play an important part. Stories that are thinly-veiled sermons do not fall within the *Companion's* plan. Yet any story that touches a question of conduct may, and must, suggest the right answer, not by "moralizing," but through its incident, action, and development of character.

It is hardly necessary to add that the paper is not restricted to "stories with a purpose." The one general rule is that all stories shall be pure in tone and true to life. Tales of adventure may and should be exciting, but must not be sensational; humorous stories must avoid the merely fanciful and grotesque; pathetic stories must not drift from sentiment into sentimentality.

In the last analysis, the requirement is that an author shall keep close to probability, beware of fine writing, and exercise the same discretion that he would use in addressing an audience composed of persons of all ages and widely varying opinions.

The *Companion's* list of tabooed subjects and forms is not a long one. The paper does not publish fairy tales, legends, or allegories, political or religious stories, or stories that tend to revive sectional feeling between the North and South. Translations are not accepted, nor is anything that takes the form of essay or letter.

A manuscript that other periodicals would welcome may fail of acceptance because it belongs to this prohibited class; because the subject has been treated; because the paper has a full supply of similar matter; or because the contribution transgresses the length limit. Short stories should not overrun three thousand words, and it is seldom possible to use a serial having more than seven chapters of this length. "Anecdotes," the original sketches and articles of advice and suggestion that are printed in small type, may range from one hundred to six hundred words. General articles may exceed two thousand words, but, other things being equal, shorter ones have the preference.

The foregoing paragraphs give some idea of what the *Companion* does not want. It is not so easy to say what it does desire. Let it suffice at present to affirm that the acceptable contribution must be novel, of general interest, and well-written.

On all these points, of course, the editor's judgment must be final. The author who sends a story about a small boy who saves a train may never have read a like story, but to the *Companion* staff that particular small boy is a very old acquaintance. The Santa Barbara Flower Festival is a charming affair, but when a dozen descriptions of it arrive almost simultaneously, every year, it ceases to be an unfamiliar one. The mortgage-raising hero must, if he would impress himself upon the editorial mind, be very dextrously manœuvred. This is merely by way of illustration, but it will save authors much disappointment if they will reflect that a plot or a subject, original so far as they are concerned, and developed in all good faith, may seem the veriest commonplace to one who examines hundreds of manuscripts.

The world is so full of possible stories that an editor sometimes wonders why clever people do not, by sheer force of attraction, miss the conventional thing. For instance, questions of business ethics that hourly confront every tradesman might be resolved in fiction, to the lasting pleasure and benefit of a nation of practical people. The various uses of electricity have opened a new field, full of startling "situations," that the story writers have almost neglected. The counter-play of diverse races, huddled together in the poorer quarters of a great city, or in a small manufacturing town, is a theme alive with dramatic possibilities. And even in the rural "neighborhood," as Miss Wilkins and Miss Brown have conclusively shown, there is no such thing as the commonplace, —provided one has eyes to see and heart to interpret.

In story, or sketch, or general article, the *Companion* wants the unusual, though never the unreal. "Sketches of Travel," so-called. will serve for further illustration of the fact. Eight times in ten, they deal with guide-book subjects that every traveler has seen and every homekeeper has read about. A description of

the houses of Parliament would be useless, for this very reason.

But suppose, on the other hand, that an author sets out to picture "A London Costermonger's Day," showing the labors and amusements, beliefs, and business perplexities of an odd character pursuing an unfamiliar occupation. Such a study, if done with discretion, inspired by knowledge and sympathy, would have more interest and value to any periodical than all the guide book literature that could be piled on Boston Common.

Contributors to the *Companion* must, in short, get close to the hearts and lives of the people. To poets as well as prose writers the injunction applies. Verse that is interesting, that tells a story, is hard to find. Yet it must be clear to any author that such is the verse that wins the widest regard and the most enduring remembrance. And art may co-exist with just this kind of simplicity: None of our minor poets need hesitate to duplicate — if he can — Tennyson's "May Queen."

It is taken for granted that THE WRITER'S constituents have some knowledge of the *Companion's* method of passing upon manuscripts, which are read and commented on by three members of the staff, the final decision being made by the editor or managing editor. If accepted, a manuscript is paid for at once, and if declined, as promptly returned.

The *Companion's* relations with its contributors have always been most intimate and friendly. In great measure its success is due to their loyalty, ability, and generous forethought. Not to the prejudice of these older friends, the paper cordially welcomes new contributors to a comradeship that benefits all concerned. It is required only that they give of their best, and that they shall be in full sympathy with the *Companion's* watchword of helpfulness and good cheer.

Editors Youth's Companion.

BOSTON, MASS.

COMPOSING BEFORE OR AT THE TIME OF WRITING.

Comparatively few authors compose unassisted by the pen, the common method being to write out a rough sketch of the matter, and then, by repeated experiments of addition, omission, and reconstruction, to form the rough draft into something satisfactory. It was thus with Richardson, Pope, Cowper, Hume, DeQuincey and many others.

To compose at the actual time of writing, without meditation and without revision, is not the rule, except among newspaper workers. Some of these can write at once on almost any subject; but, of course, it is not expected that they will produce finished literature, either in matter or style. George Sand is an example of a real author who made a regular habit of beginning with the first idea, and writing on and on, trusting solely to imagination, seldom making any corrections and yet accomplishing excellent results.

Sometimes inability to compose mentally is the result of deficiency in power to concentrate the attention on a single line of thought, or there may be weakness of memory, which prevents the author from holding his composition in his mind. Thus Bryan Waller Procter, while he often composed his verses when walking in the streets of London, could not trust his memory to retain them, and would frequently run into shops for scraps of paper on which to fix his lines before they should escape. Wordsworth, on the other hand, who had a similar habit of composing while walking or riding, or in bed, often waited until weeks had elapsed before committing anything to paper.

The historian Prescott could carry from

forty to sixty pages of matter in his mind, going over it again and again, for a lengthy period before finally reducing it to writing. Such ability indicates not only a powerful memory, but a rare skill in controlling the various processes of the mind. It was almost necessary in Prescott's case, for the reason that defective sight rendered him almost entirely unable to read, and hence to make corrections, although by a special contrivance he could write without difficulty.

Thomas Chalmers planned beforehand all that he wrote, and declared that he had not the faculty of thinking *ex tempore*. Lord Jeffrey, who certainly had that faculty and who spoke with extraordinary fluency, elegance, and precision, could not write without making many erasures and alterations.

Gibbon had a distaste for revision, and it is said never wrote a sentence until it was perfectly formed and arranged in his mind. The modern story writer, Frank R. Stockton, has a similar disposition, and declares that he sometimes waits an hour for a word. Another of the same class was George Eliot, as is shown by her oft-quoted remark that the laws of the Medes and Persians would change before she would change a line once written.

It is on record that Robert Bloomfield composed half of "The Farmer's Boy," about six thousand words, before he wrote a word of it, and while working in a garret as a shoemaker.

"Samuel Johnson," says Bishop Percy, "never composed what we call a foul draft of anything he published, but used to revolve the subject in his mind, and turn and form every period until he had brought the whole to the highest correctness and the most perfect arrangement. Then his uncommonly retentive memory enabled him to deliver a whole essay properly finished whenever it was called for. I have often heard him humming and forming periods in low whispers to himself, when shallow observers thought he was muttering prayers." "Rasselas" was written in the evenings of a single week, and was immediately sent to the printer, and the author did not even read it over until several years afterward, while traveling with Boswell.

Whatever the poet Schiller intended to write he first entirely composed in his head. He used often to call a composition complete as soon as the outline was perfected in his mind. This would sometimes lead to the report that he had finished a piece of work, when, in fact, not a word of it had been written.

Very different from the methods of these writers was that of William Hazlett, who, it is said, never thought for half an hour beforehand as to what he should write on any given subject, or even the general manner in which he should treat it, but merely whether it was a subject on which he had thought intently at some previous period of his life. It appears to have been much the same with Sir Walter Scott, who could write at all times and in all circumstances, and who spent little or no time in planning, but dashed away at the rate of sixteen pages of print daily.

The autobiography of Harriet Martineau represents her as composing with unexampled ease and rapidity. The plan and contents of her books seemed to flash upon her at once, and without previous meditation or collection of materials, and when written her manuscript was, almost from the outset, clear, vigorous, and unaffected.

The method of Anthony Trollope was peculiar. He had little faith in planning, perhaps because he had no ability in that direction. He did not believe in revision, either, but thought it a great waste of time and labor. In his Autobiography he says: "I have never found myself thinking much about the work I had to do until I was doing it. I have indeed for many years almost abandoned the effort to think, trusting myself, with the narrowest thread of a plot, to work the matter out when the pen is in my hand. But my mind is constantly employing itself on the work that I have done. How short is the time devoted to the manipulation of a plot can be known only to those who have written plays and novels. I may say, also, how very little time the brain is able to devote to such wearing work. There are usually some hours of agonizing doubt, almost of despair — so, at least, it has been with me — or perhaps some days. And then, with nothing settled in my brain as to the final development of events, with no capacity for settling anything, but with

a most distinct conception of some character or characters, I have rushed at the work as a rider rushes at a fence which he does not see. Sometimes I have encountered what in hunting language is called 'a cropper.'"

A writer in *McClure's Magazine* reports Emile Zola as saying: "When I start a book I never have any idea as to its plot, only at most a general idea of the subject, and the first thing that I do is to prepare a sketch or outline of the story. This I do pen in hand, because ideas come to me only when I am writing. . . . The sketch is a kind of chatty letter, addressed to myself, which often equals in length the novel which is to spring from it. I then draw the plan of the book, the list of the characters, and the most elaborate scenario. Then each character is studied in detail, the scenes that are to be described are visited and noted down, the incidents are elaborately evolved."

In George Bainton's book, "The Art of Authorship," we have the following by P. G. Hamerton, describing his methods of work: "First I make a very free and rapid rough draft, not applying myself with any conscious care to the expression, but writing for the facts and ideas only. This done, I see my way more clearly, lengthen some passages and abridge others, often efface whole pages, and then, when the work has got into something like shape, I criticise and amend the expression. I believe this is unquestionably the best way of composing. I think it is a mistake to try to write too well in the first instance, because the matter of the earliest importance is to get the materials down on paper somehow, and the more rapid the writing, the better the chances of getting unity into the work, especially if it be long. But after that I should say, spare no pains nor paper in the labor of correction, which answers in literature to the second and third paintings of a picture."

To be able to write at once and to write well on any ordinary subject is no doubt the climax of accomplishment in the literary art, just as the ability to speak well and at once on any subject is the climax of oratorical art. This is the ideal toward which a writer should work, not that there is any great probability that he will attain it, but because it is well to attain it as nearly as possible. To write after the manner of Hamerton is probably the easiest, and in many cases the most practicable method of composing, if the end is to produce the best results, and his plan has been followed by the majority of the better class of authors. To be able to compose mentally is an excellent discipline for the mind, and is a desirable accomplishment, and he who can do so may make use of many opportunities from which he who is a slave to the pen is cut off.

E. E. Benton.

PEORIA, Ill.

INTEREST IN TRAVEL ARTICLES.

When some one else's observation chimes in with a fresh impression of one's own, it stirs thought to speech, or writing, as the person's habit may be. This paragraph in the *Monthly Illustrator and Home and Country* stirs me:—

"It is a common editorial superstition that the public wants facts and information on travel with which it is unfamiliar; in my experience the opposite has been true. I have found that what people are eager to read in travel articles are descriptions of places which they have already seen, or expect to see."

My eye struck this paragraph a moment after I had finished reading a breezy description of the Scottish Highlands about Castleton Braemar. I had read the article with intense interest, for there in words and pictures were the scenes that I, too, had enjoyed three years ago. But the article gave facts that my brief stay did

not permit of my gathering. It filled out my knowledge of a picturesque region, rounded out and revived one of my own delightful experiences.

So it has been with me many times since my return from a year abroad. One of the chief satisfactions of the trip is the increased appreciation of every article and book treating of the places with which travel had struck up acquaintance. As a writer, I may have felt just a tinge of envy because those other writers got so much more out of their visits than I did, and could put them into more attractive form than I am able to, but this did not in the least spoil the hearty pleasure in reading what at first thought would seem old stories to one who had traveled through the scenes described.

The moral of it all is, that it is not so much the subject as how the subject is treated, that matters. Travel subjects are by no means worn out, even in this day of universal gadding about.

Ernest R. Holmes.

LINCOLN, Neb.

WRITERS ON SPACE.

A contributor to the September number of THE WRITER, while drawing attention to the field open to versatile writers in contributing special articles to the daily press, adds enough of comment altogether to discourage a beginner who wants to get "into the newspapers." Much of what this contributor writes is undoubtedly true, but there is another and brighter side to the matter, and it has been my happy experience to strike the best side. Believing firmly that when one meets "a good thing," it is one's duty to "pass it along," I should like to say something about my experience as a newspaper writer.

First of all, some newspapers distinctly say on the editorial page that they will not return unsolicited manuscripts. These I carefully steer clear of. To all others, when offering an article, be it ever so little, I send a stamped envelope, and ask that the manuscript be returned as soon as convenient if it is unavailable. I do not think it is customary in newspaper offices to lay aside contributions for an indefinite period without examining them, for those that come back usually reappear within three or four days. If they don't come back, with the customary regrets attached, I watch the paper until the article is printed. Then I cut it out, no matter how small it is. If it is worth more than one dollar, at the regular rates of the paper, I sent it in, by mail, marked with my name and address, to the office about the middle of the week. If the paper is one which pays its writers weekly, I usually get a cheque by Monday or Tuesday of the following week. If it is one which has monthly accounts, I must wait until, perhaps, the tenth of the following month.

Of course, when I first began to send special bits to the newspapers, I did not know that it was necessary for occasional contributors to send in slips of their printed matter in order to secure payment, and sometimes an article would be used which failed to bring in any return. But by and by, a kind-hearted editor was moved to tell me about the slip system, and I decided that I would try it with all papers. Since that time I don't think I have lost anything, unless it has been through my own carelessness in failing to see the article when it appeared. It is not, I know, the rule in all newspaper offices to require occasional contributors to send in slips of their matter, but it can certainly do no harm to send them until one finds out that it is not necessary, and that "space bills," as they are called, are kept track of at the office.

There is a great deal to be said in favor of

writing for the newspapers. To any one who is working for bread and butter, the knowledge that the money will surely come at a certain time is a comfort. The newspapers do not, it is true, pay on acceptance, as do a few of the high-class magazines, but their use of an accepted article is rarely delayed beyond a week or two, and after it is used, the money, as I have previously shown, is not long in coming.

Then, too, there is no element of uncertainty about the amount of what one will receive. I believe all newspapers have regular space rates for occasional contributors, or "space writers." These amounts vary, running from $3 a column to $8 a column, on different papers for ordinary matter. The rates paid for important and exclusive news items sometimes get much higher than this, but for every-day regular matter the prices do not vary.

It seems to me that it is almost impossible, considering the rush and bustle of a newspaper office, for some contributor not to be occasionally overlooked when "the ghost walks," and for that reason I try to keep account of space, whether the paper I am working for requires me to send in a space bill or not. Then if I am forgotten altogether, or do not get credit for some item which was used, I am in a position to recover the amount, having an account of my own, which, being in printer's ink and in the paper's own type, is irrefutable.

In conclusion, I must differ with the correspondent in saying that "to the occasional contributor the daily press offers but few opportunities." If the occasional contributor has the faculty for turning out good work, it is ten to one that the editor of a first-class newspaper will be quicker to see and take advantage of it than the editor of a first-class magazine. True, the contributions to newspapers are rarely signed, but the editor knows whence they come, and has it in his power to put much profitable work in the way of the clever and up-to-date space writer. Then, somehow, these things get out, and if a paper prints a series of brilliant articles from a hitherto unknown pen, in some mysterious manner other editors will manage to find out the identity of the new star.

I want to say only one more word. The newspaper editor, more than any one else, wants *fresh* matter and new ideas. It's of no use to tempt him with warmed-over subjects or old thoughts in new dresses. Give him of the best and newest you have, and read carefully the productions of his other contributors in order to find out what he is using. Then go ahead, and if you have brains, ability, and perseverance, the newspaper editor will help you to develop them.

Helen Combes.

SEA CLIFF, N. Y.

THE SUPERFLUOUS RELATIVE.

If it be true that this is "an age of brief life, and brief purpose, and brief patience," then it is worth while to save unnecessary words. A common error in written and spoken English is the needless and inelegant repetition of the relative pronoun in subordinate clauses. The economy of speech is not always to be commended, but it is certainly to be sought and practiced in using "who," "which," and "whose" after the conjunctions "and," "or,' and "but."

In the following sentence, from a prominent daily newspaper, — "I also have several friends who ride and who take their babies out with them," — the second "who" is superfluous and incorrect. Here "and" connects the two verbs "ride" and "take"; therefore no "who" is needed after "and."

Reporters and editors are constantly making this error. A few examples of faulty constructions of this kind are given: —

Chicago Record, September 5, 1896, page 4: "According to the Rev. Dr. John P. Peters, who was director of an earlier expedition, and *who* is a student of the question," etc.

Chicago Record, September 18, 1896 (editorial): "The liquor interests, which have pronounced prohibition a failure and *which* have spent thousands of dollars," etc.

Chicago Tribune, October 6, 1896, page 10: "She came to Chicago and made a number of real estate investments, which proved disastrous to her and *which* reduced her fortune."

The *Examiner* (New York), July 23, 1896, page 11: "The author, who has been a teacher of surgery for thirty years, and *who* has attained an eminence," etc.

The *Examiner*, September 3, 1896, page 10: "He was a diligent student of the Bible, especially along certain lines, which he regarded as of peculiar moment and *which he* thought liable to be neglected."

Chicago Daily News, July 8, 1896, page 4: "Mme. Gautier tells feelingly of a new opera he was meditating, but *which he* was never allowed to undertake." [Here "which" is required after "opera" and should be omitted after "but."]

Philadelphia Methodist, July 4, 1896: "It was removed from the door-frame by a factory inspector, who regarded it as a curiosity, but *who* did not know its full meaning."

The *Outlook*, July 25, 1896, page 130: "His poetry is something to masses of people, who know that Shakespeare was the greatest of English dramatists, but *who* never read him."

Some of the recent contributors to English and American reviews are guilty of the same carelessness, in their case less excusable. The following sentences are open to criticism: —

"Of such materials he [Verlaine] has built a rhyme which cannot perhaps, in Miltonic phrase, be called 'lofty,' but *which* has a character and music of its own." (Augustus Manston, in *Temple Bar*.)

"The entire Catholic world acknowledges a debt of gratitude to Manning for that profound devotion to the Roman See which marked his career from the beginning, *and which* he imparted to his own age." (J. T. Smith, in the *Forum*.) [Better — "and was imparted by him to his own age."]

"As we see with broader vision, we appreciate more and more the catholicity of Whittier and that true spirituality which is expressed in deeds rather than in creeds, — *and which* is yet to redeem the world." (B. O. Flower, in the *Arena*.) [Here it is better to omit "and."]

"The brilliant work which had preceded Botta and Layard was accomplished not by the excavator, but by the traveler, who visited and described the Persian and Babylonian ruins and *who* brought to Europe specimens of the cuneiform writing," etc. (Professor D. G. Lyon, in the *Biblical World*.)

It is not uncommon to find famous British authors of the day who offend in this fashion, as follows: —

Saintsbury, "Nineteenth Century Literature," page 228: "In the first place, the system, which Macaulay did not invent, but *which he* carried to perfection," etc.

Morley, "English Writers," V., page 334: "Cambuscan, who warred with Russia, and *who* has two sons," etc.

Trail, "Social England," II., page 80: "A class of magical books existed, whose charms relied on direct invocation of the enemy of mankind, *and whose* very titles . . . have perished." [Better — "the very titles of which have perished."]

Public speakers are supposed to have more regard for substance than form when speaking without notes. It is not surprising that our English minister should express himself with excessive fullness in his speech at the unveiling of the monument to Heminge and Condell: "Therefore there is a patriotic tie on each side which touches the heart of each man who loves either country or *who* loves both countries," etc.

W. J. Bryan violated the same rule of speech at Milwaukee (if reported correctly): "Now, whenever you find a man who wants to think for you, or *who* wants to act for you, you find out whether his interests are the same as yours."

Even preachers, noted as stylists, have not always been on their guard against this slip in grammatical structure. If addicted to this

loose manner of speaking in the pulpit, they easily fall into the same habit of repeating the relative in writing. Thus Professor Swing goes astray in his sermon on "The Redemption of a City": "They who gird themselves for such a task, and *who* toil to the end, will reach more laurels than can be worn by one forehead."

Another prominent divine, Rev. J. H. Barrows, allows himself to be carried away by a copious stream of words in a letter describing his travels (*Chicago Record*, September 24, 1896, page 10): "The interior of the church stirred those deep and peculiar feelings which I very frequently have in England, and *which I* very rarely experience in Germany." [This is more rhetorical than grammatical.]

Rev. Johnston Myers (as reported in the *Inter-Ocean*, September 28, 1896) says: "Men who have grown tired of disease, the burden, and the care, and *who* have decided to end the struggle here."

It may be noted, by way of discrimination, that the principle mentioned is not violated in this statement: "It is a delicate matter to say just who does and who does not, of these reputed matchmakers, receive payment in some form for the service rendered." Here different persons are referred to. Such is not the case in this piece of mangled English (from the *Dial*, October 1, 1896, page 197): "Students of Butler are much indebted to Mr. Gladstone for the admirable edition of the Bishop's works which the old statesman a few months *since* gave to the world, and *which* was noticed at length in the *Dial*," etc. Here (as in some of the instances already cited) there would be a gain in having two sentences edited as follows: "Students of Butler are much indebted to Mr. Gladstone for the admirable edition of the Bishop's works which the old statesman gave to the world a few months ago. It was reviewed at length," etc.

Eugene Parsons.

CHICAGO, Ill.

MANNERISMS OF THE RURAL SCRIBE.

The average rural scribe is a magnifier of values. Every assemblage of forty or fifty people is a large audience. Every sermon is one of the most scholarly and eloquent discourses ever delivered within the edifice in question. Every church supper that nets a dozen dollars replenishes the treasury by a large amount. Every person who dies was possessed of all the gifts and graces that fall to the lot of humanity, and, almost without an exception, was an estimable Christian gentleman or lady, as the case may be.

The rural scribe is a lover of titles. The darling designation of his pen is "Honorable," and "Esquire" is precious also to his heart. Failing all other titles, "Mister" is brought to the fore.

The rural scribe is a dispenser of sweets; his pen is seldom dipped in gall, and generally runs thick with taffy. Who so well as he knows our popular townsman, and our popular townsman's amiable wife, numbers without end?

The rural scribe is a utilizer of trifles. Here are two every-day specimens: —

"Mrs. Andrew Dimon is the boss brown-bread maker of this district. She can beat old Boston, and don't you forget it."

"Mr. W. has spruced up muchly since his wife died."

But here's to the rural scribe, God bless him! To his clientage, at least, he is endlessly dear and diverting. Financial questions, tariff bills, ravages of flood and flame, sword and pestilence, pale into insignificance beside his little grist of items from Blueberry Corners — every fact of which his local readers knew perfectly beforehand.

That's the chief enjoyment of it!

Alison E. Coates.

NORTH STONINGTON, Conn.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

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*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9 and 10),
P. O. BOX 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. IX. OCTOBER, 1896. NO. 10.

In opening the new department, "Men and Letters," in the *Atlantic* for October, Mr. Howells says: "I wonder who the reader is, and if he is any of those I used to know here; but I do not deny that he has quite as much right to wonder who I am. I do not insist that he shall believe — for I have a sort of misgiving of it myself — that I formerly held all *Atlantic* readers at my mercy, more or less, and gave them to read this or that, as I chose. When I first came to the place, to be Mr. Fields' understudy in this autocracy, we sometimes took counsel together and wished that this or that contributor would die, but we always wished that our readers might live and increase and multiply; and if our prayers were heard, they are still reading the *Atlantic* in thrice the number of that far-off time between 1866 and 1881. I will suppose, therefore, that it is some old reader, or some new reader of the old tradition, that I am now appearing to; and I confidently trust the realization of my emotions to him. He will know how I must feel, and what I should like to say.

"He will easily conceive that though that long-outlawed malevolence may have been fatal to some contributors, yet it could not be a real malevolence; and I will explain that it was a wish born of our despair of ever getting their contributions into the magazine after we had accepted them. In those days everybody wanted to write for the *Atlantic*, and did, so that Mr. Lowell left Mr. Fields several bushels of unprinted manuscripts. As fast as the authors of these passed to their reward we piously rejoiced, and destroyed their contributions, with such effect that when Mr. Fields retired only a barrel of them remained to me. I do not believe I transferred more than a half barrel to Mr. Aldrich, death had so wasted their authors' ranks. I suppose that he may not have laid upon Mr. Scudder's conscience more than a peck, but I have no means of knowing, and I have no wish to verify the fact by even an incorporeal encounter with the writers. They must be haunting these pages, too, poor ambitious fellows, poor, eager, sprightly maids once young, and with each issue of the magazine still expecting a posthumous publication. The reader will allow that it must be uncomfortable for me, even in my own apparitional quality, to meet them here; and to tell the truth, I would rather avoid them, for though I never meant them harm, and did not by any means suppress them all, I am apprehensive that they might collectively wreak their disappointment upon me. At sight of this wandering essay, they might accuse the present powers and ask, 'Ah, you here? Why are not you at the bottom of the barrel, the bushel, or the peck measure, too?' They do not know that they are no longer even there."

* * *

Mr. Howells does not say that these manuscripts which were so promptly destroyed when their authors died were paid for on acceptance, but it is to be presumed they were. He does

not say, either, that in cases where it was possible the manuscripts were returned to the heirs of the departed ones. That would have been a graceful courtesy if they were never to be given to the world in print.

* * *

No solution of the mystery surrounding the sale of the plagiarized poem, "A Lay of a Laugh," to *Judge* has yet been reached. Mr. Lovejoy, when the fac-simile of the manuscript was sent to him, wrote to the editor of *Judge*, under date of July 4, to say: —

Dear Sir: — While I admit the general resemblance of handwriting, I most solemnly deny the accusation, if you mean such, of the handwriting of poem as mine, and I am innocent of sending you the verses in question and believe myself to be the victim of some other person's wrongdoing. I can furnish you with the testimony of reputable individuals of note, if you desire, to testify as to my honesty of character. I shall insist on this, if any effort is made to father this wrong to me.

Yours very truly,

NEWELL LOVEJOY.

The publisher of *Judge* answered this, and in reply received the following letter from Mr. Lovejoy, dated at Albion, N. Y., July 25: —

Dear Sir: — Your favor of July 6th was duly received. As you say: "The case is a peculiar one," and that some person — still unknown to me — has been impersonating me, there is no doubt. I have been seeking earnestly to fathom the mystery, but, as yet, am still in the dark. If the affair was intended as a joke, certainly it came near proving a serious one. It has occasioned me great discomfort of mind, for I have a reputation for honesty and purity of character such as I am very proud of.

I fear I shall never know more of the individual, or motive, prompting any one to impersonate, and so injure my good name. Hereafter everything I send off for publication will be so guarded that no one can err as to the source from which it comes.

It gives me pleasure to refer you to Mr. H. Butterworth, formerly of *Youth's Companion*, Will Carleton, the poet, the editors of the *Boston Transcript*, W. H. Busbey, of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, Mrs. Dodge, of *St. Nicholas*, and many other equally prominent literary people, regarding my trustiness of character.

Will you please show this letter to the editor of *Judge*?

Very sincerely yours,

NEWELL LOVEJOY.

Enclosed in this letter were two newpaper cuttings, which read as follows: —

The recently built Pullman church at Albion has secured George Newell Lovejoy, of this city, as organist and musical director. Mr. Lovejoy is well known as a musician. He also has a reputation as a contributor of short stories to leading magazines — *Rochester* (N. Y.) *Post-Express*.

Mr. George Newell Lovejoy, the well-known writer and musician of this city, will go to Albion next week, where he will hereafter reside. Mr. Lovejoy has finally accepted the position of organist in the Pullman Memorial Church at Albion. Mr. Pullman was instrumental in persuading Mr. Lovejoy to make the change. He will continue his interesting series of literary work — *Rochester* (N. Y.) *Union and Advertiser*.

In the *Bergen* (N. Y.) *Enterprise* of August 8 was printed this letter from Mr. Lovejoy, under the heading "Self-Explanatory": —

Editor of the Enterprise: —

Dear Sir: — Inasmuch as a certain well-known individual in this community is exhibiting to this and that person of this village a literary paper, THE WRITER, published in Boston, in which my name unfortunately appears in connection with a certain article in the New York *Judge*, I wish through your columns to make an explanation bearing directly upon the point. Some five weeks since, I received at my address in Albion a letter from the Judge Publishing Company, enclosing one from the exchange editor of the *Boston Globe*, stating that a poem, entitled "Lay of a Laugh," which it seems had appeared some days before in *Judge*, with my name signed to it, had previously appeared in the *Globe*, unsigned, but credited to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The Boston editor inquired of the Judge Company if I had not sold the verses in question to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, prior to offering them to *Judge*. The Judge Company asked me "to kindly explain the matter."

I immediately wrote *Judge*, stating that the affair in question was a strange revelation to me, inasmuch as I had not sent them the poem referred to, nor had I any knowledge of the matter. I stated that some person (to me unknown) had evidently been using my name surreptitiously; that it was not necessary for me to steal my poems; that it was a clear case of imposition, and I would be very glad to learn who the fraud was, that I might bring him to justice.

A subsequent letter from the Judge Company informed me that I had undoubtedly been imposed on by someone, and hoped that in time the guilty one would be discovered, and closed their letter by thanking me for the explanation. I had supposed until I learned that the Boston WRITER, containing the note on the unfortunate affair, was being circulated by the Bergenite referred to about town that the matter in question had been confined entirely to the correspondence between *Judge* and myself. The statement of the affair in THE WRITER, however, is candid and fair towards me, the editor adding in the paragraph that I ought to find out who the guilty one is who has sought to involve me in the unpleasant episode, which, of course, I should be exceedingly glad to do.

GEORGE NEWELL LOVEJOY.

Bergen, August 4, 1896.

From Bergen, Mr. Lovejoy also wrote to the Judge Publishing Company, under date August 7, as follows: —

Dear Sirs: — I see by the Boston WRITER and other publications, that there is grave danger of injury to my name and reputation, through the publicity given to my name in your columns, in the publication of the same in connection with the poem, purporting to have been sent you by me some time ago, and which appeared in your paper on or about that time.

Now my sense of honor and unblemished character will not allow me to rest quietly under any imputation of wrong-doing, and as I am entirely innocent of any imposition upon you, I

must insist on the withdrawal of such charges as you have in any way made public against me.

I value my reputation too highly to be trifled with.

Very truly,

NEWELL LOVEJOY.

It does not yet appear who sent the plagiarized poem to *Judge*, if Mr. Lovejoy did not. The check in payment for the poem was issued in June and was sent to Mr. Lovejoy's address in Rochester — the same address to which was sent the first letter from the editor of *Judge* asking for an explanation of the matter, which was forwarded to Mr. Lovejoy at Albion. The editor of the *Bergen Enterprise* says that Mr. Lovejoy told him in conversation regarding the poem that he had received from *Judge* a check for eight dollars, but denied any knowledge of the poem, and did not say what he did with the check. As a matter of fact, the amount of the check forwarded by *Judge* was eight dollars. The check has not been returned to the publishers of *Judge*, either directly or in the ordinary course of business through the banks.

* * *

Plagiarism, by the way, seems to be almost epidemic recently. In *Munsey's* for September is printed a story entitled "Sarah Crewe's Little Game," which is a barefaced plagiarism of the story, "Annie Tousey's Little Game," by Margaret Sutton Briscoe, which was published in *Harper's Monthly* for July, 1895. The story in *Munsey's* is signed "Grace Stuart Reid." Even the name, "Sarah Crewe," which is substituted for "Annie Tousey," is stolen.

W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

The editor of one of the religious weeklies writes to me that he cannot use my manuscript because he has so many excellent articles already on hand, for which he cannot find room, and yet he prints every week a lot of selected matter. Why doesn't he leave out these reprinted articles, and use the space to print the original articles which he has awaiting publication?

S. R. M.

[For reprinted articles editors do not have to pay. For original articles they usually do. Sometimes an editor cannot afford to buy matter enough to fill his paper. In that case he buys as much as he can afford, and uses selected matter for the rest. It is easy to see that under such circumstances the amount of space that he can give to original articles is limited. Sometimes, again, editors prefer to use a good deal of selected matter, which costs them nothing, when they could afford to buy original articles in place of it, if they saw fit. Their intention is to print enough original matter to give their papers individuality, and to get the rest as cheaply as they can. In such case they are justified in telling contributors that they must decline manuscripts because they have no room for them. That is true when the space for matter for which they are either able or willing to pay is filled. — W. H. H.]

THE WRITER says: "The worst kind of a 'purpose-novel' is one written only for the purpose of making money." Surely a "purpose-novel" written for the purpose of losing money would be purposeless, and soon make the writer and publisher thereof purseless, if not purposeless, if they continued in that business for any great length of time. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a "purpose-novel," and yet it was a money maker, and it is certain that Mrs. Stowe had an idea of making money in her purpose of writing this book. Money may not have been her "only" purpose. Would it not be difficult to determine the ratio of money to purpose in analyzing the incentives of many "purpose-novel" writers who have acquired fame and cash? Of course, I do not suppose that THE WRITER will discourage would-be "purpose-novel" writers from the purpose of establishing a bank account should their manuscripts get through the "Reader's" hands safely and reach a successful sale. If a really good "purpose-novel" be written only for the purpose of making money, why is it not fully as good as the best, and much better than a bad, or poor "purpose-novel" written only for the purpose of elevating mankind at a loss to the writer and publisher? Speaking from a worldly standpoint, is not money often an incentive to much good purpose?

M. Y. B.

[The writer is worthy of his hire, if he does not make money-getting his sole aim, regardless of what he puts before the world. In writing the paragraph quoted by "M. Y. B." the editor of THE WRITER had chiefly in mind the so-called "sex novels," which are written only

for the purpose of getting money, without any regard whatever to the harm they do. — W. H. H.]

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

The new registration of the city of Boston knocks the accusation that the old lists were padded with fraud higher than a burnt boot. — *Boston Herald.*	The new registration of the city of Boston knocks higher than a burnt boot the accusation that the old lists were padded with fraud.
An Englishman, now in Washington, tells the *Washington Post* that bicycling is even more prevalent in that country than in this. — *New York Tribune.*	An Englishman, now in Washington, tells the *Washington Post* that bicycling is even more prevalent in England than it is here.
The banner is an immense one, being 40 x 30 feet in dimensions. — *New York Journal.*	The flag is a large one measuring 40 x 30 feet.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

A Good Cheap Ink. — Get a ten-cent package of black diamond dye, mix with one pint (or a little less) of boiling water until it is thoroughly dissolved. Add one tablespoonful of vinegar, and your ink is made. This ink is black, flows well, does not clog, and is as good for fountain pens as for ink wells. I have used it for several months and can buy no ink that is as satisfactory. L. A. C.

CHICAGO, Ill.

To Pour Ink Easily. — Ink will not run down the side of the bottle from which it is being poured, if the outside of the neck of the bottle at the top is painted with melted paraffin. The top of the bottle should be kept free from paraffin. Ink, or any fluid, can be poured out in single drops, if desired, from a bottle treated thus. P. H. F.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

GEORGE DU MAURIER. Portrait. *Harper's* (38 c.) for October.

THE ETHICAL IMPULSE OF MRS. BROWNING'S POETRY. Thomas Bradfield. Reprinted from *Westminster Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for October.

LITERARY LADIES. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for October.

CONTRIBUTORS. By an Editor. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for October.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. Frederic Harrison. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for October.

MATTHEW PRIOR. Edward Manson. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for October.

JAPANESQUE ELEMENTS IN "THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII." Ernest W. Clement. *Arena* (28 c.) for October.

THE QUESTION OF GENIUS. Sophia McClelland. *Arena* (28 c.) for October.

FASHIONS IN NAMES. William Ward Crane. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for October.

IS THE MISSION OF THE LECTURE PLATFORM ENDED? Max Bennett Thrasher. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for October.

MARGARET FULLER IN A NEW ASPECT. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for October.

THE ORBIT OF GOOD STORIES. Contributors' Club. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for October.

IN MEMORIAM: SIR JOHN MILLAIS. With portraits and fifteen illustrations from his works. M. H. Spielmann. *Magazine of Art* (38 c.) for October.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. Professor W. M. Baskerville. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for October.

THE LITERARY MOVEMENT IN FRANCE. Edouard Rod. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for October.

KATE FIELD. Lilian Whiting. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for October.

THE GENTLEMAN IN AMERICAN FICTION. James Lane Allen. *Bookman* (23 c.) for October.

THE METRIC SYSTEM. Professor T. C. Mendenhall. *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for October.

NEWS AND NOTES.

A fine new portrait of Du Maurier is the frontispiece of the October *Harper's*, which contains the first installment of "The Martians."

James Breck Perkins, author of "France under the Regency," and "France under Richelieu and Mazarin," has been engaged to contribute a monthly review of events to the *Home Magazine*, Binghamton, N. Y. His department is begun in the October number.

The *New York Dramatic News* has suspended publication.

The *Young Ladies' Magazine* of Buffalo has been absorbed by the *Home Magazine* (Binghamton, N. Y.), and Miss M. A. Barney, its editor, has joined the *Home Magazine* staff.

With the October number *Poet-Lore* (Boston) becomes a quarterly review.

Rev. Edward Randall Knowles, LL. D., has received from the Institut du Midi of France an appointment as delegate-general for the United States; and all the American awards of the institution for literary, scientific, or humanitarian science will hereafter be made through Dr. Knowles and upon his recommendation.

Frederic W. Pangborn, who was for twenty years managing editor of the *Jersey City Journal*, is now editor of *Godey's Magazine*.

Edward B. Lafetra has been appointed receiver for the Transatlantic Publishing Company, of No. 63 Fifth avenue, New York, on the application of William G. Jordan, a judgment creditor. Twenty-five authors are stockholders. The assets will not exceed $500.

J. Selwin Tait has made an arrangement by which Stone & Kimball will take over the publishing business hitherto conducted by him and his sons. Many copyrights and a considerable amount of stock are involved.

The price which Lloyd Brice received for the *North American Review* is said to have been $140,000. This was based on its earnings for seven years.

The firm of W. H. Brock & Co., Athol, Mass., has been merged in a corporation called the Cottager Company, and Ernest Shriver, of Cumberland, Md., one of the stockholders, has become the editor of the *Cottager*. The *Cottager* is offering a gold watch as a prize for the best bicycle story submitted by December 1, and says that "The contestant who most ably handles some of the social and commercial problems raised by the wheel's popularity will stand the best chance."

Funk & Wagnalls (New York) offer prizes for the best articles of from 500 to 1,000 words on "How to Use a Dictionary," advertising the dictionary they publish, and submitted in print in any periodical before December 31. The publishers of the periodicals in which the winning essays are printed will receive the same prizes as the successful writers.

The *Symposium* (first called the *Letter*) is a new illustrated literary monthly magazine, edited and published by George W. Cable at Northampton, Mass.

The *Fortnightly Reviewer* is the name of a new magazine which will make its appearance at Memphis, Tenn., in October. The editors express the hope that it will "encourage Southern literature," but its contributors will not be confined to the South. It will invite talent from all sources.

The *Home Monthly* is a new Pittsburg magazine. It will fill out unexpired subscriptions for the *Ladies' Journal*, which it has absorbed.

Sothoron's Magazine is a new five-cent monthly published in Philadelphia.

The *Magazine of Poetry* (Buffalo) has stopped publication. *Poet-Lore* (Boston) will be sent to its subscribers in place of it.

Footlights (Philadelphia) has changed to the octavo form.

The name of the *American Teacher* (Boston) has been changed to the *American Primary Teacher*. The paper has also been enlarged, and new features have been added.

In an editorial in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for October Edward W. Bok makes a rejoinder to the authors who claim that our literature lacks vigor and force, because everything written must be smooth and pleasant to please young girls.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for October is opened a new department, with the title, "Men and Letters," to which the best writers will contribute short signed articles on literary subjects, reminiscences, suggestions, criticisms, and the like. The department is opened this month by W. D. Howells with a paper reminiscent of his days as editor of the *Atlantic*. He is followed by John Burroughs on "The Poet and the Modern," and W. P. Trent on, "Reading the Fiftieth Volume of Balzac."

McClure's Magazine for October contains a biographical and personal study of "Ian Maclaren," by Rev. D. M. Ross. The paper is illustrated with portraits of "Ian Maclaren," views of his various homes, and scenes in and around "Drumtochty." A paper in the same number by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps gives her recollections of the poet, Edward Rowland Sill, and tells an interesting story of collaboration with her husband in the writing of novels.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. IX. BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1896. No. 11.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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EDITING ONE'S OWN MANUSCRIPT.

The awkwardness of the title of this paper will be pardoned by writers whom experience has prepared for a quick comprehension of its meaning.

Literary workers, beginners especially, are constantly urged to get their manuscripts into as nearly perfect shape as possible before submitting them for publication. One reason dwelt on is that editors cannot be expected to look with favor upon matter that fails to satisfy the author. This reason seems something like an old man's forgetfulness of youth and the feelings by which he was then moved. Still worse is it if it comes from an editor, for then it is equivalent to an ignoring of his own frequent case. What editor would not refuse to be his own literary surgeon if he could easily and with dignity press into his personal service the judgment and scalpel of another? Surely it would not be possible to find a writer worthy of the name entirely satisfied with even the mere mechanism of his best effort in composition.

A careful, conscientious writer strives always to make his productions as nearly perfect as seems possible for him before he allows them to go out of his hands. At the same time he is positive that each one falls far short of what he might have made it, if instead of being his own it was the work of another turned over to him to edit. That is, given the same thoughts in the same form of expression, yet not his own, he could have added the finishing touches with a much surer hand.

A genius in the mechanics of literary art may be able properly to edit his own manuscripts — but he is the exception that proves the rule. Most writers have learned that their labor upon their writings, after a certain point is reached, results in mere polish, which takes the life out, while many a crudity, if not absolute defect, is left, concealed by the smooth surface; this is true no matter how conversant the writer may be with the rules of composition and rhetoric.

He is fortunate indeed who has not almost invariably found glaring errors in his literary work after it has appeared in print, unless it be carefully edited by another. One peculiar contrast most writers must have noticed in respect to their relations to their own and others' work: faults they overlook in their own manuscripts become plain as day when the matter is published; on the other hand, they quickly detect in the manuscripts of others blemishes which they would not notice if the articles were in print. It is not easy to explain this, but it seems to prove that authors are inherently in-

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capable of properly editing their own literary productions.

Of course such a statement applies only to comparatively minor defects: the inexact use of a word, a faulty arrangement of sentences, repetitions of words or phrases, etc. Everything essential to the thought or expression generally, the writer must do for himself. If he cannot, it may usually be taken for granted that he has missed his calling.

When an editor undertakes to improve his contributor's matter into something different in any essential point, he is guilty of an unwarranted liberty. An editor's work should be limited to the betterment of the writer's expression of his thought. The best editor helps the contributor to tell his story rightly, in his own way, without loss of the individual flavor. No editor has a right to change the sense of a contributed article, to interpolate his own ideas, or to give it a different beginning or ending, any more than a carpenter has to change the style of some part of a house he has been commissioned to repair. Writers of any experience have had cause to mourn because of editorial substitutions, additions, and omissions, which made a radical difference in something they had written. In such a case nothing by way of redress offers itself to the writer except to avoid the guilty editor in future and to protest publicly against every unfair and dishonest editorial practice.

To the credit of the profession be it said, editors, as a rule, are just and honest, and the contributor's best friends. This fact cannot be emphasized too strongly. The term editor is here meant to include all who do legitimate editorial work — revision, correction, or whatever the contribution calls for to fit it for publication without absolute change of its thought or style.

A writer is a poor editor of his own manuscript; first, because if he becomes as completely absorbed in his subject as he should be, he will, in the beginning, think only of getting his thoughts committed to paper. Even in revision he will consider chiefly what he has to say, and will revise with a view to a better expression of his ideas. That is, the thought will always take precedence of the expression; and if, as is frequently the case, he chances to use a form more or less incorrect, there is danger of its becoming fixed in his mind so firmly that he will unconsciously overlook it, or, if vaguely distressed by it, be unable to find for it a satisfactory substitute. This is especially true of writers whose vocabulary tends to confine itself to simple words; in going from simple to more complex language, or in displacing a simple word by a synonym of less simplicity, a certain wrenching of the mind seems to be required, though the result arrived at be greater accuracy and comprehensiveness.

Again, knowing so well what he wishes to say, a writer fails often to notice vagueness of thought or obscurity of expression in his own work. Nor will reading his manuscript aloud to himself or others invariably reveal such faults, though no better corrective can be recommended.

The lesser matters of grammar, punctuation, and spelling — lesser in the sense of being what every writer is expected to understand, and therefore presumably slips of the pen when they occur — should not demand much work from the editor. But here, also, at times, an error creeps in which will continue to escape the writer's attention after the most painstaking revision.

Skill in punctuation of the more complex kind, including arrangement of sentences and paragraphing, may almost be looked upon as innate — a something which no amount of study gives in a high degree unless native talent for it be thereby evolved. This statement may seem unreasonable, since orderly arrangement of written thought forms undoubtedly a part of the faculty of logic which may be cultivated and should always be strong enough to guide the development of a theme into a certain correctness of mechanical order. Be that as it may, logical writers sometimes err seriously in respect to proper paragraphing.

Finally, the writer is probably influenced by the same feeling which makes a doctor a poor physician for himself or his family. No writer can get entirely outside of his work. After a point, well defined for every individual, though varying according to the disposition of each, a dread like an iron clutch witholds a writer from

tampering further with what has been produced under the spur of an enthusiasm or inspiration removed by the cool hand of time.

When the writer is a stylist or an artist, in the specific meaning of those terms, another danger lies in his way. He will be tempted to sacrifice sense to sound, to the beauty of a well-rounded period, the music of rhythm or some other like detail, and, in so doing, introduce an ambiguity which only an expert editor can eliminate.

Granted that every writer requires editorial assistance, how is this condition to be brought about? When a manuscript is accepted the question is settled as far as it is concerned. But in many instances the author of an accepted manuscript would be more truly benefited by a rejection with criticism. Many returned manuscripts are worthy of editorial comments and suggestions for improvement. Editors have no time for personal letters to would-be contributors, nor should they be asked to do anything of the kind gratuitously. Literary bureaus give help to many writers and no doubt fill a long-felt want. A wider-reaching opportunity, if less helpful, might be offered in another way by editors of literary periodicals. Let each demand a small fee as an accompaniment of every unsolicited manuscript. If the manuscript meets acceptance, the fee may be returned or added to the price paid for the contribution. If the manuscript proves unavailable, a line of criticism, suggestion, advice, or comment, easy for the editor or his reader to give, and perhaps the hint most needed by the writer, may take the place of the ever-depressing, impersonal, and cold, though polite, printed words usually accompanying returned manuscripts.

"Your style should be more condensed," "You are not sufficiently acquainted with your subject," "You should pay more attention to your paragraphing," and hundreds of like bits of advice that will occur to experienced literary workers, would be of incalculable worth to beginners and would not be lost on others who have fallen into mannerisms through want of early corrections. *Mary E. Cardwill.*

NEW ALBANY, Ind.

STYLE IN LITERATURE.

There is nothing more disenchanting to man than to be shown the springs and mechanism of any art. All our arts and occupations lie wholly on the surface; it is on the surface that we perceive their beauty, fitness, and significance; and to pry below is to be appalled by their emptiness and shocked by the coarseness of the strings and pulleys. In a similar way, psychology itself, when pushed to any nicety, discovers an abhorrent baldness, but rather from the fault of our analysis than from any poverty native to the mind. And perhaps in æsthetics the reason is the same; those disclosures which seem fatal to the dignity of art, seem so perhaps only in the proportion of our ignorance; and those conscious and unconscious artifices, which it seems unworthy of the serious artist to employ, were yet, if we had the power to trace them to their springs, indications of a delicacy of the sense finer than we conceive, and hints of ancient harmonies in nature. This ignorance at least is largely irremediable. We shall never learn the affinities of beauty; for they lie too deep in nature and too far back in the mysterious history of man. The amateur, in consequence, will always grudgingly receive details of method, which can be stated, but can never wholly be explained; nay, on the principle laid down in Hudibras, that

> still the less they understand,
> The more they admire the sleight-of-hand,

many are conscious at each new disclosure of a diminution in the ardor of their pleasure. I must therefore warn that well-known character, the general reader, that I am here embarked upon a most distasteful business, taking down the picture from the wall and looking on the back, and, like the inquiring child, pulling the musical cart to pieces.

CHOICE OF WORDS. — The art of literature stands apart from among its sisters, because the material in which the literary artist works is the dialect of life; hence, on the one hand, a strange freshness and immediacy of address to the public mind, which is ready prepared to understand it; but hence, on the other, a singular limitation. The sister arts enjoy the use of a plastic and ductile material, like the modeler's clay; literature alone is condemned to work in mosaic with finite and quite rigid words. You have seen those blocks, dear to the nursery: this one a pillar, that a pediment, a third a window or a vase. It is with blocks of just such arbitrary size and figure that the literary architect is condemned to design the palace of his art. Nor is this all; for since these blocks, or words, are the acknowledged currency of our daily affairs, there are here possible none of those suppressions by which other arts obtain relief, continuity, and vigor; no hieroglyphic touch, no smoothed impasto, no inscrutable shadow, as in painting; no blank wall, as in architecture; but every word, phrase, sentence, and paragraph must move in a logical progression, and convey a definite conventional import.

Now, the first merit which attracts in the pages of a good writer, or the talk of a brilliant conversationalist, is the apt choice and contrast of the words employed. It is, indeed, a strange art to take these blocks, rudely conceived for the purpose of the market or the bar, and by tact of application touch them to the finest meanings and distinctions, restore to them their primal energy, wittily shift them to another issue, or make of them a drum to rouse the passions. But though this form of merit is, without doubt, the most sensible and seizing, it is far from being equally present in all writers. The effect of words in Shakespeare, their singular justice, significance, and poetic charm, is different, indeed, from the effect of words in Addison or Fielding. Or, to take an example nearer home, the words in Carlyle seem electrified into an energy of lineament, like the faces of men furiously moved; whilst the words in Macaulay, apt enough to convey his meaning, harmonious enough in sound, yet glide from the memory like undistinguished elements in a general effect. But the first class of writers have no monopoly of literary merit. There is a sense in which Addison is superior to Carlyle; a sense in which Cicero is better than Tacitus, in which Voltaire excels Montaigne; it certainly lies not in the choice of words; it lies not in the interest or value of the matter; it lies not in force of intellect, of poetry, or of humor. The three first are but infants to the three seconds; and yet each, in a particular point of literary art, excels his superior in the whole. What is that point?

THE WEB. — Literature, although it stands apart by reason of the great destiny and general use of its medium in the affairs of men, is yet an art like other arts. Of these we may distinguish two great classes: those arts, like sculpture, painting, acting, which are representative, or, as used to be said very clumsily, imitative; and those, like architecture, music, and the dance, which are self-sufficient, and merely presentative.* Each class, in right of this distinction, obeys principles apart; yet both may claim a common ground of existence, and it may be said with sufficient justice that the motive and end of any art whatever is to make a pattern; a pattern, it may be, of colors, of sounds, of changing attitudes, geometrical figures, or imitative lines; but still a pattern. That is the plane on which these sisters meet; it is by this that they are arts; and if it be well they should at times forget their childish origin, addressing their intelligence to virile tasks, and performing unconsciously that necessary function of their life, to make a pattern, it is still imperative that the pattern shall be made.

*The division of the arts may best be shown in a tabular form, thus: —

	In time.	In space.	In time and space.
Presentative.....	Music	Painting, Sculpture, etc.	Dance.
Representative....	Literature	Architecture.	Acting.

Music and literature, the two temporal arts, contrive their pattern of sounds in time; or, in other words, of sounds and pauses. Communication may be made in broken words, the business of life be carried on with substantives alone; but that is not what we call literature; and the true business of the literary artist is to plait or weave his meaning, involving it around itself; so that each sentence, by successive phrases, shall first come into a kind of knot, and then, after a moment of suspended meaning, solve and clear itself. In every properly constructed sentence there should be observed this knot or hitch; so that (however delicately) we are led to foresee, to expect, and then to welcome the successive phrases. The pleasure may be heightened by an element of surprise, as, very grossly, in the common figure of the antithesis, or, with much greater subtlety, where an antithesis is first suggested, and then deftly evaded. Each phrase, besides, is to be comely in itself; and between the implication and the evolution of the sentence there should be a satisfying equipoise of sound; for nothing more often disappoints the ear than a sentence solemnly and sonorously prepared, and hastily and weakly finished. Nor should the balance be too striking and exact, for the one rule is to be infinitely various; to interest, to disappoint, to surprise, and yet still to gratify; to be ever changing, as it were, the stitch, and yet still to give the effect of an ingenious neatness.

The conjuror juggles with two oranges, and our pleasure in beholding him springs from this, that neither is, for an instant, overlooked or sacrificed. So with the writer. His pattern, which is to please the supersensual ear, is yet addressed, throughout and first of all, to the demands of logic. Whatever be the obscurities, whatever the intricacies of the argument, the neatness of the fabric must not suffer, or the artist has been proved unequal to his design. And, on the other hand, no form of words must be selected, no knot must be tied among the phrases, unless knot and word be precisely what is wanted to forward and illuminate the argument; for to fail in this is to swindle in the game. The genius of prose rejects the *cheville* no less emphatically than the laws of verse; and the *cheville*, I should perhaps explain to some of my readers, is any meaningless or very watered phrase employed to strike a balance in the sound. Pattern and argument live in each other; and it is by the brevity, clearness, charm, or emphasis of the second, that we judge the strength and fitness of the first.

Style is synthetic; and the artist, seeking, so to speak, a peg to plait about, takes up at once two or more elements, or two or more views of the subject in hand; combines, implicates, and contrasts them; and while, in one sense, he was merely seeking an occasion for the necessary knot, he will be found, in the other, to have greatly enriched the meaning, or to have transacted the work of two sentences in the space of one. In the change from the successive shallow statements of the old chronicler to the dense and luminous flow of highly synthetic narrative, there is implied a vast amount of both philosophy and wit. The philosophy we clearly see, recognizing in the synthetic writer a far more deep and stimulating view of life, and a far keener sense of the generation and affinity of events. The wit we might imagine to be lost; but it is not so, for it is just that wit, these perpetual nice contrivances, these difficulties overcome, this double purpose attained, these two oranges kept simultaneously dancing in the air, that, consciously or not, afford the reader his delight. Nay, and this wit, so little recognized, is the necessary organ of that philosophy which we so much admire. That style is therefore the most perfect, not, as fools say, which is the most natural, for the most natural is the disjointed babble of the chronicler; but which attains the highest degree of elegant and pregnant implication unobtrusively; or if obtrusively, then with the greatest gain to sense and vigor. Even the derangement of the phrases from their (so-called) natural order is luminous for the mind; and it is by the means of such designed reversal that the elements of a judgment may be most pertinently marshalled, or the stages of a complicated action most perspicuously bound into one.

The web, then, or the pattern: a web at once sensuous and logical, an elegant and pregnant

texture: that is style, that is the foundation of the art of literature. Books indeed continue to be read, for the interest of the fact or fable, in which this quality is poorly represented, but still it will be there. And, on the other hand, how many do we continue to peruse and reperuse with pleasure whose only merit is the elegance of texture? I am tempted to mention Cicero; and since Mr. Anthony Trollope is dead, I will. It is a poor diet for the mind, a very colorless and toothless "criticism of life"; but we enjoy the pleasure of a most intricate and dexterous pattern, every stitch a model at once of elegance and of good sense; and the two oranges, even if one of them be rotten, kept dancing with inimitable grace.

Up to this moment I have had my eye mainly upon prose; for though in verse, also, the implication of the logical texture is a crowning beauty, yet in verse it may be dispensed with. You would think that here was a death-blow to all I have been saying; and far from that, it is but a new illustration of the principle involved. For if the versifier is not bound to weave a pattern of his own, it is because another pattern has been formally imposed upon him by the laws of verse. For that is the essence of a prosody. Verse may be rhythmical; it may be merely alliterative; it may, like the French, depend wholly on the (quasi) regular recurrence of the rhyme; or, like the Hebrew, it may consist in the strangely fanciful device of repeating the same idea. It does not matter on what principle the law is based, so it be a law. It may be pure convention; it may have no inherent beauty; all that we have a right to ask of any prosody is, that it shall lay down a pattern for the writer, and that what it lays down shall be neither too easy nor too hard. Hence it comes that it is much easier for men of equal facility to write fairly pleasing verse than reasonably interesting prose; for in prose the pattern itself has to be invented, and the difficulties first created before they can be solved. Hence, again, there follows the peculiar greatness of the true versifier: such as Shakespeare, Milton, and Victor Hugo, whom I place beside them as versifier merely, not as poet. These not only knit and knot the logical texture of the style with all the dexterity and strength of prose; they not only fill up the pattern of the verse with infinite variety and sober wit; but they give us, besides, a rare and special pleasure, by the art, comparable to that of counterpoint, with which they follow at the same time, and now contrast, and now combine, the double pattern of the texture and the verse. Here the sounding line concludes; a little further on, the well-knit sentence; and yet a little further, and both will reach their solution on the same ringing syllable. The best that can be offered by the best writer of prose is to show us the development of the idea and the stylistic pattern proceeding hand in hand, sometimes by an obvious and triumphant effort, sometimes with a great air of ease and nature. The writer of verse, by virtue of conquering another difficulty, delights us with a new series of triumphs. He follows three purposes where his rival followed only two; and the change is of precisely the same nature as that from melody to harmony. Or if you prefer to return to the juggler, behold him now, to the vastly increased enthusiasm of the spectators, juggling with three oranges instead of two. Thus it is: added difficulty, added beauty: and the pattern, with every fresh element, becoming more interesting in itself.

Yet it must not be thought that verse is simply an addition; something is lost as well as something gained; and there remains plainly traceable, in comparing the best prose with the best verse, a certain broad distinction of method in the web. Tight as a versifier may draw the knot of logic, yet for the ear he still leaves the tissue of the sentence floating somewhat loose. In prose, the sentence turns upon a pivot, nicely balanced, and fits into itself with an obtrusive neatness like a puzzle. The ear remarks and is singly gratified by this return and balance; while in verse it is all diverted to the measure. To find comparable passages is hard; for either the versifier is hugely the superior of the rival, or, if he be not, and still persist in his more delicate enterprise, he falls to be as widely his inferior. But let us select them from the pages of the same writer, one who was ambidexter; let us take, for instance, Rumour's Prologue to the Second Part of Henry IV., a fine flourish of eloquence in

Shakespeare's second manner, and set it side by side with Falstaff's praise of sherris, act iv., scene 3; or let us compare the beautiful prose spoken throughout by Rosalind and Orlando, compare, for example, the first speech of all, Orlando's speech to Adam, with what passage it shall please you to select—the Seven Ages from the same play, or even such a stave of nobility as Othello's farewell to war; and still you will be able to perceive, if you have an ear for that class of music, a certain superior degree of organization in the prose; a compacter fitting of the parts; a balance in the swing and the return as of a throbbing pendulum. We must not, in things temporal, take from those who have little the little that they have; the merits of prose are inferior, but they are not the same; it is a little kingdom, but an independent.

RHYTHM OF THE PHRASE.—Some way back, I used a word which still awaits an application. Each phrase, I said, was to be comely; but what is a comely phrase? In all ideal and material points, literature, being a representative art, must look for analogies to painting and the like; but in what is technical and executive, being a temporal art, it must seek for them in music. Each phrase of each sentence, like an air or a recitative in music, should be so artfully compounded out of long and short, out of accented and unaccented, as to gratify the sensual ear. And of this the ear is the sole judge. It is impossible to lay down laws. Even in our accentual and rhythmic language no analysis can find the secret of the beauty of a verse; how much less, then, of those phrases, such as prose is built of, which obey no law but to be lawless and yet to please? The little that we know of verse (and for my part I owe it all to my friend Professor Fleeming Jenkin) is, however, particularly interesting in the present connection. We have been accustomed to describe the heroic line as five iambic feet, and to be filled with pain and confusion whenever, as by the conscientious schoolboy, we have heard our own description put in practice.

All night | the dreàd | less àn | gel ùn | pursùed *

goes the schoolboy; but though we close our ears, we cling to our definition, in spite of its proved and naked insufficiency. Mr. Jenkin was not so easily pleased, and readily discovered that the heroic line consists of four groups, or, if you prefer the phrase, contains four pauses:

All night | the dreadless | angel | unpursued.

Four groups, each practically uttered as one word: the first, in this case, an iamb; the second, an amphibrachys; the third, a trochee; and the fourth an amphimacer; and yet our schoolboy, with no other liberty but that of inflicting pain, had triumphantly scanned it as five iambs. Perceive, now, this fresh richness of intricacy in the web; this fourth orange, hitherto unremarked, but still kept flying with the others. What had seemed to be one thing it now appears is two; and, like some puzzle in arithmetic, the verse is made at the same time to read in fives and to read in fours.

But again, four is not necessary. We do not, indeed, find verses in six groups, because there is not room for six in the ten syllables; and we do not find verses of two, because one of the main distinctions of verse from prose resides in the comparative shortness of the group; but it is even common to find verses of three. Five is the one forbidden number; because five is the number of the feet; and if five were chosen, the two patterns would coincide, and that opposition which is the life of verse would instantly be lost. We have here a clew to the effect of polysyllables, above all in Latin, where they are so common and make so brave an architecture in the verse; for the polysyllable is a group of nature's making. If but some Roman would return from Hades (Martial, for choice), and tell me by what conduct of the voice these thundering verses should be uttered —"Aut Lacedæmonium Tarentum," for a case in point—I feel as if I should enter at last into the full enjoyment of the best of human verses.

But, again, the five feet are all iambic, or supposed to be; by the mere count of syllables the four groups cannot be all iambic; as a question of elegance, I doubt if any one of them requires to be so; and I am certain that for choice no two of them should scan the same. The singular beauty of the verse analysed above

*Milton.

is due, so far as analysis can carry us, part, indeed, to the clever repetition of *l*, *d*, and *n*, but part to this variety of scansion in the groups. The groups which, like the bar in music, break up the verse for utterance, fall uniambically; and in declaiming a so-called iambic verse, it may so happen that we never utter one iambic foot. And yet to this neglect of the original beat there is a limit.

Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts,*

is, with all its eccentricities, a good heroic line; for though it scarcely can be said to indicate the beat of the iamb, it certainly suggests no other measure to the ear. But begin

Mother of Athens, eye of Greece,

or merely "Mother Athens," and the game is up, for the trochaic beat has been suggested. The eccentric scansion of the groups is an adornment; but as soon as the original beat has been forgotten, they cease implicitly to be eccentric. Variety is what is sought; but if we destroy the original mould, one of the terms of this variety is lost, and we fall back on sameness. Thus, both as to the arithmetical measure of the verse, and the degree of regularity in scansion, we see the laws of prosody to have one common purpose; to keep alive the opposition of two schemes simultaneously followed: to keep them notably apart, though still coincident; and to balance them with such judicial nicety before the reader, that neither shall be unperceived and neither signally prevail.

The rule of rhythm in prose is not so intricate. Here, too, we write in groups, or phrases, as I prefer to call them, for the prose phrase is greatly longer and is much more nonchalantly uttered than the group in verse; so that not only is there a greater interval of continuous sound between the pauses, but, for that very reason, word is linked more readily to word by a more summary enunciation. Still, the phrase is the strict analogue of the group, and successive phrases, like successive groups, must differ openly in length and rhythm. The rule of scansion in verse is to suggest no measure but the one in hand; in prose, to suggest no measure at all. Prose must be rhythmical, and it may be as much so as you will; but it must not be metrical. It may be anything, but it must not be verse. A single heroic line may very well pass and not disturb the somewhat larger stride of the prose style; but one following another will produce an instant impression of poverty, flatness, and disenchantment. The same lines delivered with the measured utterance of verse would perhaps seem rich in variety. By the more summary enunciation proper to prose, as to a more distant vision, these niceties of difference are lost. A whole verse is uttered as one phrase; and the ear is soon wearied by a succession of groups identical in length. The prose writer, in fact, since he is allowed to be so much less harmonious, is condemned to a perpetually fresh variety of movement on a larger scale, and must never disappoint the ear by the trot of an accepted metre. And this obligation is the third orange with which he has to juggle, the third quality which the prose writer must work into his pattern of words. It may be thought, perhaps, that this is a quality of ease rather than a fresh difficulty; but such is the inherently rhythmical strain of the English language, that the bad writer — and must I take for example that admired friend of my boyhood, Captain Reid? — the inexperienced writer, as Dickens in his earlier attempts to be impressive, and the jaded writer, as any one may see for himself, all tend to fall at once into the production of bad blank verse. And here it may be pertinently asked, Why bad? And I suppose it might be enough to answer that no man ever made good verse by accident, and that no verse can ever sound otherwise than trivial, when uttered with the delivery of prose. But we can go beyond such answers. The weak side of verse is the regularity of the beat, which in itself is decidedly less impressive than the movement of the noble prose; and it is just into this weak side, and this alone, that our careless writer falls. A peculiar density and mass, consequent on the nearness of the pauses, is one of the chief good qualities of verse; but this our accidental versifier, still following after the swift gait and large gestures of prose, does not so much as aspire to imitate. Lastly, since he remains unconscious that he is making verse at all, it can never occur to him

*Milton.

to extract those effects of counterpoint and opposition which I have referred to as the final grace and justification of verse, and, I may add, of blank verse in particular.

CONTENTS OF THE PHRASE.— Here is a great deal of talk about rhythm — and naturally; for in our canorous language rhythm is always at the door. But it must not be forgotten that in some languages this element is almost, if not quite, extinct, and that in our own it is probably decaying. The even speech of many educated Americans sounds the note of danger. I should see it go with something as bitter as despair, but I should not be desperate. As in verse, no element, not even rhythm, is necessary; so, in prose also, other sorts of beauty will arise and take the place and play the part of those that we outlive. The beauty of the expected beat in verse, the beauty in prose of its larger and more lawless melody, patent as they are to English hearing, are already silent in the ears of our next neighbors; for in France the oratorial accent and the pattern of the web have almost, or altogether, succeeded to their places; and the French prose writer would be astounded at the labors of his brother across the Channel, and how a good quarter of his toil, above all "invita Minerva," is to avoid writing verse. So wonderfully far apart have races wandered in spirit, and so hard it is to understand the literature next door!

Yet French prose is distinctly better than English; and French verse, above all while Hugo lives, it will not do to place upon one side. What is more to our purpose, a phrase or a verse in French is easily distinguishable as comely or uncomely. There is, then, another element of comeliness hitherto overlooked in this analysis: the contents of the phrase. Each phrase in literature is built of sounds, as each phrase in music consists of notes. One sound suggests, echoes, demands, and harmonizes with another; and the art of rightly using these concordances is the final art in literature. It used to be a piece of good advice to all young writers to avoid alliteration; and the advice was sound, in so far as it prevented daubing. None the less for that, was it abominable nonsense, and the mere raving of those blindest of the blind who will not see. The beauty of the contents of a phrase, or of a sentence, depends implicitly upon alliteration and upon assonance. The vowel demands to be repeated; the consonant demands to be repeated; and both cry aloud to be perpetually varied. You may follow the adventures of a letter through any passage that has particularly pleased you; find it, perhaps, denied awhile, to tantalize the ear; find it fired again at you in a whole broadside; or find it pass into congenerous sounds, one liquid or labial melting away into another. And you will find another and much stranger circumstance. Literature is written by and for two senses: a sort of internal ear, quick to perceive "unheard melodies"; and the eye, which directs the pen and deciphers the printed phrase. Well, even as there are rhymes for the eye, so you will find that there are assonances and alliterations; that where an author is running the open *a*, deceived by the eye and our strange English spelling, he will often show a tenderness for the flat *a*; and that where he is running a particular consonant, he will not improbably rejoice to write it down even when it is mute or bears a different value.

Here, then, we have a fresh pattern — a pattern, to speak grossly, of letters — which makes the fourth preoccupation of the prose writer, and the fifth of the versifier. At times it is very delicate and hard to perceive, and then perhaps most excellent and winning (I say perhaps); but at times again the elements of this literal melody stand more boldly forward and usurp the ear. It becomes, therefore, somewhat a matter of conscience to select examples; and as I cannot very well ask the reader to help me, I shall do the next best by giving him the reason or the history of each selection. The two first, one in prose, one in verse, I chose without previous analysis, simply as engaging passages that had long re-echoed in my ear.

"I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat."* Down to "virtue," the current *s* and *r* are both

* Milton.

announced and repeated unobtrusively, and by way of a grace-note that almost inseparable group *pvf* is given entire.* The next phrase is a period of repose, almost ugly in itself, both *s* and *r* still audible, and *b* given as the last fulfilment of *pvf*. In the next four phrases, from "that never" down to "run for," the mask is thrown off, and but for a slight repetition of the *f* and *v*, the whole matter turns, almost too obtrusively, on *s* and *r*; first *s* coming to the front, and then *r*. In the concluding phrase all these favorite letters, and even the flat *a*, a timid preference for which is just perceptible, are discarded at a blow and in a bundle; and to make the break more obvious, every word ends with a dental, and all but one with *t*, for which we have been cautiously prepared since the beginning. The singular dignity of the first clause, and this hammer-stroke of the last, go far to make the charm of this exquisite sentence. But it is fair to own that *s* and *r* are used a little coarsely.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan	(*kändl*)
A stately pleasure dome decree,	(*kdlsr*)
Where Alph the sacred river ran,	(*kändlsr*)
Through caverns measureless to man,	(*känlsr*)
Down to a sunless sea.†	(*ndls*)

Here I have put the analysis of the main group alongside the lines; and the more it is looked at, the more interesting it will seem. But there are further niceties. In lines two and four, the current *s* is most delicately varied with *z*. In line three, the current flat *a* is twice varied with the open *a*, already suggested in line two, and both times ("where" and "sacred") in conjunction with the current *r*. In the same line *f* and *v* (a harmony in themselves, even when shorn of their comrade *p*) are admirably contrasted. And in line four there is a marked subsidiary *m*, which again was announced in line two. I stop from weariness, for more might yet be said.

My next example was recently quoted from Shakespeare as an example of the poet's color sense. Now, I do not think literature has anything to do with color, or poets anyway the better of such a sense; and I instantly attacked this passage, since "purple" was the word that had so pleased the writer of the article, to see if there might not be some literary reason for its use. It will be seen that I succeeded amply: and I am bound to say I think the passage* exceptional in Shakespeare — exceptional, indeed, in literature; but it was not I who chose it.

> The *bar*ge she sat *in*, like a *burn*ished throne
> *Burn*t *on* the water: the *poop* was *beat*en gold,
> *Pur*ple the sails and so *Pur*fumèd that
> The wi*n*ds were lovesick with them.

It may be asked why I have put the *P* of perfumèd in capitals; and I reply, because this change from *p* to *f* is the completion of that from *b* to *p*, already so adroitly carried out. Indeed, the whole passage is a monument of curious ingenuity; and it seems scarce worth while to indicate the subsidiary *s*, *l*, and *w*. In the same article, a second passage from Shakespeare was quoted once again, as an example of his color sense: —

> A mole cinque-spotted like the crimson drops
> I' the bottom of a cowslip.‡

It is very curious, very artificial, and not worth while to analyze at length; I leave it to the reader. But before I turn my back on Shakespeare, I should like to quote a passage, for my own pleasure, and for a very model of every technical art: —

But in the wind and tempest of her frown,	*w. p. v. f.* (st) (ow)§
Distinction with a loud and powerful fan,	*w. p. f.* (st) (ow) *L.*
Puffing at all, winnowes the light away;	*w. p. f. l.*
And what hath mass and matter by itself	*w. f. l. m. ä.*
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.‖	*v. l. m.*

From these delicate and choice writers I turned with some curiosity to a player of the big drum — Macaulay. I had in hand the two-volume edition, and I opened at the beginning of the second volume. Here was what I read: "The violence of revolutions is generally proportioned to the degree of the maladministration which has produced them. It is therefore not strange that the government of Scotland, having been during many years greatly more-

* As *pvf* will continue to haunt us through our English examples, take, by way of comparison, this Latin verse, of which it forms a chief adornment, and do not hold me answerable for *the all too Roman freedom of* the sense: "Hanc volo, quæ *facilis, quæ palliolata vagatur.*"

† *Coleridge.*

* "Antony and Cleopatra." † Per. ‡ "Cymbeline."

§ The *v* is in "of." ‖ "Troilus and Cressida."

corrupt than the government of England, should have fallen with a far heavier ruin. The movement against the last king of the house of Stuart was in England conservative, in Scotland destructive. The English complained not of the law, but of the violation of the law." This was plain-sailing enough; it was our old friend *pvf*, floated by the liquids in a body; but as I read on, and turned the page, and still found *pvf* with his attendant liquids, I confess my mind misgave me utterly. This could be no trick of Macaulay's; it must be the nature of the English tongue. In a kind of despair, I turned half-way through the volume; and coming upon his lordship dealing with General Cannon, and fresh from Claverhouse and Killiekrankie, here, with elucidative spelling, was my reward: —

"Meanwhile the disorders of *k*annon's *k*amp went on in*k*reasing. He *k*alled a *k*ouncil of war to *k*onsider what *k*ourse it would be advisable to ta*k*e. But as soon as the *k*ouncil had met, a preliminary *k*uestion was raised. The army was almost e*k*s*k*lusively a Highland army. The recent vi*k*tory had been won e*k*s*k*lusively by Highland warriors. Great chie*f*s who had brought si*k*s or se*v*en hundred *f*ighting men into the *f*ield did not think it *f*air that they should be out*v*oted by gentlemen *f*rom Ireland and *f*rom the Low *K*ountries, who bore, indeed, King James's *k*ommission, and were *k*alled *k*olonels and *k*aptains, but who were *k*olonels without regiments and *k*aptains without *k*ompanies."

A moment of *fv* in all this world of *k's*! It was not the English language, then, that was an instrument of one string, but Macaulay that was an incomparable dauber.

It was probably from this barbaric love of repeating the same sound, rather than from any design of clearness, that he acquired his irritating habit of repeating words; I say the one rather than the other, because such a trick of the ear is deeper-seated and more original in man than any logical consideration. Few writers, indeed, are probably conscious of the length to which they push this melody of letters. One, writing very diligently, and only concerned about the meaning of his words and the rhythm of his phrases, was struck into amazement by the eager triumph with which he cancelled one expression to substitute another. Neither changed the sense; both being monosyllables, neither could affect the scansion; and it was only by looking back on what he had already written that the mystery was solved; the second word contained an open *a*, and for nearly half a page he had been riding that vowel to the death.

In practice, I should add, the ear is not always so exacting; and ordinary writers, in ordinary moments, content themselves with avoiding what is harsh, and here and there, upon a rare occasion, buttressing a phrase, or linking two together with a patch of assonance, or a momentary jingle of alliteration. To understand how constant is this pre-occupation of good writers, even where its results are least obtrusive, it is only necessary to turn to the bad. There, indeed, you will find cacophony supreme, the rattle of incongruous consonants only relieved by the jaw-breaking hiatus, and whole phrases not to be articulated by the powers of man.

CONCLUSION. —We may now briefly enumerate the elements of style. We have, peculiar to the prose writer, the task of keeping his phrases large, rhythmical, and pleasing to the ear, without ever allowing them to fall into the strictly metrical; peculiar to the versifier, the task of combining and contrasting his double, treble, and quadruple pattern, feet, and groups, logic and metre — harmonious in diversity: common to both, the task of artfully combining the prime elements of language into phrases that shall be musical in the mouth; the task of weaving their argument into a texture of committed phrases and of rounded periods — but this particularly binding in the case of prose: and again common to both, the task of choosing apt, explicit, and communicative words. We begin to see now what an intricate affair is any perfect passage; how many faculties, whether of taste or pure reason, must be held upon the stretch to make it; and why, when it is made, it should afford us so complete a pleasure. From the arrangement of according letters, which is altogether arabesque and sensual, up to the architecture of the elegant and the pregnant sentence, which is a vigorous act of the pure intellect, there is scarce a faculty in man but has been exercised. We need not wonder, then, if perfect sentences are rare and perfect pages rarer.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

From the Contemporary Review.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

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THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9 and 10),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. IX. NOVEMBER, 1896. NO. 11.

In response to many requests, THE WRITER reprints in full this month the essay on "Style in Literature," by Robert Louis Stevenson, about which inquiry was made by a subscriber a few months ago. The paper has not been easily accessible until now, and there are doubtless many readers besides those who have asked for it who will be glad to have it in THE WRITER.

***

Another addition has been made to the list of cases of recent plagiarism. *Puck* says in its issue for October 7: "Newspaper and other publishers are hereby warned against one F. W. Kinnie, a thief, whose specialty seems to be *stealing the stories of other people.* In the *Boston Evening Transcript* of September 19, and in the *Pittsburgh Dispatch* of September 20, he prints as his own a story from 'Short Sixes,' by the late H. C. Bunner, editor of *Puck*, having changed its title from 'Zozo' to 'A Disciple of the Black Art.' The editors of these newspapers and the larcenous Mr. Kinnie will please note that *Puck's* publications are protected by copyright, infringement of which is invariably prosecuted."

***

George Newell Lovejoy writes to the editor of THE WRITER to say that the editor of the *Bergen Enterprise* was laboring under a misapprehension when he said that Mr. Lovejoy told him that he received a check for eight dollars from *Judge* for the poem "A Lay of a Laugh." Mr. Lovejoy adds: "On or about the time of my conversation with the editor of the *Enterprise* I received a letter from the Judge Company asking if I had received a check for eight dollars from them for the poem in question. I answered them that I had not received the check in question. (They stated in their letter that they had sent me such a check.) This correspondence I referred to in my conversation with the Bergen editor. But as to having had a check of like amount sent me at the time the poem appeared, such is not the case, for no such payment was made me. The *Enterprise* editor was slightly in error, and I wish to make the correction."

***

Does the *Arena* think that contributors are more important than subjects? In the table of contents which is printed on its front cover page each month, the names of contributors are set in large type, while the type used to give the titles of articles is comparatively small. The contributors' names, moreover, are printed at the left of the contents table, where in such tables titles usually are. The *Arena* is unique in this respect.

***

"What kind of a manuscript is most salable?" is a question of great practical interest to writers. The answer seems to be, a short story of from 2,000 to 5,000 words, or an article giving original information. The story must be

distinctly novel, either in plot or in style of treatment, and the article must contain the result of original experience, observation, or research. For instance, a writer who has just visited Paris and Berlin and who goes to work to write out his impressions of the two cities will have his labor for his pains. He cannot sell his product anywhere. If, however, during his stay in Paris he has witnessed some pathetic or dramatic incident, he may be able to make of it a short story that will sell; or, if he has just spent a month among the cannibals of Hayti, he ought to be able to write a magazine article that almost any editor would want.

* * *

Originality and novelty are the characteristics of literary work that win success. Editors do not want articles got from work in libraries; they want articles got from interesting experiences in life. As for stories, if an author has written a story that he proudly flatters himself is a good deal like something in Thackeray's best vein, he can be pretty sure that no editor will want it. Originality, not imitation, must be the watchword of every successful writer.

* * *

Practical common sense should show any writer that a "timely" story — one that can be printed only on Christmas, or Thanksgiving Day, or the Fourth of July, for instance — is harder than the average to sell. The young woman who writes a Christmas story intended for the *Century* deliberately throws away eleven chances out of twelve to get a story printed in Mr. Gilder's magazine. To be sure, if she is shrewd enough, she may write her story so that by substituting "Thanksgiving" for "Christmas" whenever it is necessary, she can save one chance out of the eleven, but even so, she cuts herself off from five-sixths of the market that she might have otherwise. In the case of a weekly paper, she throws away fifty-one chances out of fifty-two, and in the case of a daily and Sunday newspaper 364 out of 365 — inasmuch as leap year will not come again until 1904.

* * *

It does not pay to write "timely" stories — stories, that is, that must be used on a certain day or not at all. It does not pay to write poetry of the ordinary kind. It does not pay to write ordinary "letters of travel" or articles containing information gleaned from books, and newspapers, and magazines. It does pay to write good original short stories, or articles telling the world something that it has never been told before. The living world about us all is full of plots and subjects. The writer who has sense enough to see them is the writer who will win success. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Please give me the correct pronunciation of the word "Nebuchadnezzar." J. C. H.

["Nebuchadnezzar" is pronounced "Nĕb-yū-kăd-nĕz-är." — W. H. H.]

Please inform me what sized manuscript paper you consider most desirable to use when preparing a book for the press? L. A. K.

[For a book manuscript it is best to use paper eight by ten and one-half inches in size. — W. H. H.]

If a paper is copyrighted, has another paper any right to use any of its articles without special permission? W.

[If a paper is copyrighted, nobody has any legal right to use any original article in it without special permission. As a matter of fact, the reprinting of short articles is not generally objected to, if due credit is given. — W. H. H.]

Is it proper to place an apostrophe between the "t" and "s" in the words "its" and "hers" to denote the possessive case? Examples: "The direction of it's gaze," "Her's was the anguish of a being." W. E. D.

["It's," with the apostrophe, is correct only when it is an abbreviation of "It is." "Hers," "yours," "ours," "its," and "theirs" are possessive pronouns and have no apostrophe. — W. H. H.]

In reprinting a signed contribution from any periodical, does an editor fulfill all ethical requirements when he gives credit to the periodical alone? In other words, if an editor reprints

one of Mr. Riley's poems from the *Century*, ought not his credit line to read, "James Whitcomb Riley, in the *Century*," instead of simply "The *Century*"? C. W. W.

[An editor who reprints a signed contribution from any periodical ought invariably to give credit both to the author and to the periodical. — W. H. H.]

Is it true, as I have heard it said, that the editors of the leading magazines now pay no attention to matter sent to them unless it is typewritten? J. A. C.

[It is undoubtedly true that all editors give preference to typewritten manuscripts, and that in these modern days an illegible manuscript from a casual contributor gets scant consideration. Properly-prepared pen-written manuscripts, however, are duly considered. — W. H. H.]

If a short manuscript, with stamps enclosed, is submitted to a first-class weekly and two months elapse without response of any kind, is it to be presumed that the manuscript has found a grave in the waste basket, and is the author at liberty to send another copy to some other publisher? E. R. T.

[If nothing is heard from a manuscript within a month after it has been submitted to an editor, the author will do well to drop a line to the editor asking him if the manuscript was received and how soon a decision may be expected. The manuscript should not be submitted to any other editor until negotiations with the first editor are ended. If an author gets tired of delay, he has always the right to demand the immediate return of his manuscript, and if then it does not come back to him, to notify the editor that it must not be used by him and has been submitted elsewhere. — W. H. H.]

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

A Box Pen-rack. — Speaking of pen-racks, I use one which I made in two minutes with a pair of scissors from a white pasteboard box about two inches wide and three inches long. With the scissors I cut three notches, rising in terraces, on opposite sides of the box, — to correspond, of course, — and when that elaborate proceeding was completed I found that I had a rack for a pencil, a crayon, and a pen, besides a convenient box to hold an eraser, short pencils, or other small articles to be kept within easy reach. There is no patent on the invention. M. F. H.

LOS ANGELES, Calif.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added*. Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF BRET HARTE. Charles Warren Stoddard. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS (Reminiscences). T. W. Higginson. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

EDMUND GOSSE. With portrait. *Bookman* (23 c.) for November.

A BOOKSHELF IN THE KITCHEN. T. W. Higginson. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for November.

THE STORY OF MOLIÈRE'S LIFE. Professor James A. Harrison. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for November.

THE FRENCH DRAMA IN MOLIÈRE'S TIME. Professor F. M. Warren. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for November.

KATE FIELD. With frontispiece portrait. Lilian Whiting. *Arena* (28 c.) for November.

JOURNALISM THAT PAYS. Le Roy Armstrong. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for November.

TWO SIDES (Editors and Contributors). Frederic M. Bird. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for November.

NOTES FROM NEW YORK.

Mr. Goddard, the editor of the *Sunday Journal*, told me the other day that he would be pleased to receive contributions from any one in any portion of the earth. A half a cent a word will be paid for accepted matter, which is more than any other New York paper pays. Sensational news articles, such as accounts of strange discoveries relating to people, localities, and events, are wanted. Mr. Lord of the *Sun* also said that he would be glad to receive unsolicited contributions. For those accepted he will pay a third of a cent a word, or $8 a column. Humorous sketches, descriptions of odd localities and queer events, hunters' yarns, and anecdotes of famous personages are wanted.

Clips — not *Chips* — has removed from 156 Fifth avenue to 32 and 34 Lafayette place.

J. M. Stoddart, formerly of *Lippincott's Magazine*, has become the editor of *Collier's Weekly*.

William Dean Howells has decided to remove from town to Lawrence Park, twenty miles out. E. C. Stedman and Will H. Low have also gone there.

Form, 156 Fifth avenue, will be enlarged next month to seventy-two pages. This society monthly, devoid of scandal, has done much for young women writers, and is constantly offering them cash prizes for essays upon timely topics. Its principal features are the letters of society news which it prints from about sixty American cities. A cent a word is paid for all matter that is accepted. *Form's* publication day has been changed to the fifteenth.

The *Yellow Dog* is soon to make its appearance in Philadelphia. It will be a monthly of the "freak" type. *C. A. R. L. Daily.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Miss Lilian Bell will start February 27 for a two years' European trip.

"Martin J. Pritchard" is said to be the daughter of Lady Monkton.

Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, the author of "Beulah," has been in feeble health since the death of her husband, two years ago. She has left her country home, near Mobile, Ala., and is now living in that city.

Miss Lilian Bell gave a reading before a select gathering, under the auspices of the Trinity Floral Club, Chicago, Tuesday evening, October 20. She read two of the three stories which she had written since her return from the East, three weeks before. The first, "A Study in Hearts," is a character sketch of the author's conception of the typical American girl, who stoutly maintains that all girls, herself excepted, flirt. The author says of this story: "I am fond of it because it is the first attempt I have made toward the attainment of my great desire — namely, to be able to do justice to the character of the American girl — to paint her as she really is." "Yessum," the second story, is the tale of a little colored boy — a dialect story simply told.

Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, has opened a little office and home on the second floor of No. 1 Scammel street, East Broadway, New York, where she will care for poor cancer patients. She will make house-to-house visits and will receive the sick and infirm in her office. She hopes in the future to establish a permanent home where patients may be kept indefinitely.

Miss Marion Hill, who begins a short serial in *St. Nicholas* for November, is a young San Francisco woman, who has written acceptably for *St. Nicholas* before. She is a daughter of Barton Hill, the Shakespearean actor and stage-manager.

Charles Frohman, the New York theatrical manager, says: "If any American dramatist will write a play which is a suitable one in which to present Miss Maude Adams on her first appearance in September, 1897, I shall be only too glad to produce it, and will agree to pay the author on such terms that his receipts from the royalty will in the first twelve months amount to at least $10,000. If the play is more than ordinarily successful, his royalties will be larger, but I promise him at least $10,000 the first year, and as much more thereafter as the play earns him by its continued production by Miss Adams."

The *Black Cat* (Boston) offers prizes amounting to $2,100 for short stories of from 2,500 to 6,000 words submitted before March 31, 1897.

A prize of $250, to be called the Welby prize, is offered for the best treatise on "The causes of the present obscurity and confusion in psychological and philosophical terminology, and the directions in which we may hope for efficient practical remedy." Competition is open to those who before October 1, 1896, have passed the examinations qualifying for a degree at some European or American university, and the essays must be sent in within a year from that date. They must be written in English, French, or German, and must contain at least 25,000 words. Further details may be obtained of Professor E. B. Titchener, of Cornell University, who is to receive and forward manuscripts from the United States.

Harper's Round Table offers $125 in prizes for the best amateur photographs submitted by subscribers before February 15, 1897.

The trustees of Dartmouth College, through the generosity of Henry M. Balser, offer a prize of $100 for the best original music for the college song "Men of Dartmouth," by Richard Hovey.

The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* offers a prize of $50 for the best short story of from 1,000 to 2,000 words submitted by an amateur writer before March 1, 1897. Professional writers are barred.

As a number of monographs on kites have been received in competition for the prize of $100 offered by Octave Chanut, the Boston Aeronautical Society has decided to limit the time for receiving monographs to January 1, 1897.

Dodd, Mead, & Co. will begin with the new year the publication of an American edition of the *Expositor*, the theological monthly which is edited in England by Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll.

E. P. Powell contributes to the *New England Magazine* for November a valuable paper upon Harriet Martineau in New England, which is accompanied by a picture of the statue of Miss Martineau by Anne Whitney, now at Wellesley College.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's new novel, "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," was accepted by the Century Company for book publication, and the first edition was about to be printed when the discovery was made that the story was notably adapted for magazine publication. The book publication accordingly has been delayed, and the story is begun as a serial in the November *Century*.

The *St. Louis Magazine* has changed its name to the *Midland Magazine*, — which is altogether too much like the name of the *Midland Monthly*, published at Des Moines.

The publication of *Pansy* has been discontinued, and Mrs. Alden has become a member of the staff of the *Juvenile Golden Rule*.

The *New York Recorder* suspended publication October 11.

Chips (New York) is dead.

The *Chautauquan* for November may fitly be called a Molière number. The frontispiece is a full-figure portrait of Molière, and the study of his life and works is presented in six appreciative articles, two of which are illustrated.

The first noteworthy attempt to form an estimate of Du Maurier's career that has appeared in America since his death is in the form of a profusely illustrated article contributed to the November *Review of Reviews* by Ernest Knaufft, who describes Du Maurier's qualities as an artist and illustrator, rather than his more recently developed gifts as a writer of fiction.

Book News for November is a Du Maurier number, five pages being devoted to sketches of the dead artist-author and the reproduction of many of his famous drawings.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for November contains the first installment of the "Reminiscences" of Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, whose career as writer, reformer, soldier, and public servant is full of interest.

In "Literary Landmarks of Florence" in *Harper's* for November Laurence Hutton presents one of the most interesting phases of one of the most interesting cities of Europe.

The "Two Sides" of a long-standing controversy — between editors and those who seek to be contributors — are considered by Frederic M. Bird in *Lippincott's* for November.

The short sketch of Aubrey Beardsley which appears in *Demorest's Magazine* for November is valuable for its brief and yet clear classification of his work, as well as for the information of a personal character that it contains.

To *McClure's Magazine* for November Elizabeth Stuart Phelps contributes reminiscences from her experience as a writer of novels and short stories, giving, along with confidences regarding her own practice, a spirited statement of her theory of the story-writer's art.

William Morris died at Hammersmith, Eng., October 3, aged sixty-two.

George Du Maurier died in London, Eng., October 8, aged sixty-two.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. IX. BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1896. No. 12.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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EDITORIAL MISTAKES.

The most inexplicable and inexcusable mistake that an editor ever makes is — as we are all agreed — when he returns our manuscript.

Who should know better than we, who are constantly studying its fancies, its notions, and its whims, what the great public wants to read? We have a realizing sense of the deficiencies of our magazines, which we strive to remedy by offering them the use of our most brilliant productions. Who should know better than we, the writers, what a good magazine ought to publish?

After using a month of our valuable time to get up an article which we are positive is "just the thing" for a certain periodical, the needs and deficiencies of which we have been studying, how unsatisfactory it is to have the article returned, even though the printed slip of rejection be accompanied by a personal note of regret from the editor, mentioning "mass of material already on hand," or some other equally soothing excuse, for his inability to make use of our work. For the next six months we watch that periodical with peculiar interest, and heal our wounded feelings by noting down the consoling fact that not half of the articles in it are as well written or as interesting as ours!

It was merely an editorial mistake, another instance of editorial blindness or of the depravity of editorial taste! But after we have spent all our spare change for postage and envelopes to keep that much-abused article traveling, after it has visited New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago innumerable times, and not even St. Louis, Des Moines, or San Francisco will have it, we begin to think that writing is not a brilliant financial success — all on account of that accumulated "mass of material" which has been gathering in editorial offices from time immemorial. Even our dreams, whether sleeping or waking, are disturbed by visions of that editor who was heard to say: "I have a hundred contributions offered as often as I am able to publish one. Out of the hundred about half are either poor, or unsuitable, or both. The other half are mostly good, and about ten of them excellent. But I can publish only one out of the ten! It is much the same with a good many other editors. They cannot publish more than one in ten of the suitable articles offered. Book publishers are in the same boat. They are constantly receiving more fairly good material than they can possibly use. At the same time any writer, new or old, who will send in a super-excellent article or book is almost certain of a publisher. There is room at the top — but nowhere else! If writers would cease flooding the mails with

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what they themselves know is ordinary and commonplace, and would send out nothing but the very best, they would save themselves quantities of postage and disappointments, and editors oceans of time and trouble."

What can we do about that "mass of material" that is always in our way?

If we could only make a bonfire of it and begin over again!

Or if we could persuade the publishers to get out two or three magazines a month for a few years until it is all used, what a boon it would be to writers!

Or, if we could find some literary millionaire who would undertake the publication of that "mass of material" in book form and give it to the public libraries of the land, or — well, we wouldn't care what he did with it so long as he got it out of our way! Perhaps, in the interest of the book market, it would be best to send it to Africa for free distribution, thus making it serve the double purpose of lightening the financial burdens of the authors of America, and enlightening the natives of the dark continent.

How delightful it would be to have editors hungry for manuscript, instead of writers hungry for space! How delightful to have editors sending out checks with the request for an "article or a story at your earliest convenience."

But alas!

When the *New York Herald* offered prizes, it received nearly 1,000 epic poems, more than 1,000 novelettes, and between 2,000 and 3,000 shorter stories. Where are they now?

When the *Youth's Companion* last offered prizes for short stories it received about 7,200 from which to select. If it bought 200 of them, what became of the other 7,000?

Where are the thousands of stories that were entered in the *Chicago Record* competition?

It is safe to say that the most of these manuscripts are traveling about the country in search of a publisher, adding to that already large amount of work which floats from one editorial office to another, and the great mass of which, according to Frank R. Stockton, will never see the light of print. It would be interesting to know what percentage of the articles and stories written ever find their way into print.

Perhaps if we knew just how many times the supply exceeds the demand, we should be a little more ready to forgive the editors who make the serious and inexplicable mistake of returning our manuscripts.

SOUTH BUTLER, Mich. *Harriet E. Orcutt.*

SLOUCHY WRITING ABOUT MUSIC.

The *Ladies' Home Journal's* "Personal Events" series promises to be of broad interest, and opens well in the November number with "When Jenny Lind Sang in Castle Garden," by A. Oakey Hall; but the article would be much better had some passages been edited by a literary musician. For instance, Mr. Hall says: "The instruments charmingly mingle or alternate with Bellitti's warm, rich, solid, resonant tones and Jenny Lind's correct, true, intonations, marked by novel, natural expression in her lower and middle registers." In the first place, "correct" and "true," applied to intonation, are synonymous, and but one of the words should have been used. Secondly, "novel expression," if it means anything here, would seem to imply something different from natural, and so the two words are contradictory and confusing.

Continuing, Mr. Hall says: "Indeed, those low and medium tones attract more attention than does her upper register, which is neither brilliant nor dashing. Her voice is the more effective because it is of nature's pitch and

scale. Nevertheless, attention rivets upon her clear and brilliant D in alt." Now, what is nature's pitch — the tone of rumbling thunder, of piping robins, or of shrieking tempests? Were not Jenny Lind's high notes, which the writer says were "neither brilliant nor dashing," of nature's scale, just as much as the lower ones, which he liked so well? Both were doubtless cultivated to some extent. If her upper register was so utterly lacking in brilliancy, why did "attention rivet" upon her "clear and brilliant D in alt"?

Describing the trio between the great soprano and two flutes, Mr. Hall says: "Her flute song embodies three movements: The earliest" — he means first — "an allegro with first flute, in which voice and instrument are so perfectly blended, that at times it is impossible to determine whether the voice is from the flute or the flute from the voice." No musical learning is required to enable one to discern that what he really meant to say was: "That at times it is impossible to determine which is the flute and which is the voice," or, "whether the tone comes from the diva's throat or from the flute." Further on, we have the remarkable statement that "the flutes are in duet and *with* the voice," a feat musically impossible. Doubtless *one* of the flutes was with the voice.

It is a pity that an otherwise good article should be marred by these solecisms.

ATHOL, Mass. *Ernest Shriver.*

"THE SUPERFLUOUS RELATIVE" AGAIN.

An article in the October number of THE WRITER calls attention to the "needless and inelegant repetition" of the pronouns "who," "whose," and "whom," after the conjunctions "and," "or," and "but," and cites numerous examples of this "slip in grammatical structure" from English and American books and periodicals. The general point is well taken, and is a valuable one to call to the attention of young writers.

The Bible and the English Prayer-book abound in relative clauses, which are often long, and sometimes compound or complex in structure. I do not assume that these books are to be taken as models of grammatical accuracy, but they certainly furnish widely known examples of what is, on the whole, pure and classic English. In both of these books the relative pronoun is seldom used after the conjunction; as in the Prayer of St. Chrysostom we read: —

"Almighty God, who hath given us grace at this time to make our common supplications unto thee; and dost promise that where two or three," etc.

When the possessive relative is used, the substitution of the personal pronoun in the second clause is, perhaps, the preferred construction. Yet we read in Job 8:14, that "the hypocrite's hope shall perish; whose hope shall be cut off, and whose trust shall be a spider's web"; and again, Is. 36: 7, "whose high places and whose altars Hezekiah hath taken away."

In the book of Job and Psalms there are many strong poetical passages which repeat the relative pronoun, without the conjunction, as the subject of a series of clauses; as in Psalm 103: —

"Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies."

Similar passages are found in Psalm 109, Job 9, and in other parts of the Bible.

The conjunction is occasionally omitted even when there are only two clauses, as in Psalm 31:19: —

"Oh how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee: which thou

hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men."

In Psalm 135: 9–12, and Job 35: 10 and 11, the conjunction is used in the last clause of a series, but in these cases the pronoun is omitted.

The general practice of the Bible and the Prayer-book is the same as is recommended in the article referred to, and is undoubtedly a good one to follow. Yet I venture to think that the writer fails to discriminate carefully when he assumes that the omission of the relative after a conjunction is required by the rules of grammar.

He does, indeed, declare that "the principle is not violated" in "It is a delicate matter to say just who does, and who does not, receive payment," giving as the reason that "different persons are referred to." But in this sentence "who" is not a relative. It is interrogative in its nature, so that the case is outside the limits of the subject.

But the superfluity, when it exists, can scarcely be called a *grammatical* fault. That the use of the pronoun after a conjunction is not forbidden by any principle of universal grammar is evidenced by the fact that *et qui* is a common form of connective in Latin sentences. Nor do I know of any rule of English that forbids repetition of *any* member of a compound clause, when emphasis, clearness, or any other rhetorical advantage is gained thereby. There are cases in which the grammatical connection cannot be made without such repetition, as in this sentence from the Prayer-book: —

"Almighty God, *with whom* do live the spirits of those who depart hence in the Lord, and *with whom* the souls of the faithful after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh are in joy and felicity," etc.

For the most part English text-books omit all direct reference to this point, doubtless assuming that the repetition would usually be disagreeable, and should not occur except for necessary cause. Such references as I find, however, seem to favor the retention of the relative. E. A. Abbott, head master of the City of London School, in his little book, "How to Write Clearly," distinctly says: "*The relative should* be repeated when it is the subject of several verbs," giving this illustration: —

"All the pleasing illusions which made power gentle and obedience liberal, which harmonized the different shades of life, *and which* by a bland assimilation incorporated into politics the sentiments that beautify and soften private society are to be dissolved by this new conquering empire of light and reason."

I do not indorse Dr. Abbott's statement as a universal "Rule of English," yet I am sure that this repetition does not violate the principles of grammar.

That the question belongs partly to the domain of rhetoric, the writer of the article seems to recognize in his comment on one of the sentences criticised ("This is more rhetorical than grammatical"). Yet I fail to see that any usage correctly based on principles of rhetoric can really violate the laws of grammar.

When we turn to the rhetorics we read: "Repetition of words is allowable for the sake of emphasis, clearness, or unity." — "The repeated word answers by a sort of echo to its antecedent, and thus binds the parts of the sentence together." — "It is remarkable that pronouns, from their steady reference to some antecedent, give a certain unity to style, so that when several consecutive sentences have each a pronoun of the same class, the connection seems to be closer, and the transition from sentence to sentence more natural. In fact, any similiarity of construction aids the memory and seems to make a closer connection between the parts. It is only from monotony that such construction becomes disagreeable."

Macaulay's style of writing abounds in repetition of words and phrases, and he makes no exception in the case of the relative pronoun, as:

"He wrote for a nation susceptible, curious, lively, insatiable, desirous of novelty and entertainment; for a nation in which the fine arts had attained their highest excellence, but in which philosophy was still in its infancy."

In this sentence, "nation — nation," and "in which — in which," have a strong correlative force. But the same is true of "whose — whose," in a passage which the article in THE WRITER criticises as follows, thereby destroying all the force of the repetition: —

"Trail, 'Social England,' II., page 80: 'A class of magical books existed, whose charms

relied on direct invocation of the enemy of mankind, *and whose* very titles . . . have perished.' (Better — 'the very titles of which have perished.')"

"I learned from Macaulay," says a writer in the *International Review*, "never to be afraid of using the same word or phrase over and over again, if by that means anything could be added to clearness or force."

The conclusion of the matter would seem to be this: —

All superfluous or clumsy language destroys the smoothness and clogs the sense. The relative pronoun after a conjunction is usually superfluous. The use of it in many cases indicates either careless writing or an over-anxiety in regard to clearness. We should not underrate the intelligence of our readers.

Yet in long sentences, or in those where another verb intervenes between the relative clauses — as in a sentence from the *Outlook* which the article in THE WRITER criticises — there is usually need for repetition. Otherwise these relative clauses may "drift so far from their moorings as to lose themselves, or to make attachments where they do not belong."

Also, — and this is especially true in platform oratory — the admission of the relative after the conjunction sometimes serves, while keeping the connection still unbroken, to allow an emphatic pause between the relative clauses. But if this is a correct construction for spoken English, it is also admissible sometimes in written composition, which must allow also an oral rendering. Nor is this use of the relative by the "preachers" always to be attributed to "a loose manner of speaking in the pulpit."

The considerations that determine the right form of a sentence are many, and a careful balance of judgment must decide which form avoids the greater evil and secures the greater good in its final effect. But I must agree with Dean Alford, that "To secure the right sense being given and the right emphasis being laid is the first thing," and this ought not to be sacrificed to any so-called rules of the rhetoricians or the grammarians.

The writer of the article in question deserves thanks for calling attention to an imperfection in style that is often overlooked. And yet his application of the principle in some instances suggests the words of the greatest of English writers, who has warningly reminded us that "Striving to better, oft we mar what's well."

Mary H. Leonard.

ROCHESTER, MASS.

SIMPLE LANGUAGE PUZZLES.

A good many people who generally spell correctly get into trouble when they try to write such abbreviations as "would n't," "could n't," "should n't," "won't," "can't," "sha'n't," "have n't," "was n't," "ain't," "did n't," etc. The rule, of course, is that the apostrophe shall be used to indicate elided letters, and there is no sense in writing, for instance, "would'nt," "c'ant," and "shan't," as many people do. There is also a rule that when the abbreviated word makes one syllable, like "won't," "can't," "sha'n't," and "don't," it shall be written as one word, while when it makes two syllables, like "did n't," "could n't," "would n't," etc., it shall be divided.

Many people get into trouble, too, when they have to decide between "its" and "it's." The thing is simple enough, of course. "Its" is a possessive pronoun, like "his," "hers," "theirs," "yours," and "ours," and does not require an apostophe. "It's" is an abbreviation for "it is," and an apostophe is required to indicate the elided "i."

It's necessary only to think what its meaning is.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. A. B. Jordan.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

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*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publisher.

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*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9 and 10),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. IX. DECEMBER, 1896. NO. 12.

There have been some interesting developments regarding the publication of the plagiarized poem, "A Lay of a Laugh," in *Judge* last June, with George Newell Lovejoy's signature. Under date of November 10, Mr. Lovejoy wrote to THE WRITER as follows: —

Editor of The Writer: —

DEAR SIR, — On the eve of my departure from Albion for this city, I received a copy of the October WRITER marked, and at once wrote you a letter explanatory of the careless statement of the editor of the *Bergen Enterprise*, regarding a certain conversation I had with him during the summer. I have just mailed a long letter to *Judge* on the subject, accompanied with a further solemn denial of all knowledge of the plagiarized poem appearing in *Judge* some time ago, with my name connected with it.

I protest against the repeated publicity of my good name in this affair, of which, as I wrote *Judge* yesterday, I am as innocent as the sunlight of heaven.

For years I have had a pleasant, if modest, reputation as a literary worker, being a contributor to many of the leading periodicals of the day, not a few of my articles being favorably noticed in the pages of THE WRITER.

I am going to maintain my good name and reputation, because I hold these very dear to me, and I have prominent literary friends who will stand by me in the cruel ordeal through which I am passing, since they believe in my sincerity and purity of character.

Very truly,
GEORGE NEWELL LOVEJOY.

November 17 another letter was received by the editor of THE WRITER from Mr. Lovejoy, in which he said: —

The affair, of which I am in no sense guilty, yet which, because I have been in a position where it was not possible for me to substantiate my claims for innocence, through the publicity of the same in your pages, possibly elsewhere, has injured me greatly, and this fact has occasioned me great unhappiness of mind.

Light is being thrown on the "affair" at last, as I have just come into possession of an anonymous letter addressed to me from Buffalo, from a party who says he is the guilty one. I will enclose a copy, which, with this letter, you may use if you will. My indignation knows no limit. I have been imposed on, lied about, misjudged, and so injured. Somebody ought to smart for this injury.

Thanking you, I am yours,
GEORGE LOVEJOY.

Postscript. — The letter in question is written on the Iroquois Hotel stationery, and is almost a fac-simile of my own hand.

I shall forward the letter or a copy to *Judge*.

Yours,
GEORGE LOVEJOY.

The copy of the letter enclosed by Mr. Lovejoy is as follows: —

IROQUOIS, Buffalo, N. Y.
November 13, 1896.

Mr. Newell Lovejoy: —

Dear Sir, — Being troubled with remorse of conscience, I wish to inform you that the poem, "Lay of a Laugh," published in *Judge* months ago, with your named signed to it, was sent *Judge* by me in the way of a miserable joke on you. *This is the truth*, and I wish to offer you my most *humble* apology for the injury inflicted on you. Pray forgive me, *an unknown quantity!*

I have mailed *Judge* a long explanatory letter on the subject.

Hoping my apology is not too late,

I am respectfully yours,
A.

November 17 Mr. Lovejoy wrote to the editor of *Judge* as follows: —

144 South Fitzhugh St.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.,
November 17, 1896.

Editor of Judge: —

DEAR SIR, — Are you in receipt of an "explanatory letter," from some person signing his name "A," said letter addressed Buffalo, N. Y., Iroquois Hotel, wherein the writer states he is

alone responsible for sending you a certain poem, "Lay of a Laugh," published in *Judge* last summer, with my name signed to it?

I would like to know if you are in possession of such a letter. Certainly, some light is being thrown on an affair which has occasioned me great discomfiture of mind. The writer adds, his letter is a letter of remorse. He states he has written you on the subject. I hope to hear from you.

Very truly,
NEWELL LOVEJOY.

To this the publisher of *Judge* replied that he had received a letter signed "A," from the Iroquois Hotel in Buffalo, purporting to explain the sending of the plagiarized poem to *Judge*. This letter reads as follows: —

IROQUOIS, Buffalo, N. Y.,
November 13, 1896.

Editor of Judge: —

DEAR SIR, — As Mr. Newell Lovejoy, a writer of some prominence, may have been brought into unpleasant relations with *Judge*, by reason of having his name associated with a poem published in your columns months ago, I wish to state that the poem in question ("Lay of a Laugh") never emanated from Mr. Lovejoy, but was sent to you by myself in an evil hour, without any reflection on my part that any serious result would follow At the time, I was stopping in Rochester, N. Y., where Mr. Lovejoy was residing, and one day — prompted by jealousy (for I had had a literary ambition) toward one who had never done me any harm, and whom I did not know personally, and also to perpetrate a joke — being told that my handwriting closely resembled his, I made a *draft* of an old poem, "Lay of a Laugh," which I had cut from some paper months before, and, learning Mr. Lovejoy's street and number, I mailed the contribution in question, accompanied with a note, to the "*Editor of Judge*." I never knew the fate of the poem until I saw it in *Judge* some time after. Meanwhile I had left Rochester for my home in this city. I do not know whether any serious harm has resulted to Mr. Lovejoy through this affair, but seriously reflecting — though at a late day — on the great wrong done an innocent person, with, possibly injury to his good name, I desire to inform you that *I alone* am the wrong-doer in this transaction, not Mr. Lovejoy. Such is my explanation to you.

I have mailed a letter on the subject to Mr. Lovejoy, and hope he will receive it, with my — at a late hour — most humble apology for so grave a wrong done him.

Respectfully yours,
A——.

November 17, Mr. Lovejoy wrote again to THE WRITER as follows: —

144 South Fitzhugh St.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.,
November 17, 1896.

Editor of the Writer: —

DEAR SIR, — I beg to enclose a letter from W. J. Merrill of *Judge*, regarding the receipt of a letter from a party in Buffalo, who states he is guilty of sending the stolen poem, "Lay of a Laugh," to *Judge*.

This serves to throw light on the mysterious affair, associating my name with an offense of which I was not in any sense guilty.

I have all the time believed, that, sooner or later, some revelation would be made regarding the commission of so ignoble an act. I thank you for your interest in the matter, and your desire to place me right before the literary public.

Countless friends, many of whom stand high in literary circles, have stood by me in this unfortunate happening, believing me wholly innocent of any wrong-doing. I am

Yours, etc.,
GEORGE NEWELL LOVEJOY.

Finally, Mr. Lovejoy wrote to the publisher of *Judge*, November 24, a letter in which he says: —

The whole affair of the stolen poem has grown to be a *monstrosity*, as my attention has been called to it repeatedly.

And now let me say in closing this correspondence, and let me say for the last time, I am innocent of any wrong doing in this matter. So far as money is concerned, the value of this stolen poem — a paltry sum at best — could not tempt me to earn a few dollars that way, besides, I could not afford the risk of injuring a fair name and reputation by attempting so ignoble a thing.

I have from time to time, for twenty years, been a contributor to some of the leading magazines and papers of the day; my work, both in prose and in verse, has been most favorably noticed by the press, and, if I may be pardoned the reference, I have been flatteringly mentioned again and again.

Do you think, in view of all this, that I could afford to *jeopardize* even *my* reputation and good name? I will let your suspicions — which you appear to have — pass; your doubts of my *genuineness* shall not weigh with me. Early in the correspondence, you were disposed to believe I had been imposed on, *and so I have been*, yea, deeply wronged; but there are very many people of high social and literary standing, here and there in this land, who still believe in my *genuineness*, and whose faith in me no *skeptic* can shake.

I am very truly yours,
NEWELL LOVEJOY.

The publisher of *Judge* confirms Mr. Lovejoy's statement that *Judge* informed him of the amount of the check drawn to his order in payment for the poem.

* * *

THE WRITER has given a good deal of space to this matter because the case is a peculiar one. It is an interesting fact that the manuscript of the poem submitted to *Judge* was signed only with the initials "G. N. L." In print it was signed "George Newell Lovejoy," the editor evidently having supplied the full name from the letter accompanying the manuscript. The handwriting and general style of the letter signed "A," from Buffalo, could hardly be more like Mr. Lovejoy's if he had written it himself.

* * *

Still another instance of plagiarism is to be recorded. In *Judge's Quarterly*, under date of

October, 1896, appears a little humorous story entitled "A Condensed Novel," by Jennie Dodsworth Lockwood. In the November issue of *Vanity Fair* appears the same story, entitled "A Lover's Dilemma, a 480-page Novel Boiled Down," by John Follmer. The publishers of *Judge* wrote to the publishers of *Vanity Fair* asking for an explanation of the reproduction of the "Condensed Novel" in their paper, but at last accounts had not been favored with a reply.

***

A New York firm advertises its willingness to secure copyrights for authors for a fee of $5 for each copyright. As the government fee is only $1, and all the work required, in order to get a copyright, is to write a single letter to the librarian of congress and enclose a typewritten copy of the title to be copyrighted, the firm in question makes a tidy profit on each copyright that it is requested to secure. W. H. H.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

Apropos of the mystery surrounding the plagiarized poem in *Judge*, with the signature and apparent handwriting of Mr. Lovejoy, who strenuously denies having sent it to the editor, I will relate an incident in my life, which is of no moment except as an unexplained mystery.

Some years ago, when we lived in Bridgewater, Mass., my brother, a young man recently graduated from school, was working for a short time with a cousin a mile or two away, and we saw him every day or two.

My mother received one day a letter with my brother's signature and in his apparent handwriting, certain characteristic faults of his being closely imitated, bearing date and postmark from New Bedford, speaking as if he were staying in that city for a season, referring to acquaintances of ours there, and to certain local happenings, which we afterward learned to be true, and containing various other matter, which, while amounting to little, might easily have come from a son who wished to write to his mother and had little of importance to say.

Feeling confident that my brother had not been out of town, we immediately concluded that it was a joke; that happening to meet and talk with some one from New Bedford, he had sent a letter to that point for mailing in order to mystify the family.

I asked my mother to let me continue the joke in an equally mysterious reply. I wrote a jesting letter replying to the points in the New Bedford letter, and revealing by personal allusions my intimate knowledge of my brother, but writing in a disguised hand and without a signature. This letter I inclosed under another cover to a friend in another state for mailing.

Several days later my brother came in, puzzled and half indignant at the anonymous letter. I said nothing at first, but at last, becoming convinced that the allusions to the New Bedford letter were not understood and awakened no memories in his mind, I confessed myself as the author, and produced the letter that my mother had received.

But this only deepened the mystery. My brother declared positively, what we knew before, that he had not been out of town; also, that he had no knowledge of the former letter, though he recognized that the handwriting and signature resembled his own.

We never found any clue to the author, nor did we ever divine any motive for any one's perpetrating such an inane joke.

Mary H. Leonard.

ROCHESTER, Mass.

Here is a newspaper sentence,—from "The World of Letters," conducted for the *New York Mail and Express* by Richard Henry Stoddard—that might be improved:—

During his visits here Mr. Haweis met the great literary and public men, and he received "impressions" *such as pleased him that smack* strangely of the biographical dictionaries.

Shouldn't "that" be "tho' they"?

N. H. Dole.

JAMAICA PLAIN, Mass.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

(1.) Suppose a contract disposing of a copyright to a publisher contains this expression:

"The sole right and liberty of printing, reprinting, publishing, and binding the same, and also of obtaining and enjoying a copyright of said work, *and a renewal thereof*." Does this mean that the author — if living at the time for renewal — is pledged to secure it and transfer it to that same publisher? Or if not, what is the force of the words italicised?

(2.) The statute requires a notice of a renewal obtained to be published for four weeks in some newspaper. Did anybody ever see such a notice, in any of our leading papers, — or in any other? Is this requirement enforced, or is it a dead letter? M. O. N.

[(1.) The renewal of a copyright can be secured only by the author or his heirs. The phrase quoted from a contract with a publisher gives to the publisher the sole right to enjoy the benefit of the renewal of the copyright when it shall be obtained by the author, and in justice to the publisher the author must renew the copyright when the first period expires.

(2.) Notices of copyright renewals are regularly published in the *Publishers' Weekly*, New York, and frequently in other papers. If the publication is not made, the copyright is void. — W. H. H.]

If the magazine editors could be induced to omit their serials, they would give writers a better chance. The serials take up a large amount of space which could be utilized for short stories, sketches, poems, and other manuscripts. Does the reading public demand the serial? M. C.

[It should be borne constantly in mind that magazines are not published primarily "to give writers a chance," but to make money. Serials are published for a business reason — not because the public demands serials, but to maintain subscription lists. The idea of the practical publisher is that if a continued story is running in his magazine, the same people will buy it from month to month to get the story, not because they prefer to have the story in serial form, but because they cannot get it in any other way without waiting until it is republished in book form. It will be observed that magazine serials practically never end with the volume of the magazine, or with the final number of the year. As a result, when a subscriber's term of subscription expires he always has a half-finished story on his hands, and the publisher's desire and expectation is that he will renew his subscription to get the rest of the story. In so doing he puts himself again in the same situation, for before the story he is reading is finished another is begun, and by this ingenious system of overlapping serials the subscriber is held indefinitely from year to year. For this very practical reason it is hardly likely that the magazine serial will ever be given up. — W. H. H.]

About two years ago I sent a manuscript to the editor of a small magazine. It was accepted and printed. A few months later the boys, finding the magazine was too much for their management, stopped publication. Now I would like to send the story elsewhere, but am not certain that it will be right to do so. Will THE WRITER please advise me? L. R. A.

[A manuscript once published in an uncopyrighted periodical is the property of the public, and cannot be sold to anybody. A manuscript published in a copyrighted periodical belongs to the owner of the copyright, and can be sold, if at all, only by him or with his permission. The rule is that a published article is unsalable, and the exceptions to it are so rare that they are hardly worth considering. If Mr. Howells, for instance, in his early youth had written a first-class story which was printed in an obscure copyrighted periodical of only local circulation, it is conceivable that some publisher might buy it on the theory that practically it had never been published, but excepting in the case of authors of the first rank such a thing would hardly be done. — W. H. H.]

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

We would like a reproduction of this weather for Christmas.— *Boston Transcript.*	We should like a reproduction of this weather for Christmas.
His illness is not considered serious.— *New York Herald.*	His illness is not thought to be serious.

BOOK REVIEWS.

CAPE COD. By Henry David Thoreau. With illustrations from sketches in colors. By Amelia M. Watson. Vol. I., 173 pp. Vol. II., 208 pp. Cloth, in box, $5.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1896.

Thoreau's delightful "Cape Cod" is published at last in an edition worthy of the text. To Miss Amelia M. Watson, during a sojourn

on the Cape, occurred the happy idea of illustrating a copy of the book that she was reading with marginal sketches in water colors. "Thus she saw the sand, the lighthouse, the ocean, the sails, the fishermen, the weather-beaten houses, and when Thoreau threw in a Floridian contrast, she was able happily to jot down a note in color from her own Florida sketches." The original book, conceived and executed for the artist's friend and traveling companion, is now reproduced in two beautiful volumes. New plates were made for the work, and the type-page is delightful to the eye. On the broad margins, above the chapter headings, at the ends of chapters, and even in carelessly artistic fashion across the letter-press, are Miss Watson's pictures, which reproduce salient features of Cape scenery with fidelity and skill. A windmill, a stretch of sandy shore, an old farmhouse picturesquely settled on a seaside hill, a sunset, a marsh, a wreck, flowers, plants, and vines — these are the subjects chosen by the artist and happily portrayed. Her work is exquisite, and she has given to a charming book a new charm no less great than that which it had before.

Thoreau's book on the Cape will never lose its freshness, and it is well worthy of being put in this handsome form, and in covers suitable from their simplicity and good taste to contain it. The Cape Cod that Thoreau studied so minutely is there to-day, changed somewhat in its superficial aspects, to be sure, but yet substantially the same. It is still "the bared and bended arm of Massachusetts — the shoulder at Buzzard's Bay, the elbow, or crazy-bone, at Cape Mallebarre; the wrist at Truro; and the sandy fist at Provincetown — behind which the State stands on her guard, with her back to the Green Mountains, and her feet planted on the floor of the ocean, like an athlete protecting her Bay,— boxing with northeast storms, and, ever and anon, heaving up her Atlantic adversary from the lap of earth,— ready to thrust forward her other fist, which keeps guard the while upon her breast at Cape Ann." Thoreau saw its picturesqueness and its unique beauty, as they may still be seen to-day. He described the Cape in vivid phrase, and his descriptions, long read with keen enjoyment, seem all the more delightful now that a sympathetic artist has heightened their effectiveness with her deftly handled brush.

DOROTHY AND THE CHRIST CHILD. By Venie Van Blarcom. With pictures by Will Phillip Hooper. 66 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: J. Selwin Tait & Sons. 1896.

This beautiful Christmas book for children tells in verse the legend of a little girl who left her castle home on a snowy Christmas eve to find the Christ-child. Each stanza has a page to itself, and is printed in pen-text and illustrated with one or more pen-and-ink sketches. The artist's work is sympathetic, and the poem and the pictures together make a very attractive volume. The poem is especially adapted for readers or reciters, having been used in that way with much success.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ASPECTS OF FICTION, AND OTHER VENTURES IN CRITICISM. By Brander Matthews. 234 pp. $1.00. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1896.

THE FLOWER THAT GREW IN THE SAND, AND OTHER STORIES. By Ella Higginson. 256 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Seattle: The Calvert Company. 1896.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL FOR 1897. 160 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: Catholic School Book Company. 1897.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Barrie.— In the preface for "When a Man's Single" which J. M. Barrie has written for the new Thistle edition, he expresses quaintly the difficulty he has in driving his characters in harness.

"There are writers," he says, "who can plan out their story beforehand as clearly as if it were a railway journal, and adhere throughout to their original design, — they draw up what playwrights call a scenario, — but I was never one of those. I spend a great deal of time indeed in looking for the best road in the map, and mark it with red ink; but at the first by-path off my characters go. 'Come back,' I cry, 'you are off the road.' 'We prefer this way,' they reply. I try bullying. 'You are only people in a book,' I shout, 'and it is my book, and I can do what I like with you, so come back!' But they seldom come, and it ends with my plodding after them."

Mention of "My Lady Nicotine" leads to the information that when he wrote that most musing of his books, Mr. Barrie was not a smoker at all, — as indeed not a few have surmised. "I was smoking my first pipe gingerly," he says; "not because I liked it, but because all my friends smoked and it seemed unsociable not to smoke with them." But he read the views of the slave to tobacco whom he was speaking for, and "began to see that there must be something in them," so that "by the time he had clearly demonstrated the folly of smoking I was a convert to the practice."

Black. — William Black's home has been for years at Brighton, but he never spends more than half the year there, going with his family to the highlands in March or April, to remain till late in the autumn. But it is at Brighton that he does most of his writing, and it was there recently that he explained why he had given up journalism. He felt early that he could not do justice to his novels till they became his only occupation, and he confesses that his method of preparing a story is a "slow and painful one." He begins by building up for months the plan of the story in his own mind before he writes the first chapter, and he does not touch the pen till he has arranged his chief characters and his leading incidents. He says that he has "to live with" his characters before he can portray them as living men and women in his books. This planning is done during the summer, and even in the hours of his apparent recreation he is haunted by his people and the scenes in which they are to take part. When he reaches the stage where he begins to write he insists upon being surrounded by the utmost quiet, hence he remarks that he would not suggest that young novelists copy his method of work. When he touches on history or the customs of other countries he reads exhaustively. For instance, he went throngh all the histories of secret societies of Europe before he began "Sunrise."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Duncan. — Sara Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. Cotes), who has made herself a favorite through her clever books, "His Honour and a Woman," "A Social Departure," and other stories, has just finished a sequel to her interesting chronicle of the doings of "An American Girl in London," under the title of "An American Girl Abroad." The new story will soon be published serially in a well-known ladies' weekly newspaper. Mrs. Cotes, who is now a prominent member of the staff of the Indian *Daily News*, has not reached her present enviable literary position without much hardship and many struggles. Her father was a merchant in Brantford, Ont. As success never smiled upon her family, she found herself obliged, when she grew up, to teach in a school. This work being uncongenial to her, she resolved to take a little trip, describe it, and try to sell the story. Her first sketch was a description of a visit to Loretto, near Quebec. After that she made several little journeys which met with some success, and by and by she drifted to Washington. But she found herself incapable of doing good reporting and incapable of doing good fiction; so she went back to Canada and did a "ladies' page" for one or two Canadian papers. Then came the idea which resulted in the charming book known as "A Social Departure." She decided to take a trip to the Pacific coast. In Montreal she had made a friend of a girl who figures in that book as "Orthodocia," and the family of this girl allowed her to accompany the young journalist upon what they felt was a wild goose chase. The small sum paid her by one Montreal newspaper was the entire capital with which "Sara Jeannette Duncan" started; but presently the future opened out to her, as a result of the letters written for that paper, and since enjoyed by the whole of the English-speaking world.—*London Mail.*

Gladstone. — The *Academy* prints this interesting autobiographical letter from Gladstone to Quaritch, the bookseller: —

HAWARDEN, Sept. 9, 1896.

DEAR MR. QUARITCH: The regiment of book collectors stands in no need of recruits; and, even if its ranks were thin, I doubt if I am qualified to enlist. I have in my time been a purchaser to the extent of about 35,000 volumes, and I might therefore abide a quantitative test; but, as I fear, no other. A book collector ought, as I conceive, to possess the following six qualifications: appetite, leisure, wealth, knowledge, discrimination, and perseverance. Of these I have only had two, the first and the last, and these are not the most important. Restricted visual power now imposes upon me a serious amount of disability; and speaking generally, I have retired from the list of purchasers. I am gradually transferring the bulk of my library to the Institution of St. Deiniol's at this place, which I hope to succeed in founding; but I retain certain branches for use, and a few of what are to me treasures, though you would, I apprehend, refuse to most of them a place on your shelves.

The oldest book I have, that is to say the one longest in my possession, was presented to me personally by Mrs. Hannah More. It is a copy of her "Sacred Dramas," printed and given to me in 1815, eighty-one years ago; and was ac-

companied with a pretty introductory sentence, of which I remember only the first words. They were these: "As you have just come into this world, and I am just going out of it, allow me," and so forth.

My purchases commenced a few years after that time, and I have a variety of books acquired at Eton. Among them is a copy of Mr. Hallam's "Constitutional History," in quarto, presented to me by his son Arthur, the subject of "In Memoriam," and at that period my dearest friend.

Book buyers of the present day have immense advantages in the extended accessibility and cheapness of books which, whether in the ancient or modern languages, ought to be considered classical. I have a copy of the "Spectator," in eight volumes, 8vo., which cost me four pounds; and I hold Scott's Poems in the small volumes at a somewhat larger price. These were both bought in the 'twenties. The enormous development of the second-hand book trade, and the public spirit of many publishers, have also been greatly in favor of book buyers. In one respect only have they lost ground, and that is in regard to book binding.

Though, as I have said, a beggarly collector, I have had a few specialties. One I will mention. I accumulated more than thirty distinct, *rifaccimenti* of the Book of Common Prayer. Many of these had prefaces, which commonly ran to this effect: "The Prayer Book is excellent, but it has some blemishes. Let them be removed, and it will find universal acceptance. Accordingly I have performed this operation, and I now give the Reformed Prayer Book to the world." But I have never obtained and have never seen a second edition of any one of these productions. I doubt whether they have usually paid their printer's bills.

Book collecting may have its quirks and eccentricities. But, on the whole, it is a vitalizing element in a society honeycombed by several sources of corruption. My apology for the poor part I have played in it is that it could only have the odds and ends, the dregs and leavings, of my time. And accordingly I am aware that the report which I send you is a very meagre one. To mend it a little I give to this pursuit in all its walks, from the highest (with which you are of all men the most conversant) downward, my heartiest good wishes. And that I may not be ungrateful, I will apprise you that I still preserve among my most select possessions the beautiful copy on vellum of the Lyttelton-Gladstone translations which you were so good as to present to me. I remain, very faithfully yours, W. E. GLADSTONE.

B. Quaritch, Esq.

Gissing. — George Gissing, of London, is a writer who delves into the lives of the masses and presents in clear, unvarnished, realistic sketches the troubles, sorrows, and little ironies of their existence. He speaks from knowledge. When he was twenty years old he came to London, a stranger, with but a few shillings to his name. He came from Goldsmith's Wakefield and had the firm intention of making for himself a name and fortune by writing. His lodging was a poor place in rough quarters, and there he toiled, writing much, little of which was accepted. He was proud and preferred to work a month at writing to earn a pound than to toil at a clerkship to earn three times the amount. He had many struggles and often went hungry, at one time being reduced to living in a cellar, which he rented for two shillings a week. As time went on he was forced to turn his college education to use and took a few pupils, whom he was fortunate enough to secure. He was surrounded with poor people; he lived their life. In his writings he does not treat of the lowest, most vicious classes; in London the strata of society begins with the criminal and proceeds upward with the low, the lower, the middle-low, and some six or eight higher classes before the great middle-class is reached. These strata impressed themselves on his pathetic mind. His stories and sketches are photographic in their distinctness, for he knows what he is talking about. — *Hartford Post.*

Harte. — That Bret Harte worked for his success there is no doubt. I knew him best when he was editor of the *Overland Monthly;* I saw much of him then. Fortunately for me, he took an interest in me at a time when I was most in need of advice, and to his criticism and his encouragement I feel that I owe all that is best in my literary efforts. He was not afraid to speak his mind, and I know well enough what occasion I gave him; yet he did not judge me more severely than he judged himself. His humor and his fancy were not frightened away even when he was in his severest critical mood. Once when I had sent him some verses for approval, he wrote: —

"The 'Albatross' is better, but not best, which is what I wanted. And then you know Coleridge has prior claim on the bird. But I'll use him unless you send me something

else; you can, if you like, take this as a threat.

"In 'Jason's Quest' you have made a mistake of subject. It is by no means suited to your best thought, and you are quite as much at sea in your mythology as Jason was. You can do, have done, and must do better. Don't waste your strength in experiments. Give me another South Sea bubble, a prose tropical picture, with the Cannibal, who is dead, left out."

I am sure that the majority of the contributors to the *Overland Monthly*, while it was edited by Bret Harte, profited, as I did, by his careful and judicious criticism. Fastidious to a degree, he could not overlook a lack of finish in the manuscript offered him. He had a special taste in the choice of titles, and I have known him to alter the name of an article two or three times in order that the table of contents might read handsomely and harmoniously. — *Charles Warren Stoddard, in Atlantic Monthly.*

Howe. — Julia Ward Howe was born in New York city, May 27, 1819. Her father, Samuel Ward, was a banker of prominence and wealth. The daughter was given the best educational advantages available for women at that time. Private tutors were in attendance at home and the best private schools were patronized. At an early age she wrote poems and plays. She was fond of linguistic studies and spoke fluently four languages, of which Greek was one. Philosophical studies seem to have been her favorite line, and at a later day she wrote a series of essays which showed familiarity with both ancient and modern schools of philosophy. She was especially familiar with the teachings of Kant, Hegel, Spinoza, and Comte. In 1843 she became the wife of Dr. Howe, with whom she later conducted the *Boston Commonwealth*, an anti-slavery paper. The famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was composed in 1861, while on a visit to the camps near Washington. Mrs. Howe says it was done after a day of excitement when a parade of the troops had been broken up by an alarm of battle. Something seemed to arouse her the next night, just at the gray of early dawn. She repeated for the first time the words of the poem, and then realizing that it was a poem she had been composing, she hastily arose, and without the help of a light, the room being still dark, she traced out the words on paper as she had done in other cases when writing at night with her children sleeping in the same room, in order that they might not be disturbed.

Mrs. Howe was one of the founders of the New England Woman's Club, of which she has been president since 1872. She was one of the founders of the Women's Peace Association, which was organized in London in 1872, whither she had gone as a delegate to the World's Prison Reform Congress. She has read papers before the Concord School of Philosophy, and has repeatedly preached in Unitarian pulpits, both in this and in other countries. As a reformer, an author, a preacher, and a scholar, she has long occupied an eminent position, and the impress of her influence has been felt and recognized in many fields. From 1854 to 1883 the first editions of her published works have appeared, but her unpublished works cover a period of more than fifty years. — *Bridgeport (Conn.) Standard.*

Kingsley.— Florence Morse Kingsley, author of "Titus," lives in one of the beautiful old homes on Staten Island, where her time is taken up with her literary work and with the care of her five children. "Titus" was the successful story in a competition for $1,000 offered as a prize for the best story embodying the life of Christ, and when the author wrote it she was only a school girl. She gives the following account of her work: "I read enormously while writing, of course. But I can't help feeling that in a way 'Titus' was an inspired book. I seemed to see vividly the places I portrayed. I would often read chapters to my mother, and in all sincerity inquire, 'Where does it come from?' By the way, I hardly know myself how much I owe to my mother's encouragement. She was so in sympathy with my work and constantly exclaimed while I read, 'That's the book! That's the book!' There were 377 MSS. sent to the publishers, and after several weeks of arduous labor, the committee decided in favor of 'Titus.' * * * Somehow, I have cared very little about the money side of the book. When I was writing it it was the story rather than the prize that allured

me; and since its publication I have had my reward in the hundreds of letters that I have received from old men and young children, young maids and matrons, black men and white, scientific men and illiterate miners. Men so ignorant that they can scarcely write or spell have scrawled letters thanking me for the message that 'Titus' carried to their sin-stricken souls. The story has seemed to find its way amongst a class of people who never read the Bible."—*Nashville Banner.*

Macaulay.—Illustrating Macaulay's wonderful memory, the story is told that one evening Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review*, bet a copy of "Paradise Lost" with Macaulay as to a line of a poem. The next morning Macaulay appeared with a fine copy, and said, "There is your book. I have lost; but I have read it through once more, and I will now make you another bet that I can repeat the whole." Jeffrey took the bet and put him on in passage after passage without finding him once at fault.

Morris.—It was not long before his death that William Morris said to a friend, "I have enjoyed my life—few men more so." When he was talked to concerning the peril of such a life of intellectual tension as his he laughed at the talker. "Look at Gladstone," he would say: "look at those wise owls, your chancellors and your judges. Don't they live all the longer for work? It is rust that kills men, not work." His concentration was marvelous. "The Lovers of Gudrun," which many of his readers delight in as his most beautiful poem, was practically produced at a sitting. He worked at it from 4 o'clock in the morning till 4 in the afternoon, and when he rose from the table he had written 750 lines.—*New York Tribune.*

Parker.—Gilbert Parker, whose "Seats of the Mighty," has been recently published in book form after its run in the *Atlantic Monthly*, was born in 1861 in Canada, where his father, an artillery officer, had settled some years before. He grew up in the Dominion, and for a time held a lectureship at Trinity College, Toronto. Ill health made him travel in Australia, where he took to journalism. In 1890 he went to England, and has since won a notable place among present-day writers of romantic fiction.—*Boston Home Journal.*

Saunders.—Frederick Saunders, by a complimentary vote of the trustees of the Astor library, has been honorably relieved of the responsibility of active duties as chief librarian, after thirty-seven years of service in the institution. So long as he lives his salary will be paid to him and he retains his desk in the library and will continue to visit it as often as regard for his bodily health and safety will permit. Mr. Saunders is the son of a London publisher, his father having been head of the house of Saunders & Otley, a leading book firm of two generations ago. He was born in 1807, and in 1837 he came to this country on the invitation of N. P. Willis to establish an agency and bring out an American edition de luxe of Bulwer's "Rienzi," which was issued in elaborate style by his father's firm in England. The book was pirated by American publishers, and this one book cost Mr. Saunders a heavy loss. This was the beginning of a fight for international copyright.—*New York Special, November* 17.

Schreiner.—Reports from South Africa tell us that Olive Schreiner is in somewhat straitened circumstances. She and her husband live in two rooms and a kitchen in Kimberley. She does her own housework, and may be seen any day cooking dinner on a paraffin stove. Cronwright Schreiner, who took his wife's name out of deference to her superiority, has given up his little farm, and now acts as his wife's amanuensis. Sundry articles for the magazines and small royalties from her books constitute their sole income.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Smiles.—Samuel Smiles, the author of "Self-Help," and other well-known books for boys and young men, is now more than eighty years old. He is living quietly at his suburban home near London, writing a little now and then, and looking after his literary interests. Mr. Smiles has led a stirring and successful life, having been successively merchant, railroad manager, and author. His son, Samuel Smiles, Jr., who is a member of one of the great English tea importing firms, is accounted one of the ablest business men in London. He is a man of delightful personality. His tastes are

artistic, and he is the author of several papers on artists, and one or two books. — *Pittsburg Post.*

Tennyson. — The late Lord Tennyson had an eagle eye for proofs. A young poet once sent him a good-sized volume which the laureate had good-naturedly allowed to be dedicated to him. With the volume the young poet wrote a modest letter deprecating Tennyson's taking the trouble to read it. To his surprise, not long afterward he received a long and kindly letter about the poem itself, together with a list of the misprints in the volume. Tennyson made no comments on the misprints, but the young poet knew that his poem had received attention. — *Indianapolis Journal.*

Woolson. — One of Constance Fenimore Woolson's girl-friends, aspiring to become a writer, asked her about the "inner methods" of literary success. Miss Woolson's reply is published in the *Ladies' Home Journal.* She wrote, in part, as follows: —

"How did I prepare myself for literary work? you ask. Not at all — that is, any more than having had an excellent education, which I kept up all the years after I left school, and before I began to write, by always having masters and taking lessons in something or other to amuse myself. There are no 'avenues to success' in literature, save the commonplace one of sending a manuscript to an editor with a line or two, offering it, without explanation or comment, to his magazine, and inclosing return stamps. There is no favoritism, no 'ring.' I used to fancy there was, but I know better now. I have sat in the editorial offices of magazines for hours, and watched how the business went on. An editor told me this: 'I always open a manuscript from a new quarter with hope; I am always on the lookout for new stars.' And that is exactly true. My first manuscript I sent to —— without asking a question; it was accepted, and that inspired me with courage to go on. They knew nothing whatever about me: I even had an assumed name.

"But there is another side! You cannot achieve success in literature, even of a small kind, without being bitterly attacked by the malicious and envious. And I have had my share of biting criticism. I don't mind it now, and you must not either when you begin, as I am sure you will.

"All you say of your education is very well. But it is not knowledge which will give you success so much as ease, humor, and originality of style. If I were you, I should not give up my position as teacher, but I would take my leisure time for writing and commence to send out manuscripts. At first, don't send out long ones; about five magazine pages is a tempting length to the editors, who are overburdened with long manuscripts. Don't be discouraged if one comes back declined; send it right out to some one else. And keep doing it. The editors don't know who you are, and they don't care. If you could only see the reams of manuscript they get every day! It is all a pure matter of business."

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

A BOY I KNEW. (Autobiography).— I. Laurence Hutton. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for December.

PROFESSOR FRANCIS CHILD. Professor G. L. Kittredge. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for December.

CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS (Reminiscences). — II. Colonel T. W. Higginson. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for December.

THOREAU. Bradford Torrey. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for December.

WILLIAM MORRIS: THE MAN AND HIS WORK. William Sharp. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for December.

WILLIAM MORRIS. B. O. Flower. *Arena* (28 c.) for December.

SOME NEWSPAPER WOMEN. Helen M. Winslow. *Arena* (28 c.) for December.

DAYS WITH MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS AND HER FRIENDS. Illustrated. M. A. De Wolfe Howe. *Bookman* (23 c.) for December.

IRWIN RUSSELL. Professor W. M. Baskervill. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for December.

PROFESSOR HAUPT AND THE POLYCHROME BIBLE. Clifton Harby Levy. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for December.

ANAGRAMS. Arthur Inkersley. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for December.

THE PORTRAITS OF EMERSON. Illustrated. F. B. Sanborn. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for December.

THE HOMES AND HAUNTS OF CHANNING. Illustrated. Charles Rawson Thurston. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for December.

GEORGE DU MAURIER. Illustrated. Ernest Knaufft. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for November.

CHRISTABEL ROSE COLERIDGE. With portrait. *Churchman* (13 c.) for November 21.

RT. REV. MANDELL CREIGHTON. With portrait. *Churchman* (13 c.) for November 21.

A FINE TYPE OF JOURNALIST (Horace Rublee). *Nation* (13 c.) for November 5.

BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY. *Nation* (13 c.) for November 19.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Rev. Dr. A. R. Thain is the new editor of the *Advance* (Chicago).

The *Torch* (Memphis, Tenn.) is a new magazine which is "to discuss economics and all subjects that are occupying the minds during this last decade of the dying century." It will also give space to science and literature — unsectarian and non-sectional.

Professor William M. Sloane has accepted the appointment to the Seth Lowe professorship of history in Columbia University, and will take charge of the university's new department of history. Professor Sloane is now in France, where he is completing his "History of Napoleon," part of which has been published in the *Century Magazine*.

Herbert Spencer has completed his life work with a volume on "The Principles of Sociology." He is now seventy-six years old, and has been engaged in writing for forty years, notwithstanding the fact that he has been an invalid for a great portion of the time.

The authorized family biography of Tennyson, by his son, will be published in 1897. Tennyson died in October, 1892, more than four years ago, and his biographers cannot be accused of heedless haste. It was rumored in England some time ago that the book was finished, but that publication was delayed because a great deal of the matter, especially relating to the poet's early years, was of such a character that the biographer felt constrained to submit it to the approval of individuals and families concerned. The *London Academy*, however, contradicts this report, and says it is authorized to say that the only cause of delay has been the magnitude of the work.

Alfred D. Chandler has been appointed receiver of the Arena Publishing Company of Boston, publishers of the *Arena* and other works. The authorized capital of the corporation is $150,000, its liabilities are between $60,000 and $70,000, and its principal asset is the good will of its business, which is rated at $10,000. The receiver was prayed for to prevent the property being wasted, so as to permit of a reorganization.

There is an appreciative and interesting sketch of Eugene Field in *Demorest's Magazine* for December, written by Edwin C. Martin. It has both exterior and interior views of the poet's home, together with one of his comic sketches and other pictures.

W. M. Baskervill in the December *Chautauquan* throws a happy light on the life, character, and writings of Irwin Russell, the Southern humorist.

Mr. Howells tells in the December *Harper's* the story of his acquaintance with Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Professor George Saintsbury has in the December *Forum* a brilliant paper on "The Poetry of the Earl of Lytton ('Owen Meredith')." The *Forum* will have at least one article of unusual literary interest every month next year.

The *Illustrated American* for November 28 says: "The establishment of the $1,000 prize endowment in memory of the late Henry C. Bunner was formally announced by President Low at the last meeting of the trustees of Columbia University. In announcing the fact, Mr. Low explained that the income from the fund would be used annually for the purchase of a gold medal, which would be awarded to the writer of the best essay on a subject chosen from American literature."

Loomis J. Campbell died at Oneonta, N. Y., November 6, aged sixty-five.

Dr. Francis Huntington Rankin died at Newport, R. I., November 9.

Coventry Patmore died at Lymington, England, November 26, aged seventy-three.

Miss Mathilde Blind died in London, November 27.

"EDITORIAL MISTAKES," . . . . . Harriet E. Orcutt.
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.
"THE SUPERFLUOUS RELATIVE AGAIN," . . Mary H. Leonard.
"SLOUCHY WRITING ABOUT MUSIC," . . . Ernest Shriver.
DEVELOPMENTS IN A PECULIAR CASE OF PLAGIARISM.
"SIMPLE LANGUAGE PUZZLES," . . . . . A. B. Jordan.

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THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR LITERARY WORKERS

BOSTON, MASS.:

VOL. IX. No. 12. . . . . DECEMBER, 1896.